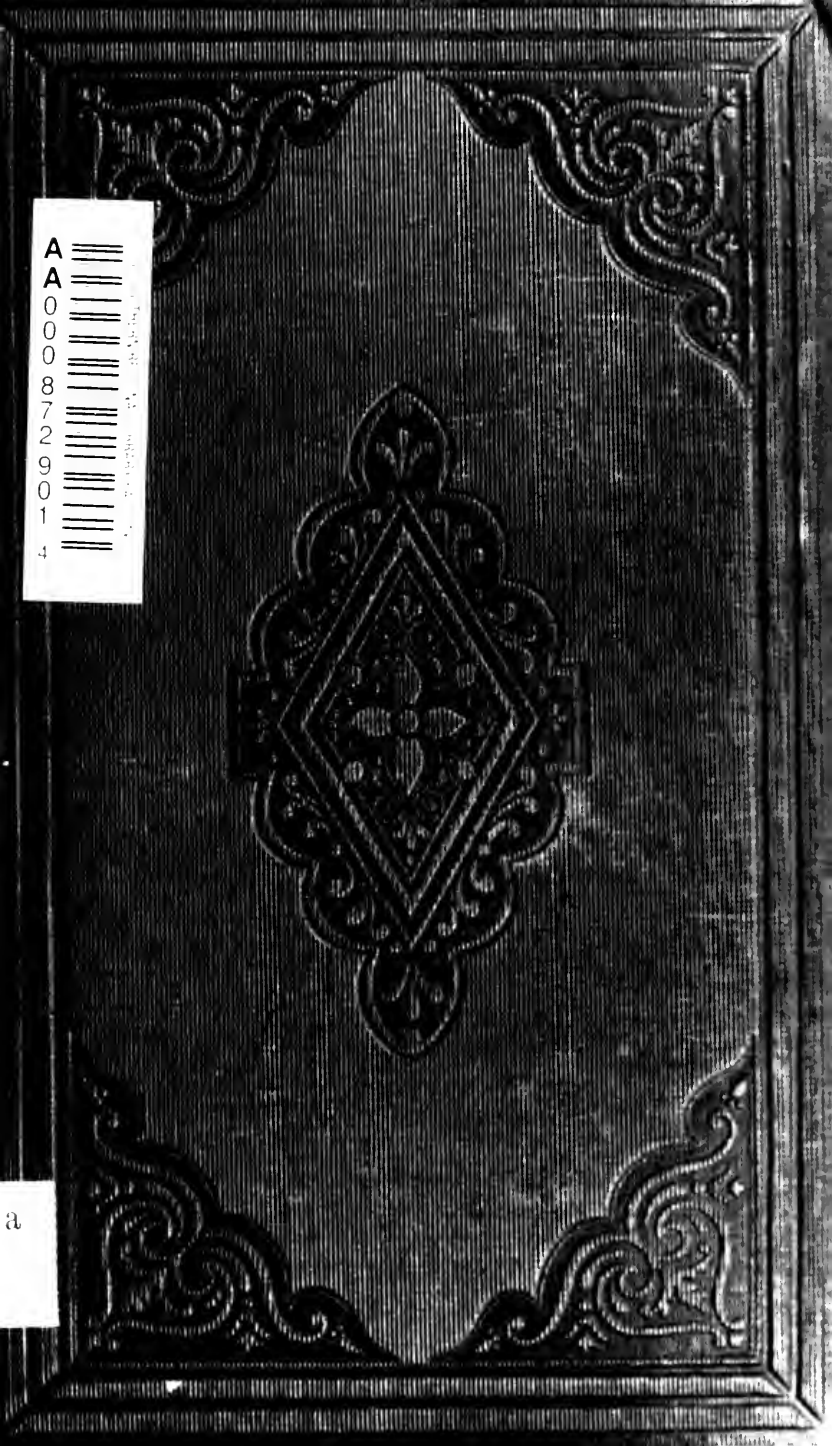


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EUROPEAN LIFE AND MANNERS;

IN

FAMILIAR LETTERS TO FRIENDS.

VOL. II.

EUROPEAN LIFE AND MANNERS;

IN

FAMILIAR LETTERS TO FRIENDS.

By HENRY COLMAN,

AUTHOR OF EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE, AND THE AGRICULTURE OF FRANCE.
BELGIUM, HOLLAND, AND SWITZERLAND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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EUROPEAN LIFE AND MANNERS.

LETTER CVII.

London, 17th September, 1845.

MY DEAR S:

I AM told, by an old friend, that you never looked better. He, I think, has grown old, but I did not perceive that his optical or mental perceptions were at all dimmed, and, therefore, I still imagine you as bright and gay, and intelligent and cheerful as ever. But you have not grown any better, that is certain, or you would not have suffered him to have come without so much as one line to your old friend. Very old, indeed, I am; an age I little expected I ever should reach; and when persons return and tell you, at home, how well I look, it only means that I am not, perhaps, quite so weather-beaten, and decayed, and moss-covered, as they expected to see me in the interval during which I have been out of their sight.

I am told you had a strong desire that your husband should come out here, and bring his wife with him. You never proposed a wiser thing. I cannot say how happy it would make me, to meet you here. Why cannot you do it now? Why not leave the cold winds of New England, and get on,—I was about to say, the

sunny side of Old England, but that it has no sunny side. The winters, however, are comparatively mild. Devonshire and the south of the Isle of Wight, are charming for their moderate temperature in winter; and here you would have found a good deal of sunshine, of the most genial kind, in many of the houses among those, who would be but too happy to show kindness to any of my friends. There is no mistake about many of these people. They mean what they say. They are full of heart; and you would find a condition of society, so intelligent, so polished, and so courteous, that your husband would feel that he had lived two years in one. I am very anxious, too, he should see a thousand things, which are to be seen here, and of which books really convey no just notion. But he is the keenest and most inveterate sportsman I have ever met with; business is his game, and he never loses the scent. I cannot but hope, however, that he will presently find, that if there is a time for the chase, there is likewise a time for rest. The riding of the day may be so hard, as to unfit one for the enjoyment, or even the repose, of the evening.

Mr. — says that you like your new house extremely, and that nothing can be better; and then he goes on to add, in the true spirit of a New Englander, that it could be sold for several thousand dollars more than it cost. I wish our people would leave off this habit, at least, when they come here. I went with a New England gentleman, to visit a charming place, full of all the beauties and embellishments of art — statues, pictures, objects of *vertu*, &c., &c., — and there was nothing of which he did not ask, how much it cost, and whether it could not

have been made cheaper, and whether it could not be sold for more than it cost, and went even further, to inquire of the guide, if the owner could afford it, — as though every good in life was to be estimated by a mere pecuniary standard. Certainly, men should regulate their expenses by their means; but where the means are ample, of what consequence is it, whether the thing which you need, for ornament or pleasure, and which exactly suits you, costs little or much? Wealth, with us in New England, seems an exclusive matter of pursuit and acquisition. I hope those who get it will presently understand, that there are, besides the acquisition of it, two other very good purposes to which it may be applied, that is, use and enjoyment. Our mutual friend, seemed delighted with every thing he saw, and I could not be more happy, than in showing him what he enjoyed so much, and in witnessing his pleasure. He says he shall go home much wiser than he came, — so must every man who comes here, and has sense enough to see what is to be seen, judgment enough to make all proper discriminations, benevolence to appreciate what is good, and taste to admire what is beautiful.

I am constantly wishing I had money, — not for myself, but that I might send you some pretty things which I see here. I am told, however, I shall see what is far more beautiful on the continent, and then I hope you will give me permission to spend something for you, in buying what I think would ornament your house, and be an enduring source of delight to you and your friends. It would not, after all, be more than the expense of one fashionable party — perhaps not half so much.

I am quite desirous of seeing Mr. Sumner's oration, which is on the way for me. It seems not a little extraordinary, that, in a Christian country, an oration against war, and in favor of universal and perpetual peace, should excite such general opposition, — excepting that I have some doubts whether there is any such thing as a really Christian community, confident as many people are of their claims to that character.

LETTER CVIII.

London, 17th September, 1845.

THANK you, my dear A——, for your letter, from which I infer that when this reaches you, you will be in winter quarters in Salem. Here every thing is reversed; people go into the country in August to pass the summer, and stay until February; as they go to parties at ten, eleven, twelve in the evening, and begin the day at ten or eleven in the forenoon. These seem to me to be extremes in both cases, and that the wisest way would be to stay in the country while the country is pleasant, and in the town when the town is most pleasant. I wonder that charming girl, Miss P——, could make up her mouth to say any thing that is untrue. I did not suppose it was possible for any thing naughty to escape those ruby lips, whatever execution she might unconsciously do with her bright eyes and that finely arched forehead of hers; but what she tells you about my growing so large and stout, is really

nothing but what they here call *gammon*. I am very much what I always have been, in size of body ; and in mind and affections my dear A——, you may be sure I am not altered at all, but am as true as the needle to the pole ; a little truer, I may say, for I'll assure you that with me there is, in no latitude, any variation.

I write to all of you so often, that unless I had some supernatural invention, or employed a regular accident-maker, it is of course impossible that I can make my letters interesting for any matter of detail. I know you will be glad to hear that I am making progress, as, indeed, I ought to be, for time is certainly making progress a good deal faster ; and if I stay much longer, my grandchildren will be playing with the vane on the top of the church-steeple, and even G—— will get to be one of the Misses D——, and will, I am afraid, be disposed to cut her old grandfather if she meets him on any fashionable street. I can't help it.

What shall I tell you ? I have but few adventures ; yet, for a great rarity, I went twice last week to the theatre. The family where I lodge were going to Sadler's Wells, so I went with them. Then I had a strong desire to see a new farce, called Peter Jenkins, and I went another night to the Lyceum. These are two of the minor and low-priced theatres. The former is principally devoted to tragedy, the latter to comedy. They are both respectable and well-managed. The Surrey and Victoria are detestable for their vulgarity and dissoluteness. These are as marked for their respectability and good conduct. There appeared nothing on or off the stage to offend the most fastidious ; and I got much sober instruction from the former, where they

played Moore's tragedy of the *Gamester*, and fun enough and good humor enough at the latter to last me a month. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley are the lessees of the Lyceum, and as comic actors, greatly excel. Better than all this, they are respectable, and respected in private life. They generally perform parts in which love scenes are enacted, and in which they are to become in the conclusion the happy parties; and when the union and the marriage in the *denouement* take place, there seems to be so much of *natural* and *genuine* affection between them that the audience are always carried away by it, and the whole house shakes with thunders of applause. So much of goodness and truth is there always in the human heart, in spite of all its depravity, of which we hear so much. There is another circumstance which I always observe at all these exhibitions, and never more strongly than at Sadler's Wells, where the characters are most marked, and the acting excellent in the main parts. Whenever any despicable, mean, or intriguing character is presented, there is an obvious and universal sentiment of disgust; but, on the other hand, whenever any noble and generous sentiment is uttered, and when any striking act of duty or justice is displayed, or any heroic and noble sacrifice is made, then the eyes of the audience fill with tears, every one applauds most heartily, if he is not too much affected to applaud, and you find your own bosom, and those of your neighbors, beating in earnest response to such sentiments, and with unmixed approbation and delight in all such actions and characters. Ah! indeed, how much better has God made us than we are willing to acknowledge; and what does human nature need in

order to be what Heaven intended, but to be placed in situations where all its noble and excellent attributes can be brought out and strengthened!

The Surrey is a large theatre, and Macready has sometimes, since I have been here, played there. At this theatre, however, as a set-off to Mrs. Trollope's account of the manners at the Cincinnati theatre, I saw on an occasion when there were not far from two thousand persons present, three well-dressed men sit the greater part of the evening in the dress-circle, in the front of the box, with their hats on, and their legs hanging over in the pit. Tell an Englishman this, and he would have no doubt they were Americans. Adieu.

LETTER CIX.

London, 15th October, 1845.

MY DEAR A—:

THIS, my good friend, Miss P——, will have the pleasure of delivering into your kind hands; how much I envy her! Time goes on with a rapidity which nothing checks; so I live in hopes that that will presently place me once more at your side, with your dear children in my arms; I mean, of course, the young ones, for I apprehend the others are quite too large to take under the wing.

I was delighted to see ——, whom I think intelligent and manly. I was surprised to see him, and when he came into my room, did not know him; but these

young sprouts, growing into such large plants, I assure you, make me feel quite old, and to them I fancy I must appear as the decayed trunk of an old weather-beaten tree. However, an adventure, yesterday, of rather a singular character, gave my blood quite a start, and made me walk much more erect and more nimbly than usual for the rest of the afternoon. In passing down through Regent Street, I met an old sweeper at one of the crossings, who usually expects a penny from me; said I, "I have missed you for some time;" "Yes," he said "*he was growing old*, and had not been very well, but had got back to his place again." "You old!" said I, "pray, how old?" "Ninety," said he. Ninety! think of that! said I to myself. This old man still standing here, and active and laborious, and yet ninety years old! Now I am not quite eighty-nine as yet, and therefore I'll take courage, and try not to die before my time.

I have nothing of importance to write to you. London has been pleasant for three days, but previously for as many weeks only rain and fogs. I am thankful that my happiness does not depend on the weather, and that for my own personal comfort, I scarcely care a fig whether it rains or shines. But never, I believe, was a climate so capricious. It will be clear sunshine one moment, and the next a pouring rain; it will be perfectly cloudless on one side of the sky, and then, as if it was cut off by a line, there will be a heavy shower on the other. This is rather womanish.

In New England you hear nothing of the crops; in England you hear scarcely of any thing else. In the United States there is no dread, and not even a thought of a

famine. In England the population increases at the rate of more than four hundred thousand per year, that is, more than the whole population of the city of New York, and how they are to be fed, becomes matter of great concern to every one. In England, likewise, the incomes of most people are limited, and they live up to them. They have no extra resources. They confine themselves to one business or pursuit, and if that fails, or the profits are diminished, they are reduced to hardship and distress. The price of bread affects the price of almost every thing else, and therefore becomes a matter of universal solicitude. Adieu.

P. S. I have been for my letters, but none from you. Shame on your inhumanity! Pray where is my dear E——, that she cannot give me a single line from her kind hand! Don't give her a kiss from me, unless she will promise to do better. I propose to send G—— the beautiful butterfly, the little Psyche whom I so long to see, a little tea-set, if I can get it to-day. I shall expect a cup of the best gunpowder made in it when I get home. I mean to have some sort of explosion, for in such case I should be ready to fire off all the cannon in Essex county at one blast, if they had but one touch-hole: as the Roman emperor said, "he would cut off the heads of all the Roman people at one blow, if they had but one neck."

LETTER CX.

TO MISS R——.

London, 16th October, 1845.

MY DEAR R —:

MY friend, Miss P——, will have the pleasure of handing you this; and I beg to bespeak in her behalf your kind attentions. She is entirely worthy of respect and esteem. I know how valuable to a stranger will be any little attentions, in a foreign country, and as well, how much you can do to make others happy.

I think you are very much in my debt, unless one of your letters is to be considered as equivalent to three of mine; and I am almost willing to have the matter adjusted, even upon these terms.

I should be exceedingly glad to know what you are about just now in the way of your usual philanthropic exertions. Politics, in which you always took so strong an interest, will go wrong in spite of all your efforts in getting up political meetings, and circulating electioneering pamphlets. The clergy I see you can do nothing with. They will have their vestry meetings and associations and fairs, and preach their poor sermons, oppose, instruct, counsel, wheedle them as much as you will. You don't succeed any better with abolitionism, for Texas is admitted, and the divine as well as domestic institution of slavery is triumphant. In the temperance cause you never took much interest, and I beg of you not to touch it, for down it will go if you do, and they must wake up some of their departed laborers to raise it up again. I really don't know how your waste

steam just now goes off, for, as to a quiet life, it is impossible for you to lead that. I sometimes see the Salem newspapers, and though they publish the marriages, (among which, I am sorry not to see some which I should like to see,) yet they do not publish the births, and therefore I cannot find out whose children you now have in tow, and have taken, in order to train in the way in which they should *not* go, as two or three generations must have passed off since I left the United States, and your former protégées must now be grown entirely out of your reach. Pray, write, and tell me what you are about, and in what spirit of calm philosophy you now spend your time.

Mr. ———, informs me that the good town of Salem is now in the flood-tide of successful experiment; railroads are diverging from and concentrating there in various directions; business is on the quick march; and factories to eclipse all others, are rapidly rising and gilding with visions of wealth the hopes of the proprietors. Be it so. Let Salem be as rich, as prosperous, as happy as Heaven can make any city, and it cannot be more so than I wish it to be; and let its inhabitants be the best, the most intelligent, the most moral and the kindest people that live, and they will not be any more so than I think them. I only wish for them peace, contentment, and happiness, according to their deserts. Adieu.

LETTER CXI.

London, 3d November, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR:

I WAS delighted with the visit of my old friend, Col. Perkins, and likewise of Dr. Robbins. I hope they have reached you in safety. The *Caledonia* must have encountered a severe gale, and, indeed, I believe went to sea in the midst of it. In the North sea, and on the Dutch coast, it proved more disastrous than any one known for many years, and much loss of life and property has occurred.

I send you some English newspapers. The paper of to-day contains nothing new, or I should send that.

The state of political and commercial affairs here, just now, creates a great deal of anxiety. The railroad excitement is wholly artificial, but, without doubt, many will find it in the end quite real enough for them. It resembles, in all its symptoms and progress, the multi-caulis fever, which prevailed in the United States in 1836. The state of the crops is something quite alarming. The potato disease is much more extensive than was at first apprehended, and the corn crop is decidedly short and poor in quality. The same condition, in both respects, evidently prevails on the continent. What is to become of the poor Irish, without potatoes, Heaven only knows. Many are always on the borders of starvation for a great portion of the year, and the failure of the potato crop will finish them. I could wish them a shorter and

easier death, if it must be ; but, soberly, when one travels in Ireland and witnesses the condition of millions of those naked, wretched, degraded, miserable beings, one is compelled to ask, What is the value of life to them? O'Connell is, I think, a great curse to Ireland ; yet the Irish have been very harshly used, and their grievances are real and deeply aggravated.

We are very anxious here for the opening of Congress, and the President's map of his future policy. We can hardly think a war between the two countries possible, yet the temper of the people here towards the United States is constantly aggravated and incensed by the public papers, which, on both sides of the water, seem, in many cases, perfectly reckless of justice and truth.

My love to —, whose letter was most acceptable. I should have foretold that your Pennsylvania journey would have been delightful. I know the route. To say nothing of Niagara and the inland seas, the mountain scenery of the Alleghanies, and the deep and rich vales of Pennsylvania, are on the most splendid scale.

LETTER CXII.

London, 15th November, 1845.

MY DEAR M — :

WHEN I retired last night, at half-past one, I said, surely I shall have to-morrow morning to myself ; but I had no sooner sat down to my table, than a particular friend from Ireland came in to breakfast with me,

and staid with me until near eleven o'clock. I told him I must finish my despatches for the boat, but that did not do ; and so kind a friend as he proved himself in Ireland, and having come out five miles this morning to see me, I could not but be glad to see him. I know, however, you 'll put up with a very poor letter, and take the will for the deed.

I have not much to say to you. The pile of letters upon my table, which accumulates in the week, absolutely frightens me, and sometimes makes me think I need a secretary, as much as any great man in the country. However, many of them are too friendly to be complained of. I have had, within the last week, a kind invitation from Lord Hardwicke to go to Wimpole for several days ; from Lord Hatherton, to go to Torquay for some time ; from Mrs. Pendarves, to go to Cornwall ; from my friends, the Mortons, to go to Durham, without fail ; from the Morses, to go to Norfolk ; and from Sir Charles Morgan, to go to Wales, in December, and stay as long as I can, saying that his family, in the kindest manner, insist upon it that I must not disappoint them. They are excellent people, and there I have agreed to go, the 7th of December, and stay a fortnight — perhaps, until after Christmas ; and I can go with safety, because I know I shall have a room and my mornings, until four o'clock, if so I choose, entirely to myself, with every comfort that a man can ask for. But you may be sure, that nothing is to interrupt the prosecution of my work, for the completion of which I am more impatient than you can be.

My friend, Mrs. Morton, of Durham, as excellent a person, I believe, as lives, in a letter received this morn-

ing, desires me to give her love to Mrs. C——, and tell her, “how glad I should be to see her at Biddick.” She wishes, with all her heart, you would come and see her, for, besides liking you on my account, she would like to see an American woman, which she never did. I don’t know that she does not think you are copper-colored, with straight, wiry, black hair, &c. But they are most agreeable people. I have made them two visits, of some days each, and they urge me to come again before I leave the country. My friends, the Courages, are now in France, but wrote to me that they were to be at home next Sunday, and depended upon seeing me.

On Monday week, I dined at the Lord Mayor’s banquet, at Guildhall, on his inauguration. There were more than eight hundred ladies, lords, and gentlemen, who sat down to a most sumptuous entertainment, with all the paraphernalia of royalty. The Lady Mayoress holds her court or levee before dinner, and the strangers and others are presented. She comes in like a queen, preceded by heralds and a lord chamberlain, and attended by pages to bear her train — at least five yards of satin — and, being seated on a kind of throne, with the Lord Mayor at her side, and the great men of the city, sheriffs, aldermen, common-council-men, judges, mace-bearers, &c., in superb and peculiar dresses, glittering with gold chains and diamonds, she receives the homage of those who are announced and presented, — and, I believe, the great difference in the ceremony between this and the presentation at Court, is, that you bow to the Lady Mayoress, and kneel to the Queen. After this is gone through, four heralds, with trumpets, announce her

approach, and she, attended by the Lord Mayor, the great officers of state, the judges, in their crimson gowns and flowing wigs, the common-council-men, and city magistrates, in their robes of office, &c., &c., march, in grand procession, round the hall, between the tables, at which most of the guests stand, to take their seats at the head. Then the feast begins, and the turtle soup flows as freely as water, but a good deal thicker. The procession in the city was most gorgeous and finical; and the Lord Mayor's carriage looks like a moving house, drawn by six beautiful horses, and the carriage of the Lady Mayoress was equally magnificent, preceded by several men, in complete armor of brass and steel, and their horses likewise covered with armor, and the Lord Mayor's Jester, or fool, also, ridiculously dressed, in the procession. The crowd was, I thought, even more compact than when the Queen entered the city, and closer than I ever saw human beings packed together. The heat and odor from the crowd in the streets, in the open air, were really suffocating. I was resolved to see the whole, and therefore endured it, and had the delightful pleasure of holding in my arms, for an hour, a child of five years old, belonging to a poor woman in the crowd, who otherwise, I believe, would have seen nothing, and perhaps not herself have been seen again, unless in this way rescued from the press.

I like my lodgings at Islington very much, and now think I shall not go into town. They are very clean. The servant is neat and attentive; my landlady, a little, young woman of about twenty-five, very pleasant and anxious for my welfare; and, though it sometimes gives me a very long walk at night, when I dine in town, yet

I am saved from many interruptions, and get very quiet nights' rest, when I get any at all, of which one is never sure in London.

On Thursday last, I dined with a party of gentlemen, many of them Americans, at Mr. Thomas Barings, a bachelor. Scarcely four times before, since I have been in England, have I dined without ladies at the table. The entertainment, as usual, was splendid, the room crowded with pictures, the tables covered with silver. On Friday, I dined with the Joys, who have left for France. On Sunday, I dined at my good friend, Mr. Gibletts, *en famille*, — yesterday, at Mr. Fox's, with a small party. To-day, I dine with Lord Wallscourt, at the Reform Club House, — Thursday, at Mr. John Martineau's, cousin of Harriet M., — and Sunday, at the Courages, Dulwich, — yet I am not dissipated, for our dinners leave me my day to myself, and I try to get home seasonably in the evening.

Love to all. I don't forget a single one of you, and never can.

Three weeks in October and November were delightful, but it is now damp, and so foggy often that we have lights at noon. The weather, however, is mild. Adieu.

LETTER CXIII.

London, 27th December, 1845.

MY DEAR M—— :

I GIVE you the credit of being one of the most punctual, and one of the kindest correspondents that a poor exile could have. If it were not for your letters, I don't know how I could live.

But how long I have lived! Here is the sixtieth deep notch in my calendar; and here is the sixtieth winter, now shedding its snows upon me; a decayed, and leafless trunk to be sure, but yet with some greenness in the bark, and some life at the root. At twenty I should have been very willing to have compounded for forty; and should have supposed then, that, having reached the confines of age, (for a man, said Dr. Freeman at that time, in his beautiful sermon on old age, is at forty-five an *old* man,) all my accounts of life might have been made up, and all my work finished; and yet here I have passed on as far beyond that time as I had then to reach it, and seem only to be beginning to live, and to have a pile of work before me, which I feel anxious to accomplish, but which would last an industrious man full half a century. I suppose, under these circumstances, I must fall into the class of men whose calculations are beyond their power; and yet I believe it is far better to aim at much and accomplish little, than to aim at little and accomplish, on that account, far less than what we might have done. No man is more to be pitied

than he who feels that he has nothing more to do ; the great secret of success in all cases is labor stimulated by wide purposes, by an unflagging hope, and by an honorable ambition ; the security of the health of the mind is, the constant and natural, and most active exercise of all its faculties ; and how little soever any man may attain or accomplish, a reasonable and well-ordered mind will be satisfied, and ought to be satisfied, in having attempted to use the powers which God has given, to their full extent, and to worthy ends. If we speak of accomplishment, what the greatest men and the greatest minds have accomplished seems little compared with what they might have done ; and if we speak of attainment, he who has climbed the highest summit sees other summits before him, looming high in the distance, and stimulating him to new and ceaseless efforts. If I may speak to you, as I would to my *own heart*, though beating in another bosom, I can only say, that in my active, though humble efforts, my motives have never been sordid, nor my views selfish, nor my aims to the loss, or discomfiture, or prejudice, or injury, of any human being ; that I never sought with any an unkind competition ; never regarded any man's honest success with the slightest envy or regret ; and though I may have felt an undue love of approbation, and been perhaps too sensitive to the opinions of others, yet, with the exception of *your* affection and confidence, which are most sacred and more dear to me than any thing in the world, extraneous to my own mind, the unanimous approbation of the world, if I could command it, is of no moment compared with the consciousness of having pursued worthy ends by honest means ; of never having resented an injury,

and never willingly have inflicted one upon the person or character of any human being; and of having, in my public works, sought objects wholly of practical good; and if they have not been splendid and ambitious, they have at least the merit of being innocent and useful.

But why, you 'll ask, perhaps, do I write in this grave style to you. I'll answer you. It is late, Saturday night; the town seems still, and the streets in a state of repose, after the festivities and excitements of a holiday week; the storm is beating hard against my windows; — it is the close of the year; and whether it is because I have not been very well the last week, or because every day the time that I have been away seems so much longer, and seems to be making such a deep incision upon what little, in the course of nature, can remain for us, my mind has been hovering continually over the friends beyond the sea. I continue to receive all the attention I could ask for, and much more is offered than I can accept; I have many friends here of the most estimable character, whose friendship is the highest honor, and who profess to me not only their good will, but their warm affection; yet my mind has been full, night and day, with the reminiscences of home.

December 28th.

It was two o'clock last night, or rather, I may say, this morning, when I finished the preceding pages; and I rose this morning at eight. At this season the days are only eight hours and the nights are sixteen; and when to this is added the dense fogs which often compel you to light a candle at noon day, what may be called day dwindles into very small dimensions.

To-day I walked four miles to church, in quite a heavy rain ; dined with some friends, passed an hour at ——'s, very intimate personal friends ; his wife, in the English sense of the word, one of the cleverest women I know. Wrote a long letter in reply to one I received last evening from Miss ——, who says she chose to communicate to me as one of her best friends, a matrimonial alliance she had just formed ; she is a very intelligent, agreeable, and pleasing person. Walked to Mr. McLane's, the ambassador, where the Americans usually congregate on Sunday evenings, quite four miles from where I live, and returned home at eleven.

I cannot say the preaching to-day was very attractive ; it was upon the close of the year ; and occupied three-fourths of an hour, when if all the wheat could be sifted from the chaff, it might have been pressed into a pint measure, whereas the latter would have filled a large basket. There were, however, some good points in the sermon ; it filled up the time, and there was at least no harm in it. But here I might again bid you good night, the watchman has cried the hour of one, and my shutters, as I dare say you surmise, are already beginning to swing to of themselves.

December 29th.

I am glad to hear Mr. Peabody is to be at the Chapel. At his age, and with his experience, he is not likely to be spoiled by the idolatry with which ministers are often regarded in our New England cities. Lord Hatherton wrote to me three weeks ago the kindest letter possible ; the others of the family are at a watering place, about two hundred and fifty miles from London.

He said he had not heard from me for some time, and wished to know my place, my doings, and my plans; and if I was about to leave England, and would not visit them, he would come expressly to London to see me. This is only a sample of the kindness which is continually shown to me.

I have had two letters lately, one with a book, and the other with a pair of wisters or mufftees, as they call them here, from two young ladies in Lincolnshire, of one of the best families in the country, and two as superior persons as in any family in the world. The letters were both volunteers, and as kind as possible. Wisters I never wear, so I transfer them to you, and the love that came with them I would divide with you, were it a transferable commodity.

But I think I am quite safe in saying, the donors would love what I love.

LETTER CXIV.

London, 30th December, 1845.

MY DEAR A — :

THE clock has just told his longest story, and uttered his midnight admonitions; but you shall have one hour, for I know I shall sleep all the better for a bit of conversation with you; not the more soundly — no — but the more sweetly; for visions of home and all that makes home dear to me, of loved ones on earth, and loved ones in heaven, will hover round my pillow; I shall feel the soft impress of lips fragrant with affection upon my fore-

head ; I shall perceive the gentle pressure of loving hands upon my beating heart ; I shall hear the warm accents of welcome from those who still wear the well-known drapery of earth ; and, perhaps, I may perceive sounds of “no mortal measure” floating round me, voices of another world, celestial symphonies, invitations of encouragement and welcome, bursting in well-remembered tones from lips touched with heaven’s own fire, and breathing a divine music. These, indeed, would be precious visions, which would make my chamber bright, and stud the canopy of my bed with gems of living light, and solace me, under a sense of separation from some whom I never *can*, and from others, whom under the uncertainties of life, I never *may* see again on earth. I need such solace, I assure you ; and therefore I thank you for your kind letter, and beg you to write more often ; I pray you to consider not how much pains such efforts cost you, but how much pleasure they give me, and then you would need no further stimulant ; you would not then forget the day of the sailing of the steamer, and you would not let weeks and weeks elapse, without a single message of affection to an absent friend, who loves you as well as you can be loved, and finds one of the greatest sources of his comfort and happiness in the belief that that affection is returned.

But now let me come to matters of more detail. November and December, in London, are months of smoke, and fog, and rain ; but the temperature is mild, and if there is any light within the house and the heart, it matters little how it is without doors. Yet, at this season, one cannot walk the streets of London without having his sensibility shocked at every turn, by night

and by day. I do not know that the distress is extraordinary, but I never saw so much beggary, and squalid destitution, and extreme wretchedness, as I meet here continually; the more afflictive and distressing from the conviction that there is no practicable remedy, and that the little which an individual can do for its relief or removal, is like undertaking to drain a lake with a tea-cup. It is impossible, however, for any man with the shadow of pretensions to humanity, to refuse that little. To street beggars I seldom give money, but I often give bread, especially if they are poor, decayed, shivering old women. I was accosted last evening by dozens, but by one especially, a miserable, squalid old creature, who assured me, and I have no doubt with perfect truth, that she had three children at home, and that their whole subsistence for the last two days was a penny loaf of bread, small enough, you may be sure, and three potatoes. Now I dare say there are thousands and tens of thousands of such cases, within a circuit of two miles from me, of persons actually dying by piecemeal, from starvation; and all this in the midst of a splendor, perfectly dazzling, and a wealth surpassing the dreams of Oriental magnificence.

I have not much adventure to relate. My recent visit to Wales was most delightful. I gave you sometime since an account of the residence of my good old friend, Sir Charles Morgan, for such he chooses to call himself, and the repetition was even more agreeable than my first visit. The house is full of every thing that can administer to luxury or comfort, and lady Rodney, his widowed daughter, is a most kind and agreeable person, and makes every body around her happy. The guests on

this occasion, were numerous and agreeable. From Tredegar, Sir Charles' residence, Mr. Humphrey took me, with the kindest attention, twenty-five miles in his carriage to Bedwelty, to see the extensive iron furnaces and collieries, among the hills, and afterwards returned with me to Newport. I staid with him three days. His own establishment is extensive and elegant, and his works are upon a grand scale. Twenty-five hundred people are employed at the furnaces and the mines. There are seven large furnaces, in some of which the fire has been burning constantly for twenty-seven years. The melted iron flows out into the moulds, like cream from a cream-pot; and they toss about the liquid masses of mineral, reduced to a state of white heat, like snow-balls. Many women and girls are employed in loading and unloading the coal wagons, feeding the furnaces, and piling away the iron. At least, I took them to be women, though one would hardly recognize them to be human beings, but from a near inspection. Their dress is of the most ordinary description, being a kind of long surtout; they are begrimed with dirt, and perfectly black with coal dust and smoke; but then, their bright eyes and ruby lips, and oftentimes beautiful rows of pearl between them, looking like pieces of china and broken glass in a basket of rubbish, betoken their sex.

The Welch dialect is perfectly unintelligible to me, but they have schools here in which English is taught, and which I thought, upon the whole, well conducted. The earnings of the men at the iron works and collieries, are very large, but they are, in most cases, wasted in drunkenness and gambling, and their families often suffer by this profligacy. I inquired if there was no Savings

Bank, in which they could be induced to deposit their surplus. The answer was no; and there seemed evidently, I may almost say avowedly, an indisposition to interfere with the appropriation of their wages, lest the employers should lose their labor, which it might be difficult to replace. This appeared to me greatly to be lamented. A small sum, however, is taken from their wages, at settlement, which forms a fund for surgeons or physicians' fees, in case of sickness or accident. The work to which the women and girls were subjected, was of the most severe kind, but their muscular energy appeared equal to their exigencies. I think it was at this place I found one young woman, whose task it was after the clay was furnished, to mould twenty-five hundred fire bricks per day, and lay them away. Some of our boarding school young ladies seem to be mere cotton rags, to women of such muscular energy. What say you, can the mind be equally matured and invigorated by a discipline as severe? Certainly not, without a similar training of the body. This is a curious question, which I shall not now discuss. What would some gentle husbands of our acquaintance do, with such amazons for wives? Adieu.

LETTER CXV.

TO MR. R. W.

London, 30th December, 1845.

God bless you, my dear W——, for your kind and most welcome letters. One must be an exile from home for two or three years, to know the value of such a message of good will and affection, and the thousand brilliant associations which it kindles is like touching a match to a train of gunpowder, but, Heaven be praised, not so evanescent and insubstantial. If any thing in human existence is real, why then the kind affections are real; esteem, friendship, truth, honor, are realities, as much as and more than flesh and blood; we live upon them; they are the aliment of the soul, the support of our spiritual nature, all that makes earth delightful, all that will make Heaven happy. It is our animal nature that is insubstantial and changeable; that decays daily; that drops off like the clothes we wear; that is to mingle again with the dust, out of which it sprang, and be reconstructed and converted into the dresses and habiliments of other beings and existences in God's great family. It is man's moral nature that makes him what he is—all that he can call his own; that forms the man; constitutes his identity, over which no change has power, and which can know no death. These, then, are the *realities* of life; and when messages of affection and friendship come bounding over the billows of the

ocean, which the noise of its waves cannot silence, nor the depth of the fathomless waters drown, — when the little paper casket, like a messenger pigeon, flies into my hands, freighted with the treasures of sympathy and love, my heart rises in gratitude to Heaven, as I break the seal, and I press it to my bosom, where it wakens instantly the gathering sympathies, all waiting to respond in their loudest tones.

I was delighted that you opened to me at once, as to an old friend, the doors of your domestic sanctuary, and showed me your household gods. Beware, my dear friend, of idolatry. I am afraid you have too much prosperity to be good, and that you will presently need some wholesome discipline to keep you humble. Yet to enjoy is to be grateful, and the use of any of God's gifts does not imply their abuse. The just and full appreciation of all our blessings is one of the first duties of religion. You have drawn aside the curtain, that I may look at this precious tableau of domestic felicity. Now let me tell you the experience of an old friend, that you may not think that you are the only happy man ; for your benevolent mind will find a satisfaction in seeing the wide diffusion of the best blessings of Heaven. I will give it to you in his own words. He says : “ I have been married nearly forty years, and I can say, in sober truth, if, with my present experience, it were left with me to choose out of the wide circle in which I have revolved, I should choose, above all others, that faithful friend whom Heaven cast into my arms. We have seen much of life together, we have been poor, and always toiled hard ; but we have never complained, and we have had, if nothing else, plenty of love and

plenty of friends. On the tree, under which we plighted our troth, and which we have nourished together, there came out, at the first, the buds of mutual affection, gradually opening their beautiful petals to the sun, and exhaling their intoxicating perfumes, but yet fragile and uncertain in their results; then the forming fruit of esteem began to swell and expand, giving strong promise of a harvest; mutual respect appeared as the next stage of growth, becoming strengthened and enlarged, under the ever changing elements of sunshine and storm to which the parent tree was subjected; last of all, the whole seemed changed into mutual and entire confidence, not the least fair and beautiful of all the clusters; and they have all ripened, and the tree is bending with its precious and golden burden in rich maturity. The leaves, it is true, are fast falling off, because, under the providence of the Great Husbandman — a providence as beneficent as it is supreme — when the autumnal gales shake the branches, the leaves must drop; but the fruit still remains, and there has been no unkindly blasts, and no worm at the root. I dare not," he continued, "go farther. The will of God be done; and, whatever may be in store for us, for the little time which remains, let me," said he, "thank him, with my whole soul, for a mutual confidence and affection, which have made two hearts, beating in different bosoms, one heart, thus fulfilling his word, that they twain shall be but single." May your experience be as happy as his, and, if it can be, a thousand times more happy!

It is not possible in a hurried letter, — for out of a hurry I now despair of ever escaping, and the sun has got so low in my sky that what I do I must do

quickly, — to give you any thing like an account of my residence in England. I believe no man was ever treated more kindly ; no man ever more gratefully appreciated that kindness, and no one in the same time ever enjoyed more. The only abatement has been, that I could not have with me, as participants, those whose happiness would give an increased zest to all my pleasures.

In due time my friends shall hear from me. I saw Mr. Armstrong on my visit to Clifton ; but my visits in the neighborhood of Bristol have been agricultural, and with persons who have little sympathy with liberal minds of that cast. I liked him much. The *Life of Blanco White* often speaks of him. I heard him preach a sermon of an hour and a half in London. His style is too expansive. There was much good matter ; but he seemed to take it for granted that his audience were to be taken upon his knee and to be taught their a-b-abs. Some of us old fellows are not willing to “*sit up,*” as the children say, in the class, and especially many of us who are already bald, are rather restive under the raps of a school-dame’s thimble. Old men grow fastidious. Those who have themselves been preachers are apt to become fault-finders. Few men have any adequate or just conceptions of the sublime, elevated, celestial character of religion. The God of most ministers is a great man, and they are the principal personages at court, through whose kind offices only are the multitude to be presented. Now make all these allowances and qualifications in respect to my judgment, when I tell you, that the preaching here is not always to my taste. Church-going, however, in the morning for the great, in the afternoon for the servants, is much in fashion ; the out-

ward respect for religion is most marked. I have no doubt there is a great deal of real piety among all sects; and the liberal part of the community, from the controversial position in which they have been placed, are remarkably well established in their faith. It is a fact worthy of notice, that of the many families in which I have domiciled, noble and gentle, I have scarcely been in any, certainly not one in five, where there was not regular domestic worship every day. If a chaplain was kept, he officiated — if no chaplain, the master of the house; or if he were absent, and sometimes when he is present, the mother or one of the children would read prayers, and the worship is always on the knees. This is delightful. On public occasions, and in private parties, the laity as often say grace as the clergy; indeed, it usually falls to the president of the day to give a blessing and return thanks. I have heard the Duke of Richmond, Earl Hardwicke, Earl Spencer, Sir Charles Morgan, and many others do it. The grace is always short. This seems to me to be as it should be, and you then get rid of those long occasional graces, which are sometimes only ebullitions of cant or vanity.

About autographs, I can only say, I will do what I am able. I gave Livermore several. I opine he might have been collecting for you, and that you have taken the fish out of his basket. I have Dr. Price's — a letter; and Judge Jeffries', and the Duke of Wellington's, and Lord Brougham's, and Carlyle's; and Dickens', and Mrs. Jameson's, and several others. All these you shall have if you really want them for yourself, but not as a trading capital. I am promised Dr. Priestley's, and Rammohun Roy's. These, too, shall be

yours, if I get them. I think I can get Mrs. N——'s. Before I learned her name, I thought her perfectly beautiful, and extremely eloquent, attractive, and agreeable. Yet she is not the only star in my sky, nor even the brightest constellation.

So all the household are about you; what a delightful coterie! how I wish I could make you for one half hour widen the circle and let me put my chair in, or even let me come and sit down on the footstool of my dear old friend, Madam Q., and look into all the bright eyes sparkling around me, brighter than the gems which I have seen in the diadem of majesty. In such a case, if I had a window in my bosom, like the poor soldier at Washington, and you unbuttoned my waistcoat, — unbutton it! it would come open of itself, and the buttons would fly into the air! I think you would see the pot boil harder than you ever yet saw it. Is such delight in store for a poor forlorn exile?

Ask my friend, S—— Q——, if her harp is upon the willows. I have been some time looking for the footmarks of her kind and flowing pen. At this season of kind gifts, I hold my hat out to all of you, and pray you to contribute of your abundance. Send me a Round-Robin, —

“Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,” —

you know the rest.

I am glad Everett is to be President of the University. He has great learning, a fine classical taste, a distinguished reputation, and eminent accomplishments. He was universally and extremely well received among the English, and did an immense deal in conciliating their

esteem and establishing a good understanding between the two countries. I have always respected and highly esteemed him, and have every reason to speak well of him. Mr. Quincy's presidential sun went down in undimmed and full-orbed splendor. Even its setting rays were warm to my heart. "Let not him that putteth on the harness boast himself like him that putteth it off," after an honest and faithful day's work.

Greetings of love to all the brethren, — I dare not discriminate. I got good L——'s letter to-night, that disciple of St. John. I cannot now answer it, but by a kind acknowledgment, which I entrust to you.

I don't believe you did your own kind wife justice. I dare say she sent me her *love* instead of *regards*, and you, a mean, selfish fellow, kept it back: now mind, I send my *love* to her. Pray write again. Adieu.

LETTER CXVI.

London, 1815.

My Dear A—:

I HAVE spoken to you of the housekeeping in England, and you have desired more details. It is not a subject on which a gentleman is very competent to speak, excepting so far as his own comfort is concerned, and yet he may observe the movings of the machinery, and enjoy as much as those more directly concerned; seeing the various operations going on without delay, noise, or friction, and the results produced with perfect regularity and completeness. In England, this is con-

stantly to be admired, and the preëminent characteristics of English housekeeping are neatness, punctuality, order, quiet, and comfort. The neatness is most remarkable; the punctuality most correct; the order such that nothing ever seems to be out of place; the quiet delightful. I have never heard a scolding word or a harsh or fault-finding epithet addressed to a servant, and the comfort is all that any reasonable man can desire.

Much of this results from their peculiar institutions, as a diversity of ranks conduces with all classes most essentially to good manners. Men occupy different places, and every one seems to know his place, and so difficult is any change, and such is the force of education and habit, that every one seems contented with his position. Servants are trained to be servants, and expect to live and die servants; and masters and mistresses are restrained by a feeling of the dependence of others upon them; and it is a matter perfectly established and well worthy of observation, that persons born to command, and accustomed from their childhood to have the service of others, are not half so likely to abuse or misuse that power, as the man to whom such power is a sudden or unexpected acquisition. The highest nobleman, of one of the most ancient families, is far more likely to be simple in all his habits and tastes and manners, and more considerate of the comfort of his servants, and far less imperious and domineering than the great man, who, from a low condition in life, has suddenly acquired wealth and power.

I may speak of the housekeeping of the middle classes at another time. My present object is to give you a list of the servants in some great families, to show you their

number and their different occupations. I shall violate no private confidence in doing this, because they were given to me with the express understanding that I might use them, and the regulations will be found creditable to the parties concerned. In establishments where there are thirty, forty, fifty, and sometimes even a hundred servants, (I knew indeed one case where one hundred and eleven were daily fed in the servants' hall,) the utmost regularity is indispensable; and to maintain comfort and quiet and order, the discipline must be as strict as in an army, or on board a ship of war. Every thing would be thrown into confusion without it.

The following is the list in one house. One general steward and cashier; next the house steward, who hires all the servants and provides the food. Groom of the chamber, and travelling steward. Valet to his Lordship. Man-cook, confectioner, five footmen in livery, three coachmen in livery, two postillions in livery, eight grooms in livery, who have the care of the saddle horses; ten hostlers, one housekeeper, four ladies' maids, four cook-maids, three still-room maids, who get tea, &c.; six house-maids, six laundry-maids, one man-baker, one baker's maid, one cook's boy, one usher of servants' room, one steward's-room boy, one post-boy, one coal-man, three, and sometimes five, charcoal-men; one shepherd and butcher, one gamekeeper, one underkeeper, two "naughters," (i. e., men who have the care of the family cows,) two milk and dairy women, two saddlers, one park-keeper, four blacksmiths, one groom with eight or ten under him, looking after racers and hunters; one tutor, one governess; one chaplain, who is seen always at morning or evening prayers, but lives in a separate

house. Now what do you think of the comfort of such an establishment as this? This nobleman has another, about fifty miles from this, where he resides a part of the year, and which is larger than this; and still another establishment in London. Some of his servants are transferred with him, but many of them remain. He has in his service, on his home estate, which may all be said to come under the same direct superintendence, eighteen hundred and fifteen persons. Adieu.

LETTER CXVII.

London, 1815.

MY DEAR M — :

I HAVE not much adventure to relate since I last wrote. Mr. Courage went down with me last week about fifty miles into Kent, to see the cultivation; to learn how hops and filberts are grown, and to look at Lord Torrington's new farm buildings, on an improved model.

The country is among the most beautiful and the best cultivated that I have seen. On Friday, pursuant to a promise I had made some months since, I went on a visit to Mr. Nicholson, in Surrey, who was to give me notice when to come, that I might see the best cultivation of hops in the kingdom, and the most approved mode of curing them. Nothing could be more agreeable than my visit. The place is called Waverley Abbey, from the ruins of an old abbey and cathedral directly in

front of the house, the foundation of which dates as far back as 1127. Most of the building is gone, but several large fragments remain, sufficient to show the extent and the style of its architecture. Large trees are growing now in the centre of the building, where the altar stood; bushes are projecting themselves from different parts of the old walls; and the whole is covered with the richest mantle of ivy. It is an exceedingly picturesque object. On the lawn beyond, is a considerable sheet of water; and the ruins are cherished with even more care than the original edifice. Mr. Nicholson long since retired from the profession of the law, and now lives, with his highly cultivated family, in this elegant retreat, filled with articles of luxury and works of art.

I found, on my arrival at noon, that he had engaged me to dine with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, noble and gentle, at a house about five miles distant, where we went at seven o'clock, and returned home about twelve. On Saturday we spent the day in various excursions; to see farms where the owners had one hundred and fifty acres in hops, and I don't know how many families of gipsies and others encamped in the neighborhood to assist in the picking. We returned in the evening to an agreeable dinner at his house.

Sunday, went to church in the morning, and spent the rest of the day in finishing Mr. Lyell's very fair and candid travels in America, and reading the interesting memoirs of Blanco White; and towards night by railroad and gig went eighteen miles with Mr. N——, to dine and lodge at Sir John Easthope's, M. P. Here was another small but most agreeable party. Lady Easthope, of the pleasure of whose society I do not presume

to speak as I would, upon my being introduced to her, said at once that she had had the pleasure of meeting me before; I replied that I was not aware of having had that honor. She then asked me if I did not recollect presenting her, a year and a half ago, an elegant bouquet; which, surely, I did not. It seems, at the great agricultural dinner at Southampton, where there were fifteen hundred people present, I sat at the high table, directly under the gallery, which was filled with ladies, to hear the speeches. After the cloth was removed, several beautiful bunches of flowers, which had been placed as ornaments on the table, remained. I said to Dr. Buckland, who sat near me, that I had a mind to hand one of them to the ladies. Said he, "It will not do;" and in rather a cynical manner, which disturbed me a little, added, "such things may do in your country, but they won't do here." Mr. C——, a distinguished member of Parliament, who heard the remarks, said at once, "It will do — do it;" and I immediately took two of the finest bunches, and stood up in a chair and presented them to the ladies who were nearest to me. Nothing could be more gracious than the manner in which they received the compliment, and the whole building rang with applause from all who witnessed the action. Immediately, several other gentlemen sprang upon their feet and followed my example, in presenting the bouquets near them, and there was a tremendous clapping of hands and cheering above and below. Lady Easthope says that she and Lady Palmerston were those who received the bouquets from me. They were both delighted with the act, and took pains to learn my name. She added that she recognised me the moment I came

in, which, considering the circumstances, and the lapse of time, showed, at least on her part, a very strong individuality. Now, all this was said to me in the most civil manner possible, and to her husband and the party, and served, of course, as a very good introduction.

I remained at Fir Grove, to look at Sir John's improvements, which are quite worth seeing, and returned to town at night, after an engagement to repeat my visit, if possible, and had the pleasure, on arrival, of getting my letters. To-morrow I go by rail about sixty miles, to see a farm where some remarkable crops are growing, and some extraordinary improvements have been made, and to look at an agricultural implement establishment, to return the next day, and to remain fixed to my table until my report is forwarded.

Please give my best regards to Mrs. — ; tell her that I have received two long letters from her sister, who is now enjoying herself to the very brim, at Genoa. I wish I could send you her last letter, which was highly descriptive of the natural scenery, and quite brilliant.

I have heard of Judge Story's death with real grief. He was one of my best friends ; a man of eminent talents ; of most comprehensive and indefatigable industry ; full of public spirit and private affections ; distinguished for his services to his country, and not less so for those domestic virtues, and that blandness of manners which constitute the charm and delight of private life. Adieu.

LETTER CXVIII.

London, 31st December, 1845.

MY DEAR S—:

I HOPE this will reach you beginning a new year in the enjoyment of the greatest of all earthly blessings — a sound mind in a sound body ; busy, buoyant, and bright as ever, making other people happy by the cheerfulness reflected from your own eyes, and rendering your new and luxurious home as comfortable as good housewifery can make it ; and every part of it radiant with the pure pleasures which spring from kind affections, gentle manners, unruffled temper, and all the precious and benignant influences of love, good breeding, cultivated minds, refined taste, and grateful, unaffected, silent, and unobtrusive piety. This is a furnishing which the art of the most skilful upholsterer cannot rival or even approach, and which the gilded drapery and resplendent lustres of courts and palaces may well envy. God bless you and yours forever and for aye.

My intercourse with you is so frequent, that really I have nothing to communicate ; and you see so many persons who have seen me, that it would be quite a work of supererogation to talk about myself. Dr. Robbins, I dare say, has found his way by instinct or habit to your fireside, and has retailed the wonders of London ; and if you have seen ——, I dare say he has given you the history of his sojourn here, with various poetical embellishments. He ought never to come again without his wife ; and if he can get two, I advise him by all means

to bring both, that one, if possible, may occasionally relieve the other; for, certainly, no man was ever less patient of solitude.

The *season*, properly so-called, does not commence until Parliament has been in session about a month, and this year Parliament assembles on the 20th of January. The political sky is stormy and threatening, and the waves will run high; but I do not know what can abate or restrain the thirst for pleasure, which rules triumphant here for about four months, until, in fact, it dies out of pure exhaustion.

Dinner parties are matters of every day occurrence, and people are often invited three weeks beforehand, in order to insure a company; and balls and routs, and concerts, and plays, and operas, &c., &c., follow in succession, so that the extreme fashionables often go to three and four parties of an evening, not beginning certainly until ten or eleven o'clock. If it were not for their rides, their habit of living in the open air, and, above all, their perfect abandonment to rural recreations four or five months in the year, it would be impossible for any human constitution to endure the fatigues which they go through.

The theatres are not yet in full blast; the Italian Opera does not open until February, yet those which are open are crowded every night. At present Miss Cushman and her sister have just come out in *Romeo and Juliet*, and I am told by those who have seen them, that their success, especially that of the elder, is triumphant. Her appearance in a *male* character, however successful, will, I fear, cause her to lose caste, and exclude her from the intercourse of the truly refined, or at

least prevent her being received on the same footing as before.

The best conducted theatres here are a source of delightful entertainment, and nothing is witnessed within them to offend good morals or a refined taste. It is not a new opinion of my own, but confirmed most strongly by a mature judgment, that theatres are a most innocent and delightful, and in large cities, a necessary recreation.

I hear you are to have Mr. Peabody for your minister. From what I learn, I don't know whether it is a victory or an acquisition. I know no more agreeable man, and with the exception of ——, few more agreeable preachers. If religion consisted in going to church and hearing good sermons, I should think you were likely to be very well provided for; but this is no essential part of religion, properly so called, and merely a means of making people better, and only one of the steps in a Christian education. What passes for Christianity in the world is infinitely below its true character; and one simple act of justice and charity is worth more than any of the prayers and preaching that were ever delivered. I do not wish, my dear S ——, in uttering these opinions, to obtrude upon your sentiments; with them you know I have always scrupulously avoided to interfere; but in a subject so important, and so deeply concerning our happiness and improvement, no candid mind will object to the honest expression of an honest opinion.

The whole of religion, in my belief, consists in doing one's duty faithfully towards God and man, in living innocently and uprightly, in works of active usefulness, in the faithful discipline of one's heart and character,

and the humble and silent cultivation and exercise of trust, resignation, and reverence towards God, and universal love towards man.

Public worship, I think, should be maintained for the sake of public order, education, and peace, and as a promoter of good manners and morals; and if we must, once a week, give one or two hours to such a service, it is most desirable to hear the instructions and opinions of men whom we can respect for their good sense and good morals. The indifferent matter which one often hears from the pulpit is almost past endurance, and the most sensible part of the community listen to it with impatience, not to say disgust. One of the first men in the kingdom told me, last week, "there must be some improvement in these matters, or the whole affair would be given up; because, while every thing else is in a course of progress, preaching seems to have made no advance." I am not of his opinion. If the generations coming on the stage could start where those who are departing leave off, there would be some hope; but like those who have gone before, they must begin with the alphabet and learn the first rudiments; and, therefore, matters are likely to remain as they are, and I have no very strong hope of human improvement. Mankind gain little by the experience of others.

I suppose you have seen Dickens' Christmas book, — "The Cricket on the Hearth." It is very beautiful; but one of its great merits consists in giving him £2,000, and probably much more, as 20,000 copies were ordered by the booksellers before its publication: and here, in such cases, it is always cash and no credit. Five shillings a copy, as a bookseller informed me.

would give him two shillings a copy profit, or 40,000 shillings, that is £2,000, or \$10,000, — so much for popularity.* The book is Dickens all over. Some of the characters and scenes are extremely well drawn.

I do not like to speak of character, or I would tell you of many persons whom I meet with ; but this must be reserved for *viva voce*. Mrs. —, whom I know intimately, is a particular favorite, and so unaffected and good-mannered and intelligent that she is everywhere popular. But one of the brightest gems I have ever seen is Mrs. — ; great as her husband is in intellectual power, she is much before him, and, certainly, I have never known a brighter or more beautiful mind, yet under a plain and unattractive exterior. In Miss Edgeworth you see outlines of a noble edifice in a green old age ; one venerates her for what she has been and done. Mrs. N——, to whom I was introduced, without hearing her name, and who was assigned to me to hand in and to sit by at dinner, — a matter which is always done here by the lady of the house, — I judged of without prejudice as one of the handsomest, most intelligent, most eloquent, most agreeable persons I had ever met with. These are the first characters I have given since I came this side of the water, and they are for your own private eye. The new year has been already announced, and the bells have ceased their merry peal. Adieu.

* The above is current rumor. It was stated to me positively, by a respectable person, who assured me she knew the fact, that for "The Cricket on the Hearth," Mr. Dickens received £5,000, and that 25,000 copies were sold in one day. It seemed so extraordinary that I feared some error, and scarcely dared repeat, though at the time I recorded the statement. Compare this with the £10 paid to Milton for his "Paradise Lost," and times seem changed.

LETTER CXIX.

London, 1st January, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR:

I AM not willing that the new year should commence, without offering you, I won't say, the usual "compliments of the season," but my hearty good wishes for your health and happiness, and all the success which you can desire. May you live as long as you wish to live, and be as happy as you can be.

The intercourse with England, from your side of the water, is now so constant and varied, that one has nothing to communicate, which does not find its way to you by various channels. The great question which agitates the public mind here, in which *we* have a chief interest, is that of war. The papers, on both sides, are surcharged with venom, and seem to have a peculiar pleasure in keeping up the causes of irritation. After having taken off the blistering plaster, and removed the raised skin, they choose to return it upon the raw flesh. The occasional abuses and licentiousness of the press are less to be deprecated than the restraints and severe censorship prevalent in despotic countries; but we may be thankful that our national concerns are not left to be settled by our newspaper editors, or we should be in hot water from one year's end to another. I read Mr. Polk's message, so far as Oregon was concerned, with satisfaction, though I cannot understand why, when Great Britain refused one proposition, another, admitted to be

less advantageous, should be submitted to her. This seemed very much like child's play; but I regard the general character of the message as pacific; and, with the views of the United States of their title to the territory in question, I do not know that he could have said less, or that more could have been done to bring the dispute to an amicable termination. My difficulty is, to know what right either of the powers has to the territory in question. Though every good man feels concerned that any causes of ill humor should exist between the two countries, I have not met with a single man of any respectability, who can believe it *possible* that two such countries, so connected by kindred, business, and a thousand strong associations, should be willing to plunge into the horrors, and expose themselves to the uncertain results of a war, for a territory of little value to either country in itself, and which must, in the natural progress of events, belong to those who settle it.

The domestic politics of England are now in a most perturbed state, and the secretiveness of Sir R. Peel is so large, that even the most influential and elevated men in the kingdom, out of the cabinet, are ignorant of what he intends to propose. The public feeling is intense against the continuance of the corn laws; but the agricultural protectionists will die hard, if they must die at all; and, though the minister, with the promised aid of the whigs, may carry his measures in the Commons, the result in the House of Peers is questionable. The immediate creation of peers, with a view to obtain a majority, is what no one scarcely thinks of, and what certainly Sir R. P., in the present state of his relation to parties, dare not attempt; and a dissolution of Parlia-

ment and a new election would just now shake the kingdom to its centre, and be of very uncertain issue. One thing seems quite obvious. I think I have witnessed a large progress since my residence here. The democratic principle is making immense strides. The aristocracy must yield, in a degree, if they mean to hold what they have got, and, if they begin to yield, the *prestige*, which has hitherto secured them, is gone. Any attempts to govern this community by direct force would certainly be met by open and successful resistance; and the government must trim their sails, in a considerable degree, to public opinion, or the vessel never can be got into port, or scarcely kept afloat. The meeting, at Covent Garden Theatre, of the Anti-corn-law League, a few evenings since, was a most extraordinary one. I got in at the peril of my life, for there was the greatest danger of being crushed against the pillars and fence. Six thousand persons were as closely packed inside as the wooden pavements in the street, and thirty thousand were refused admission. The house, most of the time, was a perfect sea in a storm. The tone of the speeches was most determined and fearless; all terms of compromise were scornfully spurned; and the bold and threatening denunciations of the aristocracy were received with shouts perfectly ruffian and savage. Nothing seems to me more terrible than an excited mob. Here sympathy is electric, and all sense of individual responsibility is gone. In many cases, one may calculate upon equal chances of escape as he would if his canoe had already entered the rapids above the great falls of Niagara. Cobden is a man of extraordinary power and extremely fascinating address. Bright is a sort of Quaker, plain-

spoken, fearless, denunciatory, and excessively bitter; because he has been often baited, both in and out of Parliament, and scents the hounds before they get upon his track, and, so far from flying, seems to delight in turning round and holding them at bay, occasionally stopping the yelping of a cur by the slap of his tail, or tossing a fierce mastiff upon his horns high in the air. Fox is a man of superior ability, profuse in words, and dealing much in sarcasm; but, in spite of all this, claiming the profound attention of his audience, stirring the deep waters to the very bottom, and producing effects like letting off the steam at the close of a voyage. His power over an assembly is tremendous. I shall send you the *League*, which contains the several speeches. I was amazed when I heard Mr. Fox's bold attack upon the Duke of Wellington, and felt some little concern at being within arms length of him on the stage, for I did not suppose any assault upon the nation's military idol would have been tolerated for a moment in an assembly of Englishmen; but, to my astonishment, it was listened to with breathless silence, and its close produced a perfect hurricane of applause. Pray read his speech in the *League*.

I see a great deal of our minister, Mr. McLane, and his family, and like them as much as it is possible to like persons of whom I do not know more. He is eminently popular here among the Americans. He has good sense, a perfect consciousness of what is due to himself, no hankering after favor and popularity, an extreme frankness in the expression of his opinions, and an entire competency to maintain them in a calm and gentlemanly manner, and an extraordinary readiness to oblige. Mr.

Everett did as much as any man could to conciliate the good feelings of the English, and was held in universal esteem and respect by them. *My* intercourse with him was most agreeable and friendly. But his extreme caution and reserve rendered him less accessible than many desired to find him. I have been frequently asked what were his religious opinions. I never presumed to answer such a question, as, indeed, I should think it impertinent to undertake to do it for any man; and it is certainly to the credit of his good sense and policy, that he never mingled his private matters with his political relations, or rather never suffered the latter to be in any way prejudiced by the former.

The winter, so far — though we can scarcely be said to have had any fair weather, a thing which, properly speaking, is hardly known in England — has been of a most agreeable temperature. We have had a snow of two hours' duration — a real New England morning; but the next two hours cleared it all off.

The state of the poor in England, and the state of crime, are the most distressing features, and are indeed really distressing features in her social condition. People are continually declaiming against the rich; but I cannot, for my life, see that the poor man is the worse off for his neighbors being rich, but the better, if he uses that wealth properly, gets it honestly, and does not abuse his power. They say the fortunes are enormously large here, and ought to be limited. How are you to limit them, unless you break up all the rights of property, and all the common rules of trade and commerce? The miserable sweeper at the crossings of the street, who owns his broom, is *richer* than the poor squalid wretch.

who lays upon the pavement, without shirt or shoes. Shall he call upon the sweeper to give him his broom, or to divide his broom, which the beggar would not use, if he could get it? And the division would only end in the injury of the industrious and hard-working man, without relieving the pauper. But I am entering upon a large subject, and have already taxed you heavily.

LETTER CXX.

London, 3d February, 1846.

MY DEAR M—:

I SUPPOSE you can hardly have got through with the reading of my long letter of the 16th January, before this; but you must not be alarmed with the prospect of one as long. I do not know that I have any right to expect to be always well; and with even a very imperfect measure of health, when I see the thousand objects of extreme wretchedness which cross my path whenever I go out, I should be wicked to utter a complaint or indulge the slightest repining.

I go now little into society, declining many invitations, and making no visits but such as I deem absolutely necessary, if I would maintain a character for civility. My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pendarves, have returned to London for the opening of Parliament, and many others have come to town, but I shall play shy, and my distance from town saves me from many invitations and interruptions. Having seen society here in all its various phases and conditions, I find time is too precious for me to squander.

The poor sick girl, of whom I told you before, I saw last week quietly laid in her grave after a decline of more than two years. Her only sister, — for they were quite alone in the world, — was an example of the most extraordinary and disinterested devotion and affection. I saw her after she had lost all power of utterance; but she knew me. I think a more innocent, lovely, and amiable person never lived. In the very midst of her sickness, she worked a pair of slippers for me, and that seemed to be almost the only object for which she wished her strength to remain. I walked to the grave with her sister as a chief mourner, as indeed there were only half a dozen other people, mere acquaintances, to follow, for they had no relations; and now her sister is about to go under medical treatment; for the same disorder, consumption, no doubt accelerated by her attention to her sister, is making rapid advances upon her, and her fate, as I think she herself is aware, is sealed. Such extraordinary virtue, piety, resignation, and affectionate devotion to each other in humble life, and under every discouragement and difficulty, read a humiliating lesson to most of us, who have been always surrounded with friends, and comforts, and plenty, and yet have complained, and have not loved each other as well as we ought. My tears flowed freely as I saw the poor thing laid quietly in her last earthly resting place, and I joined the priest in prayers for her soul; and if I am not better for it, God help me!

I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Edward Newton and Mrs. Newton and daughter, from Pittsfield, a few days ago. He was extremely cordial and courteous, and seems to have a very strong attachment to England

and English institutions. Mr. Newton returns to London in April, to spend what is called the season. I continue to like my boarding place, or I should go into town; but my little landlady is as kind as possible, and omits nothing that she can do for my comfort. It is not home however. I get along tolerably well with my breakfast, for with the newspaper in one hand, and my cup of tea in the other, I do not feel the want of society; but my dinners at home alone, when I dine at home, are absolutely miserable. I hardly dare speak of my nights, when any indisposition keeps me awake.

I found on my return home the other evening, a handsome present from my friend, Mrs. C——, of a capital leather hat-box of the best description, and a first-rate beaver hat enclosed, with her's and Mr. C.'s kind regards. It was not that my hat was rusty, for I have recently had a new one, but I believe from pure good will. I cannot repay the attentions which they have paid and are continually paying to me and to my friends. They live elegantly, about five miles out of town. I have a knife and fork and a bed there whenever, as they are pleased to say, I will *do them the favor* to occupy them.

LETTER CXXI.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

London, 1st March, 1846.

MY DEAR E——:

I QUITE agree to the old proverb, that “*half a loaf is better than no bread*;” so I think a very short letter

from you is worth a great deal more than no letter at all. I am delighted to think that your health is quite restored, and am not a little amused sometimes with learning that you and C—— have run up like two poplar trees. I hear you are as tall as I am. How, then, shall I feel walking down Essex Street, with Miss —— leaning upon my arm ; and, if I don't grow too stiff before that time, to hear people say as we pass, what a handsome couple !

I should like much to know how you employ your time. I do not dare think how old you are, nor how queer your father would feel, if any young man should follow his example, and ask his daughter in marriage. But we 'll not talk about that ; six years hence will be quite soon enough for that, when your mother has to put on her cap and spectacles and send for somebody to thread her needle. Let me, in the meantime, give you a bit of advice : “ Make hay while the sun shines ; ” do not throw away your precious time, — in truth more precious than any thing else ; do not give too much time to pleasure ; get advice as to what books you should read, and store your mind with useful knowledge. Novels and romances, if properly selected, are very useful as a recreation, but not as a pursuit. History, biography, poetry, moral philosophy, and works of taste should be matters of your constant study. What should we say of a young lady who was not well acquainted with the history of her own country, and of the country from which her ancestors came ? Then, again, I don't know any more useful reading than the biography of distinguished women. If they are what they should be, they do an immense service in inspiring a passion for excel-

lence, in teaching fortitude under trials, and strengthening a sense of duty, and in presenting before the mind continually a standard of intellectual and moral attainment, the aim after which becomes the great incentive and instrument of success.

Education, as I have before reminded you, is not so much to impart knowledge, as to give us the power of acquiring it for ourselves, and to teach us the proper use and application of our own talents.

I do not know, my dear E——, whether you have “come out” yet; I can only say, I hope not; but I suppose so many broods have picked through the shell since I came away, and are now full fledged, that on my return I shall find myself among a community of strangers. I hope some few of the old ones will remain on hand as monuments of days gone by, that I may not find myself entirely alone.

There is a good deal which I should like to say to you, but I have no time to say it. I was not willing that your letter, though a very short one, should remain unacknowledged. I would have written you a handsome letter if I could have done it, but here again I have no time to mind my p’s and q’s. Yours affectionately.

LETTER CXXII.

London, 29th March, 1846.
56 Charing Cross.

MY DEAR SIR:

I SUPPOSE when this letter reaches you it will find you so full of occupation that you will scarcely have

time to read it. However, some of the household may find leisure, and, at any rate, it will be welcome. I have to ask your acceptance of an engraving of a White Horse at the manger, which is deemed an admirable effort of Landseer. The picture is slightly damaged, but I hope not so much so but you will deem it worthy of a frame to adorn the cottage at Elfin-glen. It was a present to me which I could not have refused if I had wished to do so, as it would have been inferred that I refused it because it was soiled, and that might have induced the donor to get a perfect copy for me, which I should not have been willing he should have done. The work itself has extraordinary merit, and I am unable to see how the head of the horse could be improved.

There have not been, during the past winter, in the neighborhood of London, three days when the plough would not have run without difficulty. To-day I went into Covent Garden market; and to say nothing of the profusion of beautiful flowers, japonicas, &c., &c., I saw an abundance of asparagus, cucumbers, rhubarb, sea-cale and new potatoes, and this has been the case for a month past. These are all forced, excepting the potatoes, and there is some secret way, I am told, of bringing them forward, which I shall try to get hold of, if I can. I believe the pretended secret in this case is, that what are sold as new potatoes are half-grown potatoes of the preceding season, planted later and kept in the ground secure from the frost, until the time for marketing them arrives in the spring. The sea-cale is a most excellent vegetable, and I would recommend to you to raise it. This and the rhubarb are both bleached, and are good at any time of the year. The forced aspara-

gus is not good. Pease and string-beans were in the market, and strawberries in plenty, but only to look at, unless your pocket is lined with guineas. It is a very great treat to visit this market, which I do often; the fruit and vegetables are arranged in beautiful order, but the passages and the yards on the outside are kept in an extremely slovenly manner, which I greatly wonder at. Indeed, I never yet have seen but one market which fully met my ideas of the neatness proper to such a place, and that is in Philadelphia. There are very extensive markets in various parts of London; the Hungerford market, for vegetables, fruits, butter and cheese; the Newgate and Leadenhall markets for butchers' meat, and one part of it for poultry and game; the Billingsgate market for fish; but market shops, butchers' stalls, and fish shops are all over the town, and in many of the gay and most fashionable streets. There are some in Bond street, so that along side of shops filled with every imaginable article of taste and elegance and fashion, is a butcher's stall, adorned with a great number of carcasses of mutton and veal suspended in an ornamental style in front, and fish stalls, presenting a splendid variety of fish, so elegantly arranged that it is almost worth coming to London even to see *them*. Yours truly.

LETTER CXXIII.

London, 2d April, 1846

MY DEAR M—:

I HAVE just finished all of my report that I can possibly get in full readiness for to-morrow ; I have taken my walk of four miles, and now have sat down to regale my mind and heart by a few words with you, my best friend.

First, then, of the weather. We have had one slight sprinkling of snow within the last month, and this makes only the second snow I have seen this winter. That scarcely remained long enough for the children in the street to snowball each other with, and it fell upon grass six and eight inches in height, upon shrubs coming out in full leaf, and upon trees covered with blossoms ; somewhat in appearance an unnatural conjunction ; but from the temperature of the weather and the suddenness with which it took its leave, not I believe injurious to the trees, as it was feared it might be. The spring has now fairly set in. We have had three weeks of uncomfortable east winds, but now the weather is quite warm. I cannot say I have been well all winter ; I put on my usual thick winter clothes in the autumn, late, however ; and I believe the very severe colds, from which I have suffered, have been almost wholly attributable to being heated by being too warmly clad.

As I shall write to A—, I shall refer you to her for an account of two visits I have lately made, and proceed to tell you of the pleasure I have had in seeing

Mr. and Mrs. A——, of Boston, and in rendering them what little attentions it has been in my power to offer. I had the pleasure of showing them several things in London. I obtained for them invitations to a musical party at my friend Lady Simpkinson's, and to a ball at Captain Wormley's; and, as I could not go with them myself, I gave them, with leave first obtained, an introduction to my friends, the Courages, who took them to see the gallery of paintings at Dulwich, and then gave them an elegant lunch. I showed Mrs. A—— the principal markets, one of the handsomest Club Houses, and Howel and James's magnificent shop; and then I promised to give them the whole of last Sunday. They met me by appointment at half-past nine at the Exchange, and we went to the Rag Fair, which is held principally by Jews, with whom, of course, Sunday is a holiday. Here were more than twenty thousand Jews, Irish, and vagabonds, all collected in a few streets and open buildings for the sale of every kind of old clothing. We could only get through them by crowding our way; but we go with safety, if we proceed quietly and take care of our pockets, because the police are always at hand in strong force. This took us until about eleven o'clock, when we went to the Foundling Hospital to attend service, and to see the four hundred neat and pretty children, boys and girls, who are there lodged and educated. This brought us to half-past one, when we proceeded to the Chelsea Hospital, where the children of deceased soldiers are supported and educated; and here we looked over the whole establishment, and then saw a regiment of five hundred boys, many not more than six years old, and none I suppose over four-

teen years, drawn up, paraded, and exercised with all the precision of old soldiers, all in uniform, and having two musical bands of their own, which really would do honor, by their playing, to any regiment. We returned about half-past four to dine, and then proceeded at six o'clock to Christ's Hospital. During Lent the suppers of the pupils of this Hospital, which is in fact a school, are open to those persons who obtain tickets from the governors or city officers. Miss P—— went with us; and here, after some religious exercises, conducted by the pupils, and some delightful music, we saw eight hundred of these boys sit down to their frugal meal of bread and butter and small beer. It was a highly interesting sight. The Duke of Cambridge and several of the nobility were present. Mrs. A—— and Miss P—— had therefore a favorable opportunity of gratifying their curiosity. I then saw them home to their lodgings, and went and passed an hour at my friends, the Pendarveses, who had been absent from town during the Easter holidays. After that I was obliged to beat a retreat; and when I called last evening to take leave of Mr. and Mrs. A——, at ten o'clock, I found they had retired. They leave in the steamer of the 4th inst. Yesterday I dined with a large party of gentlemen at Dr. Williams's library, and was compelled to make a speech, which I think is paying very dear for my dinner. To-day I was invited to dine at the Crown and Anchor with a large party of gentlemen; but knowing that I should be taxed in the same way, I declined. To-morrow I am engaged to dine with a literary party at Dr. Carpenter's, at Stoke Newington, four miles from town. Adieu.

LETTER CXXIV.

London, 4th May, 1846.

MY DEAR M—:

WHEN I wrote you last I was suffering under a severe cold, which persons here choose to pronounce the influenza. My cough was bad, and my strength for any exertion seemed to be gone. I tried hydropathy at a great rate, and really think it was of much service to me. Medicine I always, as far as possible, eschew, and escape here from the grasping hands of a physician; if one is so unfortunate as to fall into them, it is oftentimes as if a man asked you for your coat, and you were compelled to give him your cloak also, and very likely your shirt and under-waistcoat into the bargain.

The medical profession here is divided into three classes — that of surgeon, physician, and apothecary; there are, likewise, what are called general practitioners, which implies surgeon, physician, and apothecary, and is what we call a doctor, though here the term doctor is applied only to a physician, and never to a surgeon; and the whole class are generally designated as medical men; so that, instead of saying you have sent for a doctor, you say you have sent for a medical man; and persons are never spoken of as being sick, but as being ill. A surgeon, or medical man, of any distinction, must keep his carriage and pair, and go always attended by his servant; an apothecary, or general practitioner, may go on foot. A surgeon,

or physician, gives his prescriptions, to be made up by a druggist; an apothecary furnishes ordinarily his own medicine. The man who keeps a shop for the sale of medicine is not called, as with us, an apothecary, but a chemist, or druggist. The physician, or surgeon, always expects his fee of a guinea for a visit before he leaves the house, and let his visits be ever so often; an apothecary, or general practitioner, charges his visits, and sends you a bill. The surgeon, or physician, will not accept a pound, or sovereign, which is the customary gold coin, but he must have the guinea — that is, twenty-one shillings. Though guineas have ceased to be a lawful currency, they are sure to look for the odd shilling. The fee for a surgeon, or physician, in consultation with your regular attendant, is never less than two guineas, to be paid at the time, and sometimes much more. It becomes, therefore, a very expensive matter, to require medical attendance in England. The fee for the visit of an apothecary, who answers in every respect to our doctor, and many of whom are persons of fine education and great experience, is from five to ten shillings a visit.

In respect to my own personal experience, I had, for some time, the attendance of a general practitioner, and no services could have been more kindly and skilfully rendered, and no demands for compensation more reasonable; but the bill of a medical man in London is ordinarily regarded with a good deal of solicitude.

The English are constantly disposed to ridicule the Americans, for the use of the term *sick*, insisting that it is applicable only to nausea at the stomach. I could only reply to them, that, in the New Testament, as applied in the cases of Lazarus, and the centurion's ser-

vant, and others, it must be admitted to be good old Saxon.

I determined to accept some kind invitations which I had received to go into the country, and have come back greatly benefited. The only abatement to my enjoyment was the delay of my writing, the necessity for the completion of which hangs continually over my head, like the sword of Damocles, suspended by a single hair. However, I believe what appeared like a loss of time, will prove, in the end, a great gain, for I have returned from three visits, among some of the most agreeable, the most kind, the most polished people in the world, refreshed both in soul and body, and with only one thing to regret, that you at home could not all of you share in my enjoyment.

As I shall have only time to write one letter, before this must proceed upon its destination, I may as well give you an account of my visits. I had been to Sir John Easthope's to pass the night, before I last wrote you, and came back to town, to get my letters and write to you, under a promise, however, that I would return and spend a longer time. I accordingly went back on Saturday, and remained until Monday. There were but few persons staying in the house, but my visit was delightful. I remained in London until Thursday morning, when I left for Castle Hill, Devonshire, the elegant residence of Earl Fortescue, formerly viceroy of Ireland. I had one hundred and eighty-four miles to go by railroad, and thirty by coach, and reached there at seven, in season for dinner at eight. I found many gentlemen and ladies staying there, and a more elegant and agreeable visit it was impossible I should have made. While

there, I received a letter of invitation from Sir Robert Newman, at Mamhead, to make him a visit, and was told that his place, in an agricultural view, was as well worth seeing as any place in England, — so I found it. I left Castle Hill — after promises to visit Lord and Lady Fortescue in London, and, if possible, to come to Castle Hill again, when I should return to England from the Continent — in the coach, thirty miles to the railroad, and thence about fifteen miles farther to Exeter, and here I found Sir Robert's carriage and pair waiting to take me to Mamhead, ten miles, through one of the most beautiful countries, in aspect, variety, richness, and cultivation, that can be imagined, and was set down certainly at the handsomest situation, the most elegant grounds, and the best house, that I have seen. I send with this two views of the house, for Mr. D——, which I hope he will receive with my regards, and only with the regret that he cannot see the inside of this princely mansion, the erection of which, I am told, with the out-buildings, conservatories, and stables, cost only one million of dollars. I have always thought Mr. Clark's situation, at Northampton, one of the handsomest I have ever seen, but this very much surpasses it, presenting greater variety of scenery, and especially opening upon the wide ocean, upon which every vessel bound to London up the Channel must pass. When I entered the drawing-room, I was left alone for a few moments, and was soon surprised by the sweetest music that could possibly fall upon the ear, and the performance of several familiar tunes. I thought at first it was some musical box, but on looking round I found the charming serenader was a beautiful canary bird, who, by great art

and skill, had been taught to execute, in this most delicate and melodious style, several pieces of music.

The family at home consisted of Sir Robert and brother, a most gentlemanly, intelligent man, and three young ladies, all most courteous and charming in their manners. While here, Sir Robert took me over the country, and one day to Torquay, about eighteen miles, to see my friends the Hathertons, and to Tor-Abbey. On Thursday, he sent me to Exeter by his carriage, and, taking the Great Western Rail at twelve o'clock, I reached home, two hundred miles, at ten. Adieu.

LETTER CXXV.

London, 2d June, 1846.
56 Charing Cross.

MY DEAR M—:

THE enclosed have been sent me yesterday by an Irish friend. She is an excellent person, and full of good deeds, having almost renovated a colony of Irish poor, fed, clothed, and instructed them, and with her brother, built up a village of clean, sober, industrious people. She has a sister, who, in respect to painting and sculpture, is destined to be eminently distinguished. I have seen some of her sculpture — a group of figures at an Irish wake, in marble — which is admirable, and shows the highest order of talent. There was no end to the kindnesses which this family were disposed to show me in Ireland.

The stockings were not wove, but knit by hand, and you 'll know what to do with them. The pulse-warmers, as you know I never wear any such thing, please give to any person, whose circulations are languid, if you have any such in the United States. I shall certainly remember my friend without them.

LETTER CXXVI.

London, 3d June, 1846

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I HAVE only a moment to say a kind word to you, and to send you an autograph of Rammohun Roy and Anna Letitia Barbauld, which I know you 'll value. I hope you got the book and appreciate it properly. I have had not a few expressions of compassion and reproach from various friends for my "gooseism," as they say, in sending it; but I am quite content and more happy than I should be to have kept it, if you value it as I think you will. Had I seen before last week the lovely creature from whom Dean Swift's autograph came, who was not at home when I was at her father's place in Ireland, I should have had a considerably increased reluctance at parting with any thing which had passed through her hands. Her character, I am assured, is even more lovely than her person, and I am delighted with the expectation of seeing her again. The good creature, through, I believe, an almost diseased veneration and conscientiousness and benevolence, has lately become a convert to Romanism. In her intercourse with the poor

in Ireland, where she has labored most devoutly, she has been brought much into contact with the priests, who are active in doing good to the distressed, and no one will suspect them of any indisposition to effect so important a conversion.

I promise myself the pleasure of sending you, shortly, Mrs. Somerville's autograph, Wordsworth's, Dr. Carpenter's, and some others, if I can possibly keep other people's hands off; but three ladies, great mousers, within the last week, two have written and one entreated, that I would give them some of my treasures in this way. My only safety, therefore, seems to be, as in this case, by sending them to you to put it out of my power.

Don't forget Washington's and Franklin's. You must get them even if you purchase them at the sacrifice of some I have sent to you. I want them for a friend here whom I am most anxious to serve, and to whom I would almost give a finger if she asked it — a hand you know I have not to give. Adieu.

LETTER CXXVII.

London, June 3, 1846.

MY DEAR M—:

THE last boat brought me not a single letter, paper, or message of any kind. This is a disappointment which I have not before experienced. I console myself with thinking that it must be some mistake in regard to sending the letters, and not that any or all of you are ill; so

I shall wait with as much patience as I can until the next arrival.

My days are spent entirely in my room; I rarely go out before five o'clock, unless in some extraordinary case, and my evenings I spend either in walking or visiting. I find I get a pain in my breast unless I get six to eight miles walk in the course of the day, and therefore I frequently go down into the town four miles, for the sake of the walk, or as Abraham Search says, "to see what o'clock it is," and it is impossible to go into the town without passing innumerable objects to interest you. My amazement at London constantly increases: and the old Londoners themselves speak of the growth of the city and the rapid accumulation of the people with as much surprise as strangers are affected with, when they first visit it. This week is Greenwich Fair, which is held three times a year, and Whitsuntide, which occurs at this time, is a continual holiday through the week, for a great portion of the people. Whit-Monday is a great festival, and the population abandon themselves to enjoyment and recreation, especially the lower orders. The steamboats, the omnibuses, the railroads, are all full, and the roads are crowded with people on foot, and the tea-gardens and beer-shops, and parks and public places, actually swarm with men, women, and children. I was told last evening that from one landing, and that not the principal one, for there are a great many on the Thames at which the boats stop, one hundred thousand persons were known to have embarked in the course of the day. The trains between London and Greenwich, four miles, ran every five minutes from early morning until twelve o'clock at night, and never carried less than

from three hundred to five hundred passengers at a time. The rush to get into the station house was absolutely frightful outside the door, and a strong body of police was everywhere required to keep the people in any kind of order.

Mr. E. Baylies and his daughter, from Boston, are now here, on their return from the Continent, and I went with them last evening to show them the bridges on the river, which are among the most beautiful objects in London, and Greenwich Fair. We went about half-past five o'clock, and returned at eight, and they seemed much gratified with their excursion, and confessed that in all their journeys and sights upon the Continent, they had seen no more curious exhibition.

The weather here for the last month has been perfect, and the country is delightful, but I get little chance of seeing it. I have engaged to go into the country as soon as I can find leisure to do it, but when that will be I cannot say. I have engaged, likewise, to go down into Surrey to pass Sunday at Battle, but it cannot be done at present. The moment I finish my eighth number I shall fully acquaint you with my plans, which, I hope, you will approve. Lady Byron wishes me to go down to Esher to make a visit, but that I regret to have been compelled to decline, and I have declined three invitations to dine last week, so that you see I am husbanding my time, though the dinner hour is so late that it gives one an opportunity of working all the day, and that is as much as I can do. To-day I am to dine at Lord Lovelace's with a party, at eight o'clock.

Saturday morning I went to Brixton, to a breakfast, at two o'clock, to attend the wedding of Mr. L——, and

Miss P——. Affairs were very well managed, and every augury is auspicious.

I send a pair of slippers knit for me by the poor girl of whom I gave you an account. Most of the work was done by her after she was scarcely able to sit up, I believe out of pure gratitude and affection. Of course I did not allow her to be at any expense. She was a humble, but lovely, pure-minded, heavenly creature, and a beautiful example of entire resignation, and the power of religion to fortify and exalt the mind under the severest trials. They are not what I should wear myself, but if they would suit any friend of ours, pray give them as you please.

An English Fair is a curious spectacle. These fairs were first instituted as great markets for goods and wares, which were brought in large quantities for sale at such marts. They are still held for these objects on the Continent. But they have ceased to be devoted to these purposes in England, and little else is for sale than toys, gingerbread, eatables and drinkables. The crowd is commonly immense; the visitors in general of the lowest order; the amusements vulgar enough. — swings, roundabouts, wooden horses, dancing, running and tumbling down hill, kissing in the ring, as it is termed, which, as I took no part in it, I shall not attempt to describe, but which seemed quite a favorite amusement without much discrimination: and in the evening suppers and dances, when the rowdies and swell mob collect from all quarters to make up the entertainments. Add to all these the strolling theatres, of which there are commonly half a dozen in full blast; boxing matches, harlequins, chattering monkeys, dancing bears, and a

compound and combination of sounds, noises, exhibitions, plays, and entertainments, of a variety which it would be wholly impossible to describe.

You will see in the parcel a *scrapper*, for E—— D——, called the Fun of the Fair. These are for sale by thousands at every fair, and this I bought at Greenwich for a penny. The young men and women buy them to scrape each other's backs, and the backs of other people as they go through the crowd. The pleasure seems to consist in the noise they make, and the surprise they create. Mr. B—— and myself got scraped a dozen times the other day by the girls in the crowd as we passed along, (who fled as soon as they had done it,) and Miss B—— by the young men. You are obliged to take it with good humor, but I cannot say that I think it a very refined amusement. However, you hardly meet a young man or woman without one; and when I was buying this the other day for E——, a couple of girls came up, and giving me a scrape, wanted to know if I was not ashamed to be getting one, thinking, as well they might, that I was a little too gray and too bald to be amusing myself in that way; but if the jades had not fled in no time, I certainly would have scraped them in return. Yours truly.

LETTER CXXVIII.

London, 5th June, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR:

THE heat here has been for a fortnight intense, quite unusual, but presenting the promise of the best crops

which have been gathered for years ; for which, I am sorry to say, few farmers feel grateful, because it gives them more labor and less prices. So it is that man is never satisfied. The great measures of commercial reform are now nearly through Parliament. The Premier is getting the ship into port with all her sails set and her flags flying ; but never, I believe, had a master a more perilous and vexatious navigation, nor a more mutinous crew. I was in Parliament on Friday night last, the only time to attend I have found this session, and heard three hours' warm debate in the House of Lords, and then got into the Commons five minutes before Sir R. Peel began the most magnificent speech, with scarcely an exception, I ever heard. He spoke from a quarter to eleven to one o'clock, and I had then to walk home five miles, but was amply paid for the fatigue. He was on the Coercion bill for Ireland, and he took care to defend himself against the attacks of Lord George Bentinck, who has been most severe and bitter towards him. Sir Robert Peel's manner was dignified and proper, in the highest degree unimpassioned, and triumphant ; and he sat down amidst a whirlwind of applause. It was really a sublime occasion, and he was thought to have excelled himself. He expects, as is generally understood, to be beaten on this bill, and then goes out of course. Who can manage the government after him in the present condition of parties, no one can foretell. Lord John Russell will be offered the government, but it is supposed that he cannot get a support in the House. If the Tory party come in, the ministry could not get on a month. It is said there will be a dissolution of Parliament and a new election, which will

be fiercely contested. Certainly England, at no period of her history, was ever before in a brighter sunshine of prosperity, and the movements against the Premier seem altogether suicidal. The commercial revolution which has begun will go on. Public sentiment has decreed it, and has gathered increased momentum and force as it has moved onward; and no power on earth at present, or until experience may have shown them their mistake, can put it back. It is with the people a question of food, and therefore all reasoning with them is at an end.

But what are we to say of American politics? We are waiting with extreme solicitude to know whether the Americans are to dictate terms of submission under the walls of Mexico, or whether the affair at Rio Grande is to decide every thing. War is a dreadful curse in every aspect and in all its relations and results; but if these early and signal defeats determine the contest, we must be thankful to Heaven who brings good out of evil. It must be a dreadful measure, which requires a New England militiaman, who perhaps has never dreamed of the realities of war, to leave his quiet home and his peaceful and industrial occupations to pitch his tent under the burning suns and amidst the swamps and *chapparals* of Texas — and for what? to extend slavery.

Pray send some of Dr. Howe's last reports; they are constantly asked for; and one or two of Mr. Mann's of which I have heard most emphatical approbation from Mr. Combe. Yours truly.

P. S. Mr. McLane's health is restored, to the joy of all his friends. No man could be more esteemed, or fill the post more honorably to himself, and be more respected by the English.

LETTER CXXIX. •

London, 29th June, 1846.

MY DEAR M—:

I HAVE nothing particular to communicate, but suppose I give you my own personal experience of yesterday, Sunday, for example. Awoke at half-past 6—a fine morning; the sky clear; the air soft; the birds in crowds whistling under my window among the trees, which make almost a forest behind the house, and the sun pouring his full splendor into the room, and almost reproaching me for allowing him to begin the day before me—but, alas! at this season there is no night; and if one does not retire until one o'clock, how is he to rise at four? Thanked God for the quiet repose of the night, and implored all of good that Heaven can grant for my dear wife and children, and the absent friends beyond the seas, the delightful and precious images of whom are the first objects that greet my opening mind in the morning, and the last that fade upon my closing vision at night. God bless and keep you all.

Rose at seven; made my toilet; sat down to answer two or three letters received the night previous, and to write two or three pages of my report, which would have been finished but for unexpected interruptions the night before. Breakfast at nine on my plain boiled rice and tea; dressed for church, and walked three miles to Finsbury Place. The whole town alive; church-goers in all

directions ; loads of people crowded into vans, coaches carts, &c. &c., for recreation in the country. The vans are enormous vehicles, filled with men, and women and children, bent on cheap excursions ; (the driver of a van was fined the other day for carrying *thirty-five grown* people and *seven children*, with only *two* horses, to Hampton Court and back, from eight to ten miles.) Varied my usual walk a mile through some of the poorest parts of the city, to quicken my own gratitude that I was raised above the squalid destitution and want and wretchedness in which so many thousands are involved, and almost without hope or remedy.

Service at eleven ; the singing celestial ; one hymn by Lord Morpeth — 111, I think in the book I sent you, and several others as beautiful, executed in a perfect manner ; the *prayer* so called, an elegant and eloquent oration on the attributes of God, the magnificence of his providence, the fulness of his beneficence, the progress of human improvement, and the sublime destiny of man ; a powerful discourse on the different phases which the gospel assumes, under the different external influences which operate upon it, and the manner in which what is called Christianity is affected by civilization, science, philosophy, peace and war, political institutions and governments ; how far it operates upon and is operated upon by the condition of society, and the immense steps taken to advance the great principles of justice and humanity by the recent measures of the government, consummated within the two last days, in introducing a system of free commercial intercourse with the world. The sermon was grand, and made one's heart expand and bound with emotion.

Walked half a mile to put a letter into the great post-office with an agreeable lady, who sits in the next pew to me, and whose sentiments upon the discourse, in their powerful sympathy, seemed to render mine the more intense.

At the post-office, by accident, met my good friend, J—— L——, who leaves with his new and excellent wife to-morrow for a new home in the West. He walked with me to Islington, three miles, and I took care to give him such homely advice as my own experience warranted. He calls himself orthodox, but, in my opinion, orthodoxy or heresy in religion are only things for metaphysical theologians to quarrel about, and not, to any sensible man, worth the snap of your finger. Compared with religion, they are like the fogs which thicken round the base of a lofty mountain, immersed in which, besides the discomforts of the cold, you see nothing about you, while above all this dark and disagreeable vapor is the summit, bright and radiant with the pure light of Heaven, opening a boundless and magnificent prospect, widening to the utmost extent of the continually receding horizon, and stretching upwards into the profound and unfathomable abyss, and thus elevating the soul, and filling it with unutterable adoration, and with a sentiment of its own dignity and immortality.

Went to dine with my good friend, Mr. Giblett, at Barnsbury Villas, his wife, a pleasing and worthy lady, and six beautiful children, ruddy and happy — all of whom came and kissed me, and three of them continued to cling upon my neck and gather into my arms — a picture of domestic love and youthful promise and hope which is perfectly delicious. Mr. Giblett paints well ;

his room is crowded with the productions of his pencil ; he gave me the head of a dog, just finished, which, when it comes home, I design for S——, and is completing a picture of two Scotch lassies, gleaners, for me, which I think must go to C——, at Providence, unless you choose to stop it on its way.

Dined at half-past two — Mr. G. much depressed — hypoed — gave him a good sound scolding for not appreciating his blessings, and told him I would not listen to his complaints ; but, if he must complain, let him go with me, where I went in the morning, and there he would find an effectual cure.

At four o'clock, started with him, in a gig, for a drive of seven miles, to Edmonton, famous in John Gilpin's excursion, and Southgate, a part of the country I had not visited ; and it seems to me as delightful as fine roads, cultivated fields, splendid private dwellings, magnificent parks, umbrageous forests, hill and dale, a full and clear river winding through the whole, the roads bounded for the whole distance with green and compact hedges, the avenues to the houses sparkling with flowers and adorned with shrubbery, the fields covered with ricks of the new-mown hay, and the air fragrant with delicious perfume, the meadows dotted all over with herds of cattle and sheep, and here and there a proud and beautiful swan floating in his simple majesty upon a bend of the river, and a thousand other objects of interest, could make it.

Went to a farm-house of one of Mr. G.'s friends ; saw the cows, the sheep, the immense stacks of hay in the yard, some of them containing, as the owner told us, more than fifty tons ; saw the dairy ; saw the plump and rosy children ; and with these very kind people were

welcomed to a delicious cup of tea, with the heartiness of friends of half a century's acquaintance.

Took our leave at seven ; returned by a different but equally pleasant route ; thousands of people on the roads ; passed Primrose Hill, where the people stood in crowds, like a forest of trees ; drove through Regent's Park ; thousands and tens and hundreds of thousands of people walking, riding, sauntering, driving ; ladies and gentlemen on horseback ; splendid chariots, with their gorgeous freights, passing by you in a continuous stream ; phaetons, cabs, broughams, britskas, wagons, carts, donkies, goat carriages, children's carts, — all making up the indescribable whirl, the rushing torrent, the foaming river of London life.

Called in St. James's Street to take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore, and Miss Rogers, who leave to-day. Sent a present to you, by Miss R——, which she must give you in person — though I should greatly prefer that you should have it at first hands, than to send it on the lips of a cherub.

Went to Highbury at ten ; the tide of people still full and moving onwards in every street ; a dish of politics, well seasoned by the cooks there, until eleven ; walked home ; in bed soon after twelve.

Now is not this a good day's work for a Sunday ? but pray don't think I spend every Sunday after this manner, — yet, in truth, if one chose to leave his room, and give himself up to the excitements of London, this would be a very limited history of his experience.

Now I will let you have breath. I am happy to receive J——'s letter. The delightful news of peace rejoices me beyond expression.

It is now half-past one o'clock. I don't dare sit up any longer. I am going to-morrow to Wimpole, (Lord Hardwicke's,) to spend two or three days. Adieu.

LETTER CXXX.

TO MISS E. S. Q.

Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, 1st July, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

YOU certainly grow quite fashionable, to be writing to me on note paper, under a *small envelope*, — and this too, three thousand miles across the water. However, a little is better than nothing; but I am disposed to say to you, as to a delightful friend here, who was in the habit, not only of writing the most agreeable epistles (if so they could be called) upon note paper, but of crossing them, greatly to the expense and discomfort of my eyes — that if she sent me another in that style, I would send her a ream of letter paper, by post, unpaid. Henceforth, I will be no economist of paper, thanking Heaven daily for this mystic mode of communication and exchange of sympathies with friends — whose love is indeed almost all I care for — and happy that, if I cannot myself place upon it that which is worthy of being thus fixed, others can; and that I am constantly getting from your own kind self and other dear friends that, which, come on one paper or another, cross-lined or inter-lined — since the lines are radiant with good will and affection, — which is invaluable to me.

So this will find you under the spreading elms, and in the venerable old mansion at Quincy. I remember all about it: the avenue, with its pretty maple hedge; the spreading trees, whose boughs now, I dare say, meet and intertwine; the portico, with its charming woodbines; the evergreens, which skirted the winding path by the barred gate; the tea-table, with its little "brown jug that flowed with" mild Souchong; and the precious and kind hearts and bright eyes which used to gather round, continually exploding in gentle corruscations, like China crackers, with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" I remember the delightful walks to the bay, and the whispering ripple of the tide upon the shore; I remember the cows, and the carrots, and the cream; I remember the 'squire, so grave and gay; I remember, too, the 'squire's lady, so courteous, so gracious, so frank, so kind, so agreeable, that we all loved her; I remember, also, the appearance of the new stars in this domestic firmament, now, indeed, grown into planets, moving in their own bright orbits, with their own satellites floating around their brilliant centres. All these are precious reminiscences, delightful to the imagination, stirring to the affections, and awaking and gilding the bright hopes of the future; even my old horse, a faithful old friend of unimpeached and unimpeachable worth, knew the place as well as his master. I remember all about it, and how much I enjoyed it, and how much I loved you all, — and my heart is aching once more to meet you all. But I must feast upon the past, and thank God that the friends of many years still live, and, best of all, that I still live in their affections. Perhaps I may meet you all again — the old trees and the

young sprouts ; but gray hairs make me cautious, and experience abates my confidence. What am I, that I dare ask for more ? We must make room for other guests, who are pressing forward to their places at the table — and Heaven's will be done.

You speak of the war with Mexico. I can scarcely believe that any war is necessary, and, therefore, no war is justifiable, — and least of all others is the government of the United States suited for war. The decisive battle already fought will, I hope, tend to bring the contest to a speedy termination. The settlement of the Oregon question is here, among all classes, the subject of hearty congratulation. Certainly, on the part of the better class of the English, there was no inclination, but a great aversion, to a war with the United States, — but they feel their power. Extraordinary success in India has made them somewhat arrogant, and they were prepared to strike a heavy blow, had hostilities occurred. No man could foresee the issue of such a war to either country. The agreement which has now been made, and the spirit and manner, on both sides, in which it has been reached, seem to give an assurance of a long continued peace. May it be perpetual, and may the two great nations, standing preëminently in the front rank of the civilized world, devote themselves to the proper objects of government — the welfare, the education, the protection, and the improvement of the governed.

I have no gossip to tell you. London has been full to overflowing, and never has been more gay ; but *the season* is fast drawing to a close. The great measures of the government have been passed, the sporting season is approaching, and bodies, as well as minds, need the

relaxation and quiet of rural life, and the recreation of rural sports. With a large portion of the highest classes, pleasure seems to constitute the end and aim of their being; and the contrasts which are to be met with, in other conditions, are sufficiently painful, — but I will not moralize.

LETTER CXXXI.

* * * *

To Mrs. W—.

WELL, my dear friend, you are not guilty; then the honor of the — family is maintained; honesty is still bright upon their escutcheon. You did not combine to rob me of my property — it was your husband then, who breaks the tenth commandment. O, how came you to marry him? I can only advise you to do as poor Mrs. C— has done, and make the best of a bad bargain. I am glad you liked the autographs, and in my eyes their value is ten times increased by the pleasure they have given you. I shall collect a few more, but I may not be able to keep them out of some fair hands on this side of the water, who, I am not quite sure would not be half ready to take the poor owner himself, if he were come-at-able, rather than not have the autographs, so strong does a ruling passion become when stimulated by excessive indulgence. What a clamor I have raised by sending that book over the water. “I ought not to have done it.” “What do those semi-barbarians want of autographs?” “I might, at least.

have given a few to my friends here ;” then they become more bold and arrogant, — “ I had no right, it was very improper in me to give away what had been given to me.” So the whole rookery is about my ears, and down they come, cawing and cawing, sailing over my head, and occasionally descending upon me with a fierceness of spirit which I could scarcely think dwelt in such fair forms. But I make all sorts of excuses, — patriotism, friendship, affection — I appeal to their compassion, which Dr. Kirkland used to say was always effectual among his female parishioners, and they begin to soften. I repent, and they pity me. I promise amendment, and hold out hopes of benefactions to themselves, and they become pacified. I must keep the peace, for I am not belligerent, like the rest of the Americans, and I cannot think of perpetual hostility with some of the fairest and sweetest embodiments of all that is bright in intellect and lovely in character, which heaven has placed upon this earth.

Thank your husband a thousand times for the letter of Franklin. It came most opportunely — I received it on Monday ; on Tuesday, I was coming by appointment here, and had the pleasure of presenting to my friend —, what she had most anxiously desired to possess. He must get me a letter of Washington, if he can, and I know he can ; and one of John Adams, of which I have enough myself, if I could get at them ; and of Thomas Jefferson, to whose character the lapse of time lends interest and importance.

This place is about — miles from London ; you reach it by rail and by private conveyance, through a flat, well cultivated, but uninteresting country. In this

neighborhood, the face of the country is undulating, and the rich crops, and beautiful trees standing sometimes alone in forlorn celibacy, and sometimes in pairs, like a childless couple, and sometimes in clumps tall and short, like a numerous family, and sometimes in a thick forest, like a city crowd, give a charming variety and beauty to the scene. In front of my window, where I now sit writing, is an avenue of magnificent elms of two or three miles in extent; hundreds of deer, — the old, with their branching antlers, and the fawns trying their slender limbs, and glad to find themselves alive, are playing among the trees. The grounds are everywhere extremely beautiful, not a fence in any direction intercepts the view, for though there are fences, they are either of green wire, and consequently invisible, or else they are ditches, called ha! has! and are not seen till you reach them. The front grounds of the house are cultivated with the flowers of the season, arranged in elegant and tasteful parterres, and intermixed with shrubbery in the prettiest manner possible. The house is more than four hundred feet long, and at the end of the flags is a pretty church and parsonage belonging exclusively to the family, and the cottages attached to the estate; after all, the charm of the whole is within the house. There are several large rooms, full of magnificent pictures, principally of ancient art, the works of some of the great masters; here are pieces of statuary rivalling life itself, and the production of which seems the perfection of art; and here is a library of nearly a hundred feet long, and more than twenty feet in height, full of the noblest classical and modern works of genius, and here are tables covered with articles of vertu and books of plates; among

others, the magnificent work of Audubon, in elegant gilt red morocco binding, and hundreds of other splendid works, forming suitable accompaniments. But again, the charm of the whole, is the presiding divinity of this temple of beauty and taste. The more I see her, the more I admire. I cannot, for the life of me, find any ground of abatement of my respect. She is so bright and beaming, so full of good humor and sparkling wit, so elegant and courteous, so unaffected, direct, simple, frank, intelligent, in perception so acute, in conversation when animated, so eloquent, so graceful, without even a shade of mannerism, and so serious and devout, without the slightest tinge of cant, that I must say she is a model for her sex.

I leave to-day, with great regret; for every thing in this world must have an end. I should like to say a good deal more to you, but then, I fear there would be an end of *you*. I shall finish this in London.

I passed four hours yesterday in Cambridge. It is now vacation, and the town is almost as dull as a city with the plague. But the magnificent buildings are there, and the charming grounds; and though I am aware that the popular taste is generally the other way, I prefer Cambridge to Oxford.

I send your husband an autograph letter of Rammohun Roy, which I was very fortunate to obtain, since I sent him merely a signature. Please let him keep the signature subject to my order, unless he has an opportunity of soon returning it to me without expense, as I want it for a friend here. I consider Rammohun Roy as one of the greatest minds that ever appeared on earth; and to be ranked with such minds as Newton, Locke,

and Milton. Those who knew him, speak of him in terms, I may almost say, of admiration approaching to sublimity. I send him likewise a note of a distinguished lady, whom I have seen a good deal, the Countess Hahn Hahn, whose works are numerous, and have, I believe, been translated and published in the United States.

I forget whether you are musical or not, but I want to see a thorough revolution in church music, and the style of sacred poetry.

I often attend a chapel here, where the music is celestial, and as far from the hum drum, twaddling gibberish which still prevails in many churches, as possible.

I want to see a good many changes, in a variety of matters, but I fear I shall die without the sight. Whether any progress is made in the world, in actual improvement, I am sometimes skeptical. There is one thing, however, in which I wish no change, excepting in the elevation and sanctity, which time itself gives, and that is the affection and regard which I must ever cherish for yourself and your husband and my dear friends of your father's household. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXII.

London, 31 July, 1816

MY DEAR S—:

A VERY short time is left me to say a few words in addition to what I wrote to a common friend three

days ago. I have just returned from a visit to Lord Hardwicke's, at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire. They had lately asked me to come and see them before they go to their lodge at the sea side for the remainder of the summer, and I was wholly unwilling to forego the pleasure. They wish me to spend a few days with them there, but that I cannot do. Kinder friends a man cannot have; their superiors in manners, education, character, and every quality that dignifies and adorns life, are, I am persuaded — and the opinion is unanimous, with those who know them — not to be found. I feel that it is no small honor, and know that it is no small pleasure, to be received as the friend of such a household. My visit was perfectly delightful, and had but one single abatement, that I must enjoy it alone, and cannot impart nor share it with you over the water. Had A—— C—— arrived she would have gone with me, as Lady Hardwicke kindly desired me to bring her. I was to have staid until this morning, but having had a private opportunity of being conveyed to Cambridge, I determined to accept it, though Lady Hardwicke kindly protested against it.

The place is a magnificent one. The tract connected with the house is eight miles in a straight line in one direction from the house, and three in another. Lord Hardwicke has eighty large farms tenanted, and three hundred small farms; six hundred cottagers, heads of families, besides four thousand acres in one estate in another county, and five thousand acres in the Cambridge fens, some of the richest lands in the world.

I cannot now give you an account of my visit, which is indeed my third visit at Wimpole, and each one

made with increasing pleasure. The comforts and luxuries of such a residence cannot be exceeded. I arrived at half-past six ; the servants met me at the door and told me the dressing bell had rung, and showed me to my chamber, where I found my name was already fixed in a small sliding tablet on the door, and the pitcher of hot water was smoking on the table. I did not find a large party, but a most agreeable one. Among others, I met here a lady whom I had long desired to see, and to whom Lady Hardwicke had expressed a wish to introduce me, who is a fair example of that high culture of mind and that independence of thought and opinion by which the superior class of minds is distinguished, and by an acuteness of perception and brilliancy of wit, which, if sometimes satirical and caustic, yet, when guarded by an elegant courtesy and benevolence, is always admirable and delightful. Hon. Mr. Liddell, the brother of Lady Hardwicke, who is here, has kindly invited me to visit him at Ravensworth Castle, week after next, to spend a few days with a large party, and to meet there the Duke of Cambridge. But it would cost more time than I can spare, so I forego the pleasure ; not, however, the less indebted to his kindness. I hope to have some opportunity of making this agreeable visit before I leave England.

The ladies, Mr. Liddell, and myself, took a long drive on Wednesday, through a beautiful country, and yesterday I drove with Lord Hardwicke to Cambridge. This is my third visit to Cambridge, which I find a great deal more pleasant than Oxford — certainly in the beautiful pleasure grounds which surround the college.

I returned in the evening to London. This evening

I dine at an intimate friend's, Mr. Preston ; to-morrow, 4th of July, with the Simpkinsons, whose friendship and kindness to me have been most devoted and delightful. Sunday, at Mr. Chamberlain's ; Monday, through the kindness of Mr. Courage, I attend the examination of one of the public schools in London, and dine with the wardens and governors at Greenwich, down the river. The dinner hour, coming after the day's work, is extremely convenient, though, I confess, I am obliged often to trespass upon the night, as I did not see my bed last night until nearly two, and was up this morning soon after six.

I hope I shall have an opportunity of letting you into the secrets of housekeeping here, which seems to me carried to an extraordinary degree of perfection. I was as much at home at Lord Hardwicke's as I should have been in my own house, and was left at perfect liberty to do as I pleased. Arriving late on Tuesday evening, my arrangements were as rapid as possible ; but, having left my carpet bags unlocked, I found the next day, after I left my chamber, every thing taken out and put in perfect order ; my writing apparatus arranged upon the table ; my shaving apparatus and brushes put upon the toilet ; my linen and handkerchiefs carefully folded and laid in the drawers ; my slippers put side by side, ready for me to jump into them ; and at night, before the dressing bell, my clean linen taken out and hung upon the chair to be aired ; my dress clothes brushed and folded in the neatest manner ; my cravat and pocket handkerchiefs and stockings laid neatly upon the table ; my shoes placed ready to be put on at once ; hot water, cold water, plenty of towels ; a large tub of water

for a bath, and a gum-elastic rug to guard the carpet; a light to burn through the night, a wax candle for sealing letters; two wax candles for evening; paper, prepared pens, ink, sealing-wax, wafers, envelopes, blotting book, &c., &c., and a servant to come at the ringing of the bell. I do not wonder the English find some inconveniences when they leave home; and, for my part, I wonder that they can ever go from home.

The season here now for two months has been as fine as could be known, and there is every prospect of a most abundant harvest. I saw your delightful friends, Miss R—— and Miss G—— and hope, when this reaches you, you will have seen Miss B——, who seems a pleasing, amiable person. I meant to have sent by her father, a plan of a boat which is to make the passage to America in six days, but I cannot do it to-day. I have no great confidence in the success of the experiment. Yours affectionately.

LETTER CXXXIII.

London, 16th July, 1846.

MY DEAR J——:

I WAS much gratified to receive your postscript to ——'s letter, and most happy to find you, after perils by sea and perils by land, safely arrived at home. I think you must have been interested in passing up the Mississippi, though I know that the annoyances and inconveniences of such a passage, almost inevitable in a crowded steamboat, are very great, and scarcely endurable.

I have been on the Mississippi only from the junction of the Ohio to St. Louis, and was then so miserably ill as not to enjoy it. I suppose below that point the country is flat and uninteresting, excepting at the Bluffs, called, I believe, the Yellow Stone, or Iron Mountain; but after you come into the Ohio, in ascending, the banks present more variety, and the towns and villages are, I dare say, more improved and agreeable. An emigrant population, however, with which all the boats and conveyances in such cases are thronged, is a most disagreeable one, and the offensive condition of the boats, and the habits of the passengers, and withal the vermin, who make very free in providing for themselves, are a great abatement of the pleasure of the transit.

I must refer you to my letters to other friends for news in respect to myself, and for my plans in reference to my further stay in Europe. The settlement of the Oregon question makes an immense difference in the state of feeling here, which had begun to be excessively irritable and uncomfortable to an American; and if the indebted states would honestly pay or honorably provide for the payment of their debts, and the United States abandon their aggressive war upon Mexico, the American name would be a much more welcome passport to travel with, than it has been or now is, either in this country or on the continent. This good I think we may confidently expect.

I cannot say I like my solitary life, and I suppose I shall like it still less when I go into a foreign country, for England has ceased to be one. London is as familiar to me as Boston, and even the old inhabitants often refer to me for information. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXIV.

London, 18th August, 1846.

MY DEAR M—:

YOUR usual punctuality did not disappoint me, and I have to thank you for your kind letter of the 30th July, received warm from the pen, and only twelve days old. I was much obliged, likewise, by the two postscripts. I am glad you have been at Bristol, because I know much pleasure must have been given as well as received. I am amused at your rebellion against the breakfast and dinner hours. At first, I found it extremely difficult to adjust matters to so entirely different a condition of things as I find here, from what I left at home; but, with a facility which surprises myself, I have become naturalized to dine at any hour after one, until eight in the evening; it has, indeed, sometimes been nine before we sat down; and as to night and day, they have become so entirely confounded, that I scarcely can keep the day of the month; and though I seldom lie in bed after seven, it is as seldom that I can ever think of bed until one; and have three times, within the last week, walked four miles after twelve at night. I am not sensible of suffering any particular evil, but I confess it is extremely inconvenient. How to help it, and keep in the world, I don't know. For example, a note of invitation to Sir James Bathurst's, to meet some very agreeable persons whom I wished to see, came last week, fixing half-past ten as the hour — this is four miles from

my home. I could not, with propriety, go until eleven. I came away the first of the party, at quarter-past twelve, just as they were going to supper. Miss Bathurst, a delightful friend, wrote to me a note the next day, almost charging me with incivility for leaving so early, and taking French leave. I lost all the charming music — but I did not reach home until half-past one. Now this is a small specimen of London life, excepting that other people go in their carriages, and I have no other conveyance than my shoes.

I have given myself two indulgencies recently, which it may gratify you to know. The one was at the Opera, the other at the French Theatre. I have not been at the Opera for more than a year. I have been at the French Theatre, which is the most agreeable of any in London, only once for a year and a half. But now the inducements were so strong that I yielded.

The first, was to see Taglioni and a constellation of danseuses. I can think of nothing more brilliant in that line. She seems perfectly ethereal. The music, the scenery, the dramatis personæ, the audience, the performances, were all perfectly delightful, and expanded my ideality to its utmost bounds. But I had still a much richer treat in store, and that was at the French Theatre last week, to see Mademoiselle Rachel in the *Horatii*. I had had a strong inclination to go before, but I resisted until I found it was her last night. I strolled down, still only half determined to go, until at last, I got into the stream and went with the current. Now, I have only to say, that for the kind of pleasure, no two hours of my life were ever passed in such a state of excitement. I never before so much idolized genius, and my

heart never was fuller of reverence for God, who had endued a human being with such wonderful power. It was not acting, it was reality ; and a reality embodying the deepest emotion which the human heart can feel, and the loftiest sentiment which the human mind can breathe. I have no words to express my admiration. The sea rolls with me now as heavily as it did in the midst of the storm, and I don't know when I shall get it over. I never knew before what acting (I do not like to call it acting, only for want of a better word) was, and it seems to me I shall never enjoy any other. I believe the sentiment was universal. The audience were transfixed with emotion, and subdued by tears, by admiration, by breathless excitement, and an intensity of feeling, that amounted almost to agony.

She is only about twenty-five years old. She was a poor orange-girl and ballad singer about the theatres in Paris, and was accustomed to sing in the streets. A gentleman was struck with her powers and appearance, and undertook to educate her for a singer ; but the result disappointed his expectations. She, herself, after witnessing a tragedy, desired to be permitted to try a part ; and after many importunities was allowed to attempt it. The consequence was, that she has developed unrivalled power. You may judge how she is esteemed as an artist, — she receives £150, or \$750, a night. Instead of complaining of 5s., if I were a rich man I should have thought my evening's entertainment cheap enough at £5. Do'nt think I am out of my senses — but I am an adorer of true genius ; and this was displayed in what is evidently a very fragile form, not beautiful, but pleasing ; and in so simple and unaffected a manner, and

without the appearance of the least consciousness of acting or representation, or that even a single eye was upon her, that I certainly shall have a most delicious pleasure for my memory, so long as I have any memory left. Last evening I had a different entertainment. I saw advertised a meeting of an anti-slavery league, and that Garrison, Wright, and Douglass, &c., were to hold forth. I thought I should like to hear some familiar and accustomed voices, and to shake hands with some old friends. The meeting was well attended. Mrs. Bailey, a good friend, where I dined at five, wished to go with me, and we did not leave the meeting, which was then in full blast, until after twelve. I got home about half-past one.

Douglass rivals Matthews, in his powers of imitation; he was exceedingly entertaining, and was received and heard with a tempest of applause continually bursting about his ears. Wright was very caustic. Garrison, whom I believe to be honest and disinterested, and certainly to be admired for his consistency and perseverance, was violent and virulent beyond precedent. The speeches were a continued attack upon the United States and some Presbyterian clergymen, who have come here to attend the Evangelical Alliance, the object of which is to put down popery.

I cannot say that a fugitive slave, knowing by his own experience the miseries of the condition, and again a man, (who, in a free country, for the bold utterance of his opinions, has suffered a long imprisonment and been dragged through the public streets of a free city with a halter about his neck,) have not a right to be plain spoken, denunciatory, and severe. Such unqualified

and violent attacks upon my own country, which seemed to give such a malignant pleasure to those who heard them, were not altogether to my taste; but freedom of discussion I maintain as a sacred and indefeasible right, and leave to every man the full utterance and enjoyment of his opinions.

Shoals of Americans, abolitionists, temperance agents, propagandists, and end-of-the-world men, are now here, trying to kindle a fire, and they find here and there a pile of fagots which will burn. The audience last night seemed delighted beyond measure, to hear the United States abused as they were, so severely. It was not for me to enter the lists, and advise "those who live in glass houses not to throw stones," and I leave all these matters to take their own course, in the confidence that truth and right will ultimately prevail. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXV.

London, 3d September, 1846

MY DEAR SIR:

I SEND you the papers, which give you a full view of public affairs; and of personal matters, I know that my other letters to Boston keep you fully apprised.

Parliament now having adjourned, and the legislators and ministers of state having gone grouse-shooting and hare-coursing, one great subject of interest in the morning papers, the debates of the previous evening, has failed; and we are obliged to put up with the few murders, and stabbings, and forgeries, and assaults, and drunken frolics, which the police report of the previous

day furnishes. In this matter, there is certainly no lack of material. I cannot say, that, considering the amount of population crowded into so narrow a space as that of London, and concentrating, as it naturally would, all the floating dregs of the community, that the number of crimes is excessive; but the enormity and horrible character of them is certainly most striking, and leave the English no ground of reproach upon the Americans for duelling, gouging, or Lynch law, and almost render Ireland a moral Paradise. Where this is to end, I don't see; for the tendency of crime is, according to universal experience, to beget crime, and it often seems to acquire an extraordinary prolificness in proportion to its enormity. Yet with all this, the streets of London exhibit, both by night and day, a wonderful decorum, and in many parts of it are as still as in the country. This strongly impresses me, for I very often walk home, four miles, after midnight; and, excepting the interruptions of those most pitiable and wretched of all objects, which this earth presents, the unfortunate women who haunt the streets even, I believe, until day-light, and who are never rude, unless they happen to be drunk, I am as quiet and unmolested as I should be in a country village; and, out of the great thoroughfares, where the current of human life scarcely ever ceases to flow, seldom meet but here and there a straggler, excepting a policeman, whom you find at every corner. These men, indeed, are the conservators of the public peace, and it seems to me no arrangement was ever better adapted to preserve it.

The free-trade measures of the government have not, as yet, produced any sensible effect upon prices. Large numbers of live animals come from the continent, Hol-

land, and Spain, to the great markets, but they have no effect, such is the immense and increasing demand. Wheat, which went down at first about five shillings in a quarter, has again rallied, because of the demand on the Continent. It is not quite so high as last year at this time, but that is probably to be attributed to two causes; first, the extraordinary crop; for I believe it has been seldom better, and next, to the failure of the potato crop, for which the bread grains are the only substitute. I believe it actually needed a famine, to induce the Irish to eat Indian meal; but the poor starving wretches having once got a taste, now begin to relish it, and I don't know what else is to save them from destruction.

The new government having carried the sugar bill, and withdrawn the Irish arms bill, and being in the process of restoring the repeal magistrates displaced by the former administration, have, at present, plain sailing; but it is thought, generally, that when some test-measures come up, and come of course, presently, they must, and parties are organized, they will not be without embarrassments, which they will find it difficult to surmount. At present, however, they must remain, for the Tory party is utterly unpopular through the country; the conservatives are broken up, and their only leader, Sir Robert Peel, cannot be restored—the whigs therefore, with Lord John Russell at their head, are the only remaining resource.

We are curious to know what is to be the result of things. In Manchester, trade at present is at the lowest point of depression, waiting for the operation of the new tariff, the second of December. No human sagacity can predict in this case, with any confidence, so many and

such different circumstances combine to effect a result. Trade seems to have, everywhere, its ebbs and floods, and, though not so regular, yet fully as certain. In all these cases, matters, if let alone, like disturbed water, are sure to adjust themselves.

How you are to carry on the Mexican war with the Sub Treasury, it puzzles pretty wise heads to determine. We are glad to see a movement on the part of Government, in favor of peace; but we don't give them much credit for sincerity. Why did they begin the war? Yours truly.

LETTER CXXXVI.

London, 8th September, 1846

MY DEAR M—:

My departure for the Continent will soon make my communications much more rare than they have been. Foreign postage is an object here, but on the Continent it is so high as almost "to forbid frequent letters," and private conveyances are nearly prohibited. There is an old Latin proverb, that "no man is wise at all times." Unfortunately, some of us are never wise, and more than that, have not the power to be. Mr. Emerson said, in one of his lectures, that no man ever had a new idea after he was thirty years old; at that rate, how barren must be the minds of those of us poor creatures, who are sixty, and who have lost what few, if any, they had before thirty. I do not think it will be possible for me to get away to the Continent before the next boat. There is much to be done before I leave England. I

am anxious to see my seventh number, that I may take an observation of my position. It is a matter which I hardly know how to account for, that, although I can remember every thing when in progress, yet, when the matter is completed, I even forget where I left off, and I read my own numbers with almost the same impression of their novelty, as if I were a stranger to them. In more instances than one, persons have referred to observations, or statements, or facts in them, which had wholly vanished from my recollection, and which struck me with surprise. I shall leave my friends in England with poignant regret; for no man could have kinder friends than I have found here, and though I hope to return, and, indeed, must return from the Continent by the way of England, yet, a few months often produce changes which are most serious and painful. But I will not dwell on such a subject, most happy in having enjoyed the intimate friendship of some of the wisest heads and the best hearts that ever dwelt in human form, and in having reciprocated with many of them a warmth and purity of affection, which, if any thing will survive this world, will continue as long as the heart can feel any thing.

I go to the Continent in what people, I suppose, would call good spirits, but with considerable anxiety from entering into a condition of society, totally different from that to which I have been accustomed, and of many languages, which will strike upon my ear as so many unintelligible sounds. I feel the strongest curiosity to see what I shall see, and as so many thousands have been and returned in safety, under circumstances far less auspicious than my own, I give myself no real uneasiness. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXVII.

London, 15th September, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR:

A—— is certainly very much in my debt, so far as number and quantity of letters go, but I believe the balance of *our* account is the other way, and that for that matter I O U.

I know you will be glad to hear that the matter for my eighth report is completed, and that it will soon stand up alongside of the others which have preceded it, and will not, I hope, be a disgrace to its company. I suppose the farmers will be disposed to think the two last numbers better than any of the others, because more directly practical. I don't think so myself, and I regret that it can have no attractions for those of my female readers, who are above the rank of milk-maids. The farmers, however, have clearly a right to their turn; and if it will mend the market for their butter and cheese, as I think it possible may do, it will be doing no small service.

Soon after the arrival of the next boat, I shall leave for the Continent, to inquire what the boors of the Low Countries, and the Swiss peasants, and the vine-dressers of Tuscany, and the silk-growers of Italy, have to say to me. My eyes, you may be sure, will be wide open, and the wider, probably, because my mouth will be shut. I wish I understood German, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Swede, Russian, and all other languages; but an old man like myself must wish in vain to understand any

thing which he does not already know ; “ for to attempt to learn when we grow old is like getting into a go-cart and trying to walk, after we have lost the use of our limbs,”—so says an oracle, and we must submit to the common lot. How I wish I could impart to some of our young folks the conclusions of my experience,—they would want no other stimulus to sow the seed while it is as yet spring with them. The simple truth is, however, that, in order to travel to the best advantage, a man ought to be educated to it, as much as to any other profession in which he would excel. Humboldt seems to me almost the only distinguished traveller who, by his knowledge of languages, his familiarity with the whole circle of practical science and art, his physical powers, and his active and comprehensive mind, added to a steady, flowing enthusiasm, which is strong enough constantly to urge him forward, but not so capricious and gusty as to disturb his judgment, has been particularly fitted for a general traveller. But again it may be said, that the boundaries of science are becoming daily so enlarged, new processes in science are being so constantly developed, new facts are accumulating in such vast masses, and new sciences are indeed themselves being formed, that few minds can be expected to embrace any thing more than a small portion of the circle ; there must be more and more a division of labor among the crowd of inquirers ; and travellers, who hope to succeed in benefiting the world by their discoveries, experience, or observations, must limit themselves to the investigation of some specific objects.

I dare say you are, as ever, plied to the full with some industrious pursuit. I hear that Elfin-glen is looking

delightfully, showing great taste and beauty. The new parts of London are built with most extraordinary beauty and taste. Some of the suburbs of London present a succession of cottages, which, to my view, exhibit the perfection of rural architecture. *We*, I think, have a good deal to learn in that matter. As to our churches, most of them are an utter disgrace to a state of society calling itself improved, and can make no claims, either within or without, to taste, order, or elegance. They are hardly fit for barns. Add to this the extreme meanness of forming shops under them, unless some object of charity is to be promoted, or when at least the congregation is too poor to worship anywhere, excepting it be in the upper story of a grocery, or a butcher's stall, or of a dry-goods shop. This practice, begun in an evil hour, cannot, I think, be too soon abandoned.

We have been full of Americans this summer, but the tide seems to have turned, and they are wending their way westward, after, I suppose, the star of Empire — idolaters as they are. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

London, 3d October, 1846.

MY DEAR R—:

I AM compelled to think you are very shy of your favors, and not half so good as you used to be. I must submit, for what else can I do?

How I should like to look in upon you, and see what you are at; surrounded, I dare say, with half a dozen

children, spoiling their good manners, and teaching them all sorts of tricks, such as mutiny and rebellion against their parents, &c. &c. &c. I should like to have known what you would have done with a dozen children of your own. I don't know whether the quiet and orderly town of Salem could have contained them. It would have ceased to be quiet and orderly.

I don't know what to write that would interest you, for though I am just now rather more interesting to myself than I like to be, it is not a sort of interest that I would wish to communicate to others.

The town here is said to be empty, and yet there are not far from two millions of people remaining in it, and, with the exception of the small locality occupied by the *élite*, the streets are so thronged that you cannot get along without a good deal of skill in navigation, and without "luffing, and bearing away, and fending off," the whole time. Where the people all come from, where they are going, what they are doing, how they live, are sealed mysteries to all human sagacity. There is poverty enough, that is certain; and there is wealth beyond all the dreams of avarice; there is idleness in the greatest abundance; and, if there is idleness, there must be a corresponding industry and labor; and with a large portion, pleasure seems to be the sole end of their being. I do not know that the world could have been arranged better than it is. I think I should have contrived it somewhat differently, but the great result might not have been as good. So I'll be content, and thank God for all the good which he has permitted me to enjoy, so much more than I had any right to expect — as to *claims*, I don't know who dares talk of them.

The situation of Ireland at present wakens every one's sympathy. It is a curious anomaly, that, within sixteen hours of the centre of the most enormous wealth ever accumulated in one spot, and the highest degree of civilization, and of what people call Christianity, and under the same government, there should be about four millions of human beings in the lowest condition of destitution, degradation, and wretchedness, and that this should have been the case for centuries. One is almost inclined to think there must be some radical difficulty, in their own constitution, in the way of amending such people, and so, I believe, there is. They are, in the first place, in their own country, extremely idle and disinclined to work, and they are under the dominion of a set of priests who discourage and prevent their improvement but to a certain line and in a certain way. The government are evidently at a great loss what to do, and scenes of bloodshed and riot have already commenced. It will be a fearful winter among them. They must, however, be fed and kept alive; and, when a new leaf is turned over in the spring, it may be possible to find some means of mitigation of their evils; but a thorough cure is wholly impossible without a most thorough revolution. The military will keep that down at present. Much complaint, and with much show of reason, is made of absentees; but how are landlords to live among them, while in constant danger of assassination, from which it seems no worth of character, no exertions of philanthropy, and no active measures in the improvement of their estates, and in bettering the condition of their dependents, afford any protection. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXIX.

London, 17th November, 1816

MY DEAR M——:

I SCARCELY know how to write to you, just on the eve of going farther from you, and entering upon a new enterprise ; but I find if I abandon myself to my feelings I could not write at all. I will say to you as I have said to all my most intimate and warm-hearted English friends, I shall not bid one of you good-by, but only look forward with hope to another meeting. This hope, my dear friend, in respect to yourself and those who are dear to us in common, is, I may say, the cordial which supports my spiritual life, and without which I should be a mere *caput mortuum*, a piece of animated machinery, which might go until the work had run down, but I should lose all consciousness of myself and of the comfort of existence and the true delight of living.

18th November, Wednesday Morning.

I had written so far when I was called away, and now must finish a hurried letter. The first thing I am sure you will want to know, is, of my health. I am most happy to say that I feel better this morning than I have been these ten weeks, and shall leave to-day for France in better spirits than I could possibly have expected. Ten days ago I was almost in despair of going at all. A week ago on Sunday I was to have gone to Brighton to pass the day with Lady Byron and some other friends, who had written to me repeatedly to come,

my doctor saying it would be of great service to me. I should have gone on Saturday, but was too ill, and when the carriage came for me on Sunday morning, so far from being able to go, I was not able even to leave my bed. Since a week, however, I have been slowly, but constantly improving, and yesterday I walked to town with some difficulty, but I find this morning without being the worse for it. Mr. and Miss Joy, and Mr. Bassett, of Boston, are to meet me at the station to-day at 12 M., and we go on to Paris together. This is a most agreeable arrangement to me.

It is impossible for me to say what I feel of the kindness of my English friends. Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Teschemacher, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. Preston, and their husbands, and many others, have been most assiduous in their attentions, visiting me, and sending and bringing me fruit and any delicacy which they deemed of service, and urging me to allow them to get any thing for which I had need. Lady —— said she would come at once and take care of me, if she could be of any service. Lady —— also wrote me as kind a note as possible, proffering her services to come and stay and do any thing and every thing in her power for me. I have had, too, a kind and skilful physician, who paid me every needful attention, staying with me, in two instances, nearly two hours each time, and whose bill, contrary to my fears, knowing the usual habits of the London physicians, has been, I may say, ridiculously small, and scarcely more than enough to pay for the medicine. Besides, I have had in the servant one of the most faithful, assiduous, and kind nurses that it was possible to find. For all these blessings, I pray God to

make me devoutly thankful. I cannot venture to record my deep impressions of His kindness, for my whole life seems to have been only one uninterrupted series of mercies and benefactions. My heart must be harder than adamant if I did not feel them. Adieu.

LETTER CXL.

Paris, Sunday Evening, November 29th, 1846.

MY DEAR M—:

YOU will expect an account of my movements in detail, and it is my greatest pleasure abroad to feel that I am talking with you, and to imagine you listening with the interest which you take in every thing which concerns me. I left London a week ago last Wednesday, not well, but hoping to be better, which hope has been to so great a degree realized, that I now call myself well. With so many blessings, however, as are left, it would be most ungrateful in me to complain; and if the kind wishes and attentions of my English friends could be realized, I should enjoy the Spanish benediction of living a thousand years. God bless them for all their kindness and love, which has followed me even here, for on my arrival I found an affectionate letter from —— awaiting my coming, and other friends by the dozen have promised that, on their part, the chain between us shall be kept strong and bright.

My companions have been most agreeable; but, a Bostonian myself, yet I cannot help being amused, as I confess I have been for years, with the prejudices of my towns-

men. They think always that Boston was made in the morning, while the materials were fresh, and before they had been culled for any other places. It takes a long time to make any breach in this wall of prejudice, and with them every thing is measured by this standard. It requires, in many cases, not a little time to satisfy such persons that other countries have their advantages, other people their virtues, and other cities their beauties, and to pick our way out of the shell, from which, at best, we emerge only half-fledged.

We left London at one o'clock by rail for Folkestone, the gentlefolks in the first class carriages, and their servant and your humble servant in the second, though we were placed *before* them, that, in case of an explosion, we might be killed first, as of course our lives were not of half the consequence as the lives of people who dress in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day. There were, however, no lives lost, and no explosion excepting that of the steam whistle and an occasional explosion of good humor among the passengers who were my companions, and who did not feel that their dignity would be compromised by an occasional pleasantry, amounting almost to a joke, which is as far as any one ever goes in a public conveyance in England.

Six o'clock brought us to an excellent hotel at Folkestone, where the indiscriminate talking of French and English, and a Restaurant and Café in the house, admonished us of our approximation to a foreign *regime*. The Channel between England and France, owing to the meeting of various currents, is seldom passed, even by veteran seamen, without some internal experiences of the most disagreeable nature, to which two of my com-

panions looked forward with mingled reminiscences and apprehensions, which made them turn a little pale even at the sight of a very good breakfast, but which the other, a novice in the case, contemplated with a kind of bravado that seemed to defy the elements, and but for his invariable politeness, would have cast some ridicule upon the timidity of weaker minds. But poor man! his time was to come. The passage was three hours. The wind blew a gale, and the vessel floated like a sea-bird upon the bounding waves. The boat was crowded with passengers, and I remained almost alone with impunity upon the deck, to the envy of my companions. The company fell by platoons. The cabins and deck were strewed with the suffering and the semi-animate, and the brave —— was among the first to show the white feather and to cry for quarter. Sea-sickness humbles all pride, levels all dignities, and goes far to settle the great question, whether a man's sensorium is not in his stomach, for it seems at once to paralyze all faith, and hope, and courage, and affection.

We reached Bologne at two o'clock, and the half-dead began to show signs of life. Poor —— came on deck looking like a galvanized corpse. "I never," said he, "was so sick." I was surprised to hear him speak, for I was deliberating whether to send for an undertaker, or a Catholic priest to lay his ghost; and when I found him looking for his passport, I could not but deem it wholly unnecessary, for the custom-house officers could never think of stopping such an object, especially as, according to the old philosophy, he might make his exit through a key-hole.

We landed amidst a file of soldiers drawn up in line,

and flanked by a large party of women with neat white caps, and in *full* costume, if it may be called full, with petticoats scarcely covering the knee, displaying limbs of fair proportion, with whole stockings and neat shoes, and a jabbering of voices which can only be rivalled among the Katydids and the Katydid'nts of Connecticut. These women were to carry our baggage to the hotel as soon as it had passed the usual examination, which was conducted strictly, but kindly and courteously. I should have preferred myself to have given them the money and have saved them the trouble; but that would not do, and I was obliged to yield the point, and allow these dames to travel off with our portmanteaus and carpet bags upon their backs, each one bearing a load almost sufficient for a horse. The streets were crowded with people, all well dressed, all evidently well fed; only a single beggar, and that a cripple, solicited alms; and not a ragged person or a vagabond was to be seen; in these respects, presenting a contrast to the country we had left, where, in London, hunger, and squalor, and drunkenness, and filth, and wretchedness, crowd upon you at every corner. The streets of Bologne were as quiet, too, in the evening, as those of a retired country village, though a fair was being held at this time for a week or more, differing much, in this respect, from what one finds in England, in towns of this size. The hotel was clean, excellent, and reasonable, and the next morning we determined to go post to Paris, a mode of travelling for four persons, not much more expensive than the public conveyance, and giving us the opportunity of travelling only by day, and so enjoying the view of the country, which, to me,

was of much importance, instead of making the greater part of the journey in a crowded vehicle, or on the top of a coach through two long nights.

The calm, with our sick friend, was as bad as the storm, and he was obliged to ride outside. Three of us occupied the interior, making about forty to fifty miles a day. The time passed most agreeably in quiet conversation, and the constant gratification of our curiosity in the novel objects which presented themselves, until we reached Amiens, about seventy miles from Paris, where we took the railroad. The roads were good, the weather not unpleasant; the country cultivated and beautiful; the manners of the people courteous, their appearance indicating good living and contentment; and the journey upon the whole most agreeable. The government furnishes the post-horses and the postilions; the fixed rate of travelling is about seven miles an hour; four persons must drive with four horses, and the price to be paid is determined by law, and always open to examination. The harnesses of the horses are of the most ordinary description, but sufficient for the purpose. In this, I think the French show their wisdom, for as the government own the harnesses as well as the horses, it would not be difficult to foresee what would be the fate of the harnesses if they were of a better description, as the fate of public property entrusted to persons without interest in it, under such circumstances, is commonly well known. The railroad on which we travelled was of the finest description, and, when the arrangements now in progress are carried out, will not be surpassed by any thing which I have seen, for the convenience, comfort, and security, both of person and baggage. The

first class carriages are fitted up with as much elegance as a lady's boudoir, or drawing-room, and the second class carriages, in which I rode, were lined, and stuffed, and glazed, and cushioned, and curtained, and made perfectly comfortable. This is very different from what one finds in England, where every attention is paid to the comfort of the higher classes, but the second and third strata are not treated with any extraordinary attention.

We reached Paris in safety at five o'clock, and after driving through many streets crowded to excess with human life, and with people of every condition, costume, and description, moving on in one vast tide, we landed our friends at their residence, and Mr. B—— and myself went by direction to the Hotel de Paris. Here the only rooms we could have were in the fifth story, and I had to ascend, in order to reach my domicile, one hundred and eight steps. Alas! for my infirmity. The rooms were well furnished and pleasant; they were comfortable after we reached them; but the stairs! the stairs! When I got up, I thought I could never get down again, and when down that I should never get up again. The Parisians, however, do not regard it, and persons take rank somewhat according to the story in which they live. I could not stay long here, but availed myself of the services of a *valet-de-place* to find other accommodations. After ascending about fifty staircases as high as that which I had left, and wholly discouraged with the appearance of every cheap apartment, I succeeded at last in getting into lodgings in a good situation, in the second story, without a single comfort to recommend them. I console myself with thinking that I am

not quite so badly lodged as the state prisoners, or the paupers in the Union Houses, but beyond that I have nothing to add. However, they are not expensive, — ten dollars a month for a chamber and some little service, I finding my own food, fuel and lights. But they are recommended by the fact that the house is kept by a respectable old lady and her daughter, — an accomplished young lady, a long time a governess in England and Scotland, who speaks English perfectly, and who teaches French with more skill than any person I have met with. She is to give me lessons daily, and promises that I shall speak French well in a month. I already read it well. I thought I could speak it; but no person can speak it who has not the advantage of practice with persons to whom it is their vernacular tongue. This is my belief. I shall give all the attention I possibly can to the language for a short time, as I find it of immense importance in reference to my objects. I am promised every attention I can desire. Mr. Greene invited me to an elegant ball last evening, but I declined, as I do not mean to visit in France, excepting for my professional purposes. Mr. Vatemare and Mr. Sumner are to introduce me to-morrow to the Minister of Agriculture and the Department of National Industry, and several gentlemen interested in these objects have, I understand, expressed a wish to see and to aid me.

I cannot even begin to tell you about Paris, and I am afraid I cannot now write another letter. In the fine arts, in all matters of taste, in public buildings and monuments, in public improvements in science, and provisions for education, in manufactures of the most delicate kind, and the mechanic arts, in the beauty and abundance of

its markets, in its streets, in the conveniences of life, in provisions for public amusement, and in general courtesy, and polite manners, among all classes, Paris has long been distinguished. Paris is thronged with Americans. My teacher has a dozen American pupils. My love to all. God protect and bless you all. Yours ever.

LETTER CXLI.

Paris, 26th December, 1846.

MY DEAR M— :

YOU have already, I hope, received a long letter from me, dated in this gay, brilliant, and wonderful city. I have now the happiness to assure you, that my health, though imperfect, I pronounce good ; sound health and youthful vigor it would be as idle for me to look for, as to look for the green leaves and the smooth bark and the elasticity of a young tree in a decayed old trunk, which, though still erect, and annually putting forth a show of vegetation, has been shaken and beaten by the blasts and storms of many a tempestuous winter. I cannot say, however, that it is any consolation to me to see daily, that, if the old are not always well and vigorous, health and vigor are not always the portion of the young ; and even the most abundant wealth and the greatest luxury and indulgence, so far from affording a perfect protection against the common ills and inconveniences of life, seem to render their possessors and votaries the more sensitive, and but too often the more complaining.

When I wrote to you, my lodgings were deplorably bad ; since that time I have made a change, very much for the better, and though I still have nearly a hundred stairs to get into my Robinson Crusoe nest, yet, when I do get there, I have, what few of the residents of Paris can boast of, an open space to look out upon, sunshine when the sun chooses to show his face, a clean room, and a comfortable bed.

To persons who have plenty of money and can afford an establishment of their own, or at one of the principal hotels, Paris must be as comfortable and agreeable to live in as any place which can be found. My lodgings are perfectly respectable, of course, as I should certainly go into no other, but they are about the third class, and abound in inconveniencies and discomforts. I dine on Sundays constantly with some friends at Meurice's. I dine usually once a week with some other friends at the hotel Windsor. I have a standing invitation to dine, *en famille*, as often as I will, with another friend, who lives here most elegantly ; but I have never availed myself of the invitation, though I have dined once there with a large party of gentlemen at a splendid dinner. I have dined once at Mr. Vattermare's, who is exceedingly kind and attentive. I have letters to Lord Normanby, the British Ambassador, to Lady Coote, to M. de Tocqueville, to George W. Lafayette, to several of the literati, and to members of the Chamber of Deputies ; but I have yet delivered none of them, and still hesitate, certainly until my French is a little more fluent. I do not mean to give much time to visiting beyond what will conduce to my objects ; yet I shall be desirous of seeing some persons of distinction here. I expect to be at

the presentation at court the first week in January. Most of the respectable Americans will probably be introduced, and as I can go in a plain suit of black, I have a curiosity to see here a scene which is said to be most agreeable, as well as splendid. If I go, you shall hear all about it.

The weather has been extremely cold and frosty. The people here, either from habit or necessity, seem to regard the cold with great indifference ; and when the glass has been below freezing, they are to be seen, the women, without any bonnets or cloaks, sitting out in the open air, in the parks, to sell fruit and cakes, or at work outside of their shop doors in the city. I do not know what they are made of, to endure it. But fuel here is so expensive that there must be a great deal of suffering among the poor. Wood is sold generally by the pound, and it is at the rate of twenty-eight dollars or more per cord. There are, however, very few poor to be seen in the streets ; a beggar here, compared with London, is a great rarity, and a vagabond or ragged person, I might almost say I have not seen in Paris. The people are universally well dressed and clean, the women especially. I cannot say the same of the men, though Mr. Vattermare says, that the worst looking men about the town are not Frenchmen, but foreigners, who go to every extreme. I believe he is in the main right, for Paris seems to collect from all quarters of the globe ; and every costume, Turk, Arab, Jew, Chinese, African, Egyptian, is to be met with in the streets. In going from England into France, one is soon aware that he has left the country of the smooth chins, for that of the buffaloes, and the slovenliness of the habit, as well as

the hideousness of aspect which this practice of wearing the beard all over the face produces, are, to my taste, though satisfied that others should have their opinion in this and every other matter, perfectly odious. The habitual and exemplary neatness of the English opposes it; but the precipitancy of the Americans in general, to run into every extreme of fashion, is proverbial, and they are often found outheroing Herod.

You, perhaps, will like to know how I live. I have a room in what is called a furnished lodging house, or hotel meubl e, in what is here called the fourth, but with us would pass for the fifth story. The house is full of lodgers below, above, and around me, but I know only one of them even by sight, and her by a mere accident, as she is an English woman, who, with her husband, has lived here fourteen years, and we had to call upon her to interpret my English. I have a small room with a comfortable little French bed, table, chest of drawers, &c., &c. The family take care of my chamber and furnish my bed, and my chambermaid is a large, dirty man, who does not know one word of English. I buy my own candles, fire-wood, tea, sugar, and chocolate, and make my own coffee and tea in my room, the family furnishing for me bread, milk and butter. I try to give them as little trouble as possible, as the distance up is so great, and I therefore boil my own tea-kettle over my fire, or with spirits of wine. I pay for this room and service forty franks, or about eight dollars a month, exclusive of fuel and lights, with a douceur of one or two franks a week to the servant. Every article here is dear, dearer than even in England. Coffee is twenty-five cents a pound; the best of chocolate, about

five francs, or nearly a dollar a pound ; the best of black tea, about eight francs, or one dollar and twenty-eight cents a pound. Bread is dear. I gave, a few days since, three cents apiece for some very thin and small crackers, for a sick child. The best of butter is forty cents a pound. The prices of meats I do not know, but vegetables and fruit are quite dear. I know of nothing in Paris which is cheap excepting omnibus-riding. Yet the aggregate expense of living in Paris is less than in London.

Your account of the loss of the Atlantic was most afflictive. To be forty-eight hours in a condition of such exposure, suffering from cold, and liable every moment to destruction, is as dreadful as can be. It seems to have been a year of calamities all over the world. The inundations in this country, by which many lives were lost, many villages destroyed, and extensive tracts of fertile country laid waste, have occasioned an immense amount of suffering.

The Mexican war I hold in utter abhorrence, and on the part of the United States perfectly gratuitous, inhuman, and unjust. I wonder, that among the respectable people of New England, a volunteer can be found.

I had designed, before I left England, to have given you an account of a travelling party, into whose company I happened accidentally to fall, and whose habits and dispositions made me feel constantly how much the happiness of life, and the enjoyment of its blessings, depends on ourselves, on our own dispositions, and the point of view from which we look at things ; so that the foaming cup may be at once rendered stale and vapid, and bitterness and poison infused into waters otherwise pellucid,

healthful, and delicious. We were journeying in a part of the country highly picturesque and delightful, and though I had visited many of these scenes on a former occasion, the repetition increased their interest, the impressions which they made were more striking, and my estimation of their beauty and grandeur exalted. The roads, the conveyances, and the accommodations were all such as to satisfy any reasonable mind. But the party with whom I fell in, though educated and excellent people, and of substantial virtues, were extremely difficult to be pleased, fastidious and fault-finding.

Talleyrand had one day a party at dinner; and an English gentleman being asked to what he would be helped, said that he did not care; it made no difference to him what he eat. "What the devil did you come for, then?" said Talleyrand; and, to tell the truth, I was quite at a loss to know what these people came for. They were "*miserable*," because they could not get ice in their water; and because the bread was too new, and because it was too old; and because the sun shone, and because it did not shine; and because the mountains were not pointed instead of rounded, or rounded instead of being pointed; and lastly, because that water did not run up hill instead of running down, it would, in that case, have been so much more convenient, no doubt, for the salmon to have gone up the rivers to spawn; and because the sun did not rise in the west instead of the east, as their prospect, as they were travelling westward, would have been so much improved on looking back. Good Lord deliver me from all fault-finders with matters which cannot be helped or altered, and from all that luxury and abundance which seem only to make the

heart utterly selfish, and quench all grateful perceptions and acknowledgment of that divine and infinite beneficence and love which pours itself in an unabated flood over the whole of this beautiful creation. Adieu.

LETTER CXLII.

Paris, 27th December, 1846.

MY DEAR A—:

As I went to church three times on Friday, Christmas day, I determined to give this day, in my own chamber, to my dear friends over the water. I think this a very pious use of Sunday; for if there is any thing for which I feel that I have cause to be thankful to God, (and his blessings and mercies are without number,) it is in the reasons that I have to love you all, as I do, with an interest which no words can express, and in the reasons that I have to believe that that affection is reciprocated, in a measure equal to what I deserve. Christmas day was a great day here. To say that the streets were full of people would be nothing, — they are full every day, to a degree which I hardly could think of, and which, in the great thoroughfares, renders it absolutely impossible to get along without being continually jostled and jostling other people. In the morning I went to the church of St. Roch, where the queen and royal family attend; not the king, who, I believe, never goes to church outside of the palace, (I suppose on account of his personal safety.) I went at one o'clock to the Oratoire, a Protestant church, to hear a distinguished preacher, and I

went at three o'clock to the Madeleine, to witness the splendid service to be performed there. The Oratoire, which was crowded, is a Protestant church; there was nothing there to gratify the senses, but much for the understanding and heart. The church of St. Roch and the Madeleine were overflowing; people were there, not by hundreds, but by thousands. I have not a doubt there were from six to eight thousand in each of them. The music in St. Roch, on such occasions, is the best that can be procured, both vocal and instrumental; the organist is deemed the first in Paris, if not in the world; and the best singers from the opera, persons of the richest and most cultivated talent, in their line, lend their aid. There are two organs in each of the churches, at the different ends,—one of much more power than the other,—one very high up, in a lofty gallery, almost touching the roof, so that the sound seems to come from above; the other on the floor, at the farther end of the church. They occasionally respond to each other, and occasionally in concert, pour out a volume of sound which seems to make the pillars and arches of the church tremble. In such a building, men and women appear very like children; and when, in the intervals of the service, every thing is hushed into perfect silence, you hear some delightful and powerful female voices, chanting the most delicious notes, with the full bass and tenor voices joining in the chorus; the effect upon a sensitive mind, with a large endowment of tune, and especially a large veneration, is electrical; and one almost dies of emotion. I came away from the church with my brain burning, my muscles straitened, and every nerve in the highest degree of tension. If one could understand the

sentiments which are uttered, and if *they* correspond with the expression given to them, I believe that a person unaccustomed to the service, would find it difficult to endure the excitement. The Church of St. Roch is venerable for its antiquity, and interesting for many revolutionary reminiscences, and associations connected with it. It has many pictures and statues, which delight you with their beauty and genius ; the service was long, and in every respect magnificent. What shall I say of the Madeleine ? I do not know. I have not words to express my admiration of the beauty and splendor of the scene which I witnessed there. This is a modern church, of Grecian architecture, of large size, of exquisite proportions, both within and without ; admitted, I believe, for its beauty, to be surpassed by few churches in the world ; and its interior adorned with an elegance and taste, which it was intended should be unsurpassed ; and so far as my conceptions and limited observation have yet extended, this intention has been accomplished. The clear sky, in a winter's night, is transcendently beautiful ; the ocean, in its placid and its excited state, combines innumerable forms of beauty. The earth, when spring pours its soft and odorous breath over it, and you see it rising from the death of winter, in its mantle of green, and adorning itself with flowers of countless forms and hues, is an image of beauty which I have always gazed upon with an adoration full of rapture and delight ; and so too everywhere God has poured out a flood of beauty, like jewels out of the horn of plenty, over his wide creation. These are not objects with which to compare it ; but in all the forms of color, position, light, grace, skill, splendor, and expression, which human genius and taste

can combine, so as, I never look for any thing more beautiful than the church of the Madeleine on Christmas afternoon. I thought the music was as fine as at St. Roch. There was no light admitted from without; and the numerous chandeliers of burnished gold, shedding a soft light through the globes of ground glass, the candles burning upon the altar, the many small altars lighted up at the sides of the church; the pictures, of consummate execution, speaking to you from the walls; the beautiful statues, adorning all the niches, and all decorated with a profusion of flowers; the magnificent group of sculpture, over the high altar, of the Virgin herself, of the purest white marble, guarded by two angels of extreme grace and beauty; the crowd of priests and acolytes, in their robes of satin, and gold, and linen, and lace, and chains of jewels, and capes of ermine, and of scarlet; the processions with torches borne by children; the carrying of the golden cross, in front of the altar; the elevation of the host, and the charming music combined, all conspired to present a scene of most extraordinary and affecting magnificence, and a beauty which is perfectly indescribable. I am no Catholic, but, from any thing which we have seen in our country, we can form no just conceptions of the splendor and beauty of their ritual here; and upon persons of susceptible minds, who understand all the forms of their worship — all of which, though they may appear so trivial to us, still have a specific meaning — and who believe in its doctrines, and have been educated in the church, I am not surprised that its effect should be so powerful; and that they should cling to their religion with indomitable pertinacity. But this I am told, is nothing to what I shall see at St.

Peter's, if, in my pilgrimage, I ever reach there. Time will show. I counted fifty officiating priests at the altar at one time, (including the children with torches, and young persons bearing the censers of frankincense.) I see nothing of this, nor of any other form of worship in the New Testament, excepting the Lord's prayer. But, two things surprise me; first, that out of a religion so simple and unadorned, as that of Christ, such a cumbersome, expensive, ceremonious, and magnificent establishment, should have grown up. The second is of a higher character; and when I think that an humble man of Galilee, unaided by power, or wealth, or rank, disdained and attempted to be crushed by them all, teaching in the most simple form nothing but a religion of justice, purity, kindness, and universal love, should have established an empire in the world so extensive, so enduring, so powerful in its hold upon the minds and hearts of men; to which wealth pours out its most lavish contributions, rank and power bow down to do homage; and genius in eloquence, in learning, in poetry, in sculpture, in painting, as its highest honor, generously proffers its treasures, — I am almost compelled to think that all the miracles recorded of him, are hardly greater than that which even this history exhibits, and establishes before the eyes of all, at the present time.

I can't tell you, my dear A——, how I long to see you all. I think you have been very lazy of late, and almost negligent; but I love you too well to find fault with you.

My present intention is, to send you some little remembrancer to-morrow, if I can find time. Never was a city so full of every thing that is beautiful; but the useful as well as elegant, are too costly for my poverty;

and I do not like to send you what is frivolous and useless. Do not be disappointed, therefore, if you receive nothing but a little book of the Monuments of Paris, which I send to my friend N——, and to little G—— a pen-wiper, which was given to me yesterday by a kind lady; and the dog upon which, may bark at G—— if she can provoke him to it. I can only wish that I might be in his place. In that case, I should not bark. I should bite. Adieu.

LETTER CXLIII.

Paris, 27th December, 1846.

MY DEAR S —:

SUNDAY in Paris, is any thing but Sunday, to a New England man; and if I did not take the greatest pains, I should lose entirely the days of the week. This misfortune happened to me last week; and when the servant in the morning, told me it was *Samedi*, and not *Vendredi*. I was almost indignant, that he should distrust my recollection, and could not be convinced until by a particular reckoning, counting my fingers, and looking at an old newspaper, the sad truth was brought to my mind, that I had lost a day. The streets are as full of people, as on other days; the shops are almost universally open, especially in the morning; commerce and traffic go on; the masons and carpenters ply the trowel and the hammer; and at night, the theatres and places of amusement are all open, and crowded. I never before knew the value of a New England Sunday; I do not mean par-

ticularly in a religious view, but as a pause or resting place in the common business of life, when we can stop to take breath, and to refresh ourselves ; or, otherwise, one would think the mind would become like the hard trodden pavement of the street, where nothing makes an impression, all is dry and barren, with no signs of vegetation or of life. But one can hardly say the Parisians are not a religious people. I never saw churches so full. I never saw a stronger appearance of the most profound devotion, or its services performed with more decorum and respect. Whether their religion has that influence upon their morals, which it should have, remains for me to learn, and for obvious reasons, it must be difficult to ascertain. No city can exhibit more orderly streets. The theatres and public places are closed at half-past eleven, and people go home as quietly as if it were from church. I have not seen a drunken man in the streets, and in four weeks, only two persons who seemed excited by liquor ; and in the theatres there is not the slightest irregularity in the boxes, or the lobbies, or at the doors. This certainly speaks well for public decorum, and is very different from the state of things in London, New York, or Philadelphia.

Paris is full of shops, crowded with goods of the most splendid description. At this season, when Christmas and New Year's presents are to be made, nothing can exceed the beauty and variety, the richness, taste, and skill displayed in the articles exhibited, whether of gold or silver, paste or jewelry, china or glass, clothing or comestibles, articles of use, and articles of mere ornament and luxury. I thought the displays in London could

not be exceeded, but here there seem to be many more. One thing impresses you at once, that the French are a most industrious people; and that their industry is equalled only by their taste.

My good friends Mr. and Mrs. Shimmin, have been telling me this evening that they were last night at a party, given by the Marchioness De Lavalette. It was, they say, extremely brilliant, as the house is one of the most elegant in Paris. There was no dancing; but there was music, and the entertainments consisted of the exhibition of the tricks of a conjuror, who was employed for the occasion, and a lottery in which everybody drew a prize, some little article of bijouterie. There were no gentleman's tickets. Society, here, is said to be on the most easy footing, but I do not expect to see any thing of it, as I shall not, I think, deliver the letters which I have to persons who would introduce me. The winter is fast running away, and I feel that life is running away as fast, and I must first of all finish what I have undertaken.

Paris abounds with Americans, and a great many reside here constantly. However easy it may be to read French, in which I have no difficulty, it is a very different matter to speak it intelligibly, and to understand it, as spoken by the French, with a rapidity, and with elisions which it is extremely difficult to follow. I shall not do much about it — but find my way already surprisingly facilitated, and hope in one month more to get along any where with ease.

LETTER CXLIV.

Paris, 18th January, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

How is it possible to retain a consciousness of the rapid progress of time? I have been almost two months in Paris, and, if I reckon the time by what I have accomplished, I fear I should have a poor account to render. Some find a consolation in thinking that other people do no more than themselves. If other people do no more, because they are as indolent as oneself, I do not see much consolation in that; if others do very little because it is not in human nature to do more, it is some relief to the conscience, to know that our deficiencies and failings grow out of an inability which is constitutional, and, to a degree, insurmountable. In spite of all my forgetfulness, the new year has begun, and one twenty-fourth part of it is already spent; it is not too late, however, and, indeed, I did this in full season, though I said nothing about it, to wish you and yours as much of good and happiness as can be crowded into it. What this good shall consist in, it is not for me to say. I might make a sad mistake, if it were left for me to prescribe. I might make a sad mistake, if I wished that you might be richer than you are; that you might have uninterrupted health; that there might be no clouds in your sky, nor even a breeze to ruffle the still waters of life. I must be safe, however, in wishing you as much of wisdom and discretion, as much of goodness and piety as you can possibly acquire, by that help,

without which, we should all of us fail of any. You have begun well — go on, and may every day record new triumphs in self-government, and new acquisitions in substantial virtue. In wishing you this, do not understand me to imply any strong perceptible want. But who, comparatively, has attained any thing? and whose acquisitions are any thing more than the tottering steps of infancy? There is another good I will wish you — a certain good; infallible, and without any possible abatement; that which you yourself prefer to every thing else, and that is, an increase of the power of doing good and of making others happy. Next to our own personal improvement, which is, in fact, only a powerful means to the same end, *beneficence*, in its broadest and best sense, is the highest end of life, and combines more of substantial enjoyment and happiness, than any other source of good. If I may say it without irreverence, it seems to constitute the happiness of the Creator himself; for though there may be, and are, many things in nature and in Providence, which our imperfect vision prevents our interpreting and explaining, and which, sometimes, would seem inconsistent with unmixed benevolence, yet, in the great mass, they are exceptions which are scarcely to be thought of, in comparison with the decided, universal, most abundant, and unceasing provision which is made and multiplied in every conceivable form, for the happiness of his creatures.

I meant this, my dear friend, for a letter, but I find I have been giving you one of my old sermons. Ah, habit! habit! after more than half a century, who can shake off its chains? But it must go. I have not time to write another, and it is not at all certain that if I set

the machine again in motion, it would not at once get into the old track.

I hope your residence in Devonshire was of substantial service to my good friend Mr. B——. You must tell me all about it. If *you* do not, I don't know *who* will. I wrote a long letter to Mrs. T——, who made a great promise of what she would do, and who thinks there never was such a true, honest, punctual people, as the English; but not a word from her. I wrote a long letter to one Mrs. E—— P——, whom I always held up as a model of fidelity. But not a word — “frailty, thy name is woman.” I have written two long letters to that saint in College Terrace, and she gave me a letter with two *blank* pages, which was only enough to quicken the appetite, and make me ravenous. I have written several others, and I have a pile of promises as large as a common hay-stack, which seem to be worth about as much as the returned and disfigured notes of the Bank of England. I should like to know what is the matter; whether the Oregon question is opened again, and whether my English friends — friends I will still call them, for I should make away with myself if I had not confidence enough left to do that, will ever have the presumption again to talk about American repudiation — I believe the whole of it is “out of sight, out of mind,” and I only wish I had the power to appear some one of these nights in a white sheet and night-cap at the side of their beds, and tell them what they must expect, if they do not keep their word; I would frighten them, I warrant you. If I had only been so fortunate as to have got any thing like a promise, from that pattern of truth and exactness, Mrs. C——, *she* would have kept her

word, I know. Now, Mrs. C—— A—— B——, remember that you are in the same condemnation. In point of number, you are in my debt; but I suppose you reckon by quality, and consider one of your letters as worth half a dozen of mine. Well, I agree to this entirely; but, rich as you are, and poor as I am, you need not be so stingy and exacting. I only wish I had been young enough, and handsome enough, and agreeable enough, to have conciliated some one of those charming girls at Hampstead, the N——s, for a correspondent; for an intelligent and gay young girl is in such cases worth a dozen old women like Mrs. Y——, and Mrs. P——, and I won't say who.

In sober truth, and as my dying speech, I cannot tell you how I long to see you all, and how much I love you all. There was but one thing wanting to make my intimate society in England an earthly heaven to me, and that was, the presence of some dear objects over the water, whom I wish that you would know. Alas, the chain of the domestic circle, which I left unbroken, has been snapt asunder, and a link has dropped out. My last letters inform me of the death of a grandchild, as dear to me as an own child; a promising and amiable youth of about nineteen; his death was quite a surprise to me. I had been aware that he had for some months been laboring under a disease usually deemed incurable; but it was hoped that the vigor of youth would surmount the power of his malady; Heaven has ordered otherwise. The whole of human duty, in such cases, is comprehended in one word — submit, submit. We may add, submit with entire resignation, because it is Heaven's appointment — submit with confidence, for God's will

must be unerring — submit with hope; for what have we not received, and what may we not expect from his kindness and love?

It would be idle for me to attempt to give you my impressions of Paris, in a letter. You shall have them in another form, if my life is spared. Gaiety seems the order of the day. I was presented at Court, ten days since, in simple black; and on Wednesday last, attended a ball at the palace. It is reported that there were eight thousand people present. I think there must have been more than four thousand. It was got up with great taste and elegance, splendor and magnificence; and went off in an admirable and unexceptionable manner. I was likewise, at a party at Lord Normanby's, the British Ambassador, which, though on a comparatively small scale, was equally remarkable for its splendor. The taste of the Parisians in all the elegancies of life, is superlative; and in courtesy, they are unrivalled. Whether they have more joints than other people, I shall leave for anatomists to determine; they certainly have more suppleness, and there is a style of address with the children, and even the humblest persons you meet with in the street, that is attractive and often charming. The fate of a man who is not made of cast iron, and with even a tolerable share of good humor, who goes into the shops attended by the *grisettes*, is sealed. He *must* buy; his purse-strings become untied of themselves. The industry and economy of the French are acknowledged. They have the credit of insincerity. I have not put it to any strong test; but in this matter, they seem to me upon a par with the rest of the world, my own dear friends always excepted.

Now you shall have breath. Say every thing that is kind and respectful for me, to all the B——'s, and all the C——'s, and all the Y——'s, and all the P——'s, and to the good and excellent Doctor Hutton, a man among men. Kiss the girls for me, when they come home from school — I mean the little ones, of course. I should not dare aim any higher — I am proud, you know, and therefore do not say, pray write to me Mrs. B——; but my address is, care of Messrs. Green & Co., Bankers, Paris. Now do as you please. You know how glad I should be to hear from you; but, after the obstinacy, or neglect, displayed the other side of the channel, I am determined to have it out — *if I can*. Adieu.

LETTER CXLV.

TO A FRIEND UNDER BEREAVEMENT.

Paris, 29th January, 1817.

MY DEAR A——:

YOU and your dear family have scarcely been out of my mind since the receipt of ——'s painful letter. You may be assured that neither length of absence, nor distance of place, nor the excitements and novelties of this vast, busy, active, and crowded city, which seems like the heart of a large animal, where the pulsations are felt in their greatest power, can at all abstract my affections and interests from those objects, which have, in truth, constituted to me the great charm and the chief value of life. Time has served only to strengthen and cement these attachments, and to multiply these sympathies, in

every thing that concerns you and yours; your afflictions are my afflictions, and I weep with you over the removal of that dear child, who has been so many years to us all an object of warm affection, of well-founded and increasing esteem, and of delightful hope and confidence. He has been taken from you in the morning of life, when the labors of spring were giving the grateful promise of harvest, and when, under an improvement of mind and character strongly marked, you were anticipating a career of usefulness and honor, a compensation for your anxieties and labors, and the gratification of your parental affections and your best hopes. God's will be done! Under the mysterious dispensations of Divine Providence, which so often defeat and disappoint all human calculations, and which, to us, are as uncontrollable as they are inscrutable, our whole duty seems to be comprehended in one word — submit — be resigned; it is the will of God — a decree, not dictated by caprice, not the result of accident, not a blind fatality, but only another name for the highest possible measure of kindness and benevolence, under the guidance of the highest possible wisdom, incapable alike of increase or of error. If it pleases God to take from us the dear children whom he gives us, it is because he deems it best for them and for us that they should be removed; and in the delightful assurance that “all live unto God,” that, in fact, in his sight, there is no such thing as death, as it appears to us, let us not have a doubt, that, as here, in their beautiful affections and opening and ripening virtues, they bore about them continually the evidences of his kindness and complacency, so, though removed out of the reach of our senses, they are still, and always

will remain, the objects of his unchanging and unchangeable love, in a condition of being most favorable to the ripening of that fruit, of which here we saw only the swelling buds and the expanding blossoms.

When I think of you all — when I feel how long I have been, and how far I am removed from you — when, in imagination, as I often do, and, since this painful intelligence, more often than I ever have done, I transfer myself into the midst of you, and remember with what affection your heart has always clung to me, — I feel how impossible it is to say what I would — my head grows dizzy — I write by feeling, scarcely by sight — and I have laid down my pen half a dozen times in despair. If possession and experience had taught you nothing of the strength of parental affection, yet the two losses, to which you have been called, have left you nothing farther to learn upon this subject. I will ask merely to be judged by your own heart, — and you will only do me justice, if you give me credit for that sympathy and affection for you, which you have found in yourself for those whom God has cast upon your love.

I think I may say that the most interesting visit I have made, since I came this side of the water, I made on Saturday last, to *Père Le Chaise*. I have waited until this time for good weather to go there; perhaps the intelligence from home made it more interesting; but the place and all its associations and circumstances quite overpowered me. C——, G——, M——, that celestial vision so constantly present to my imagination, sweet little M—— M——, whom I carried in my arms to her grave, my mother; your dear mother's mother, and other friends — alas! too dearly loved! — were with me, hov-

ering about me, their spirits communing with my spirit, and it seemed to me almost that, if I stretched out my arm, I could touch them. On one of the stones was the simple inscription, "To my mother;" on another, "To a dear child;" on another—"To a beloved parent"—were these words, "You loved us on earth: continue to love us in Heaven." Many of the graves, or monuments, were decorated with wreaths of a flower commonly called with us everlasting; on others fresh flowers had been recently placed; over many of the graves were little chapels, beautifully decorated and large enough to contain seats for one, two, or three persons, where it is evident hours and days are often spent, shut out from observation, in affectionate communion with the departed; on some of the graves, over which there was a sculptured head of a deceased parent, there were sometimes, at the base, several smaller images of children, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, in the most expressive attitude of affectionate grief. I never was in a place so beautiful for its taste, and so full of the most touching sentiment. It appeared to me a sort of Mount of Transfiguration. Every thing indicated the strong impression and conviction, that the departed are still conscious of what is passing on earth, and that the living *may* still keep up with them an intercourse of pure affection and interest. Why should it not be so? If there is nothing to prove it, there is certainly nothing to disprove it; there is nothing in the belief irrational or unnatural, and I love to cling to it as a charming consolation. I went afterwards into the chapel, and there, as in many Catholic churches, you find a person burning candles to the dead. The devotees, who visit the

church, give a small amount of money — perhaps a few sous — that so many candles may be lighted in memory of their departed friends. I have often regarded the practice with intense interest. I am glad of any circumstance, which contributes to keep up the remembrance of the departed. I am no Catholic — perhaps few persons are more removed from it; but I could not resist the inclination to have a few candles lighted, in mute respect and affection for those dear objects which were then hovering about me.

So, my dear A——, I wish to live. I wish to live as though they were still alive and near me, — that, though no longer the objects of my sense, I may yet regard them as objects of my affection and confidence — absent, but yet present — dead, but yet alive. Let us cherish this beautiful sentiment, associated with all the delightful thoughts of their elevated and improved nature and existence, and the precious hope — precious beyond all measure — that we shall again be united with them, where sin, and error, disease, suffering, and death can never come. Adieu.

LETTER CXLVI.

Paris, 29th January, 1847.

MY DEAR M —:

I BELIEVE the last steamer was the first instance in which I have failed of a letter from you; but after receiving the afflictive intelligence communicated in J—'s kind letter, I could not have expected you to write;

your hands and heart may have been more than full, and I could only be thankful that you had the strength and courage to perform the painful duties which devolved upon you. When I consider in how many such trying scenes you have been compelled to bear a part, and how often you have been called to stand by the bedside of the sick, the dying, and the dead; how many painful duties you have been required to perform, and how bravely, in spite of your feeble frame and imperfect health, you have gone through them, I often think that Heaven sent you upon earth on a mission of mercy and consolation, and that it is the privilege and happiness of but few persons to say they have performed their duty so well.

I have written to A—— as fully as I had strength to do. No mother, I believe, was ever more affectionate than she. C—— was her first born; and from the accounts which I received, and from his letters to me, which were admirably written, she must have had every confidence in his good conduct and character. His death, I confess, took me by surprise. I knew the ordinary dangers of his complaint, but I hoped the vigor and elasticity of his youthful constitution would have enabled him to surmount it. Heaven has ordered otherwise, and it must be a great consolation to his parents that he died at home, and that all that medical skill could do, was done, and no alleviation was omitted which affection and kindness could render. Sickness and death at sea, or sickness and death in a foreign country come armed with double pain; and of all the medicine that was ever administered to the sick and suffering, I know nothing more soothing and precious than that kindness

which rises above every trial and labor, however painful and exhausting, and makes a sick chamber radiant with Heaven's goodness and love. The removal of the young, when the faculties are scarcely unfolded and the business of life is hardly begun, is among those mysterious dispensations of an unsearchable Providence, whose solution we must wait for with all the patience and hope which we are able to exercise. It is difficult to find topics of adequate consolation. The uses of death and the appointment of death, I cannot have a doubt, are altogether beneficent. My creed resolves itself into a very simple proposition — God is wise and good. He is as wise and good as wise and good can be, and under his government and providence I feel a perfect security. Whatever appearances may present themselves to my limited and imperfect observation, I have no doubt that the final result will be all that the best mind could desire.

I feel an intense and almost a morbid curiosity and impatience to know what this result is to be. Of a future life, of the renewal of our existence, I can scarcely be said to entertain a doubt; that is to say, I believe it with all the force of assent, which, I think, a reflecting mind is able to give to a subject resting upon presumptive evidence, and not upon absolute demonstration. I believe in Jesus Christ, in his authority to teach, and in his having actually taught the certainty of a future life and the immortality of man. His revelation, however, stops short of almost every thing beyond the simple facts of a renewed existence and a moral retribution. Of the place, nature, and qualifications of this existence we have no instructions. What so many men of vivid

imagination and overweening self-conceit pretend to know and to say about it, passes with me for mere verbiage. I believe it, in the next place, because, otherwise, life appears to me a perfectly unfinished plan, and human existence not a cipher merely, but a blot upon the Creator's works. I cannot look upon the human being with all the beautiful endowments of mind which pertain to him, and all the high moral attributes which so elevate his nature, and all the charming affections, sentiments, and hopes, which seem to stamp him as divine. I cannot look upon such a being, advancing continually in intellectual and moral attainments, rising by self-discipline above every thing sensual and worldly, and in the elevation and expansion of his views and purposes breathing a far purer atmosphere than this low world affords. I cannot, I say, look upon such a being as destined only for a region of existence where his advances are continually restricted, and where soon his prayers must be arrested, and all his attainments, noble as they may be, must come to naught, and be scattered like the gilded and burnished clouds, which are scarcely seen, and their outlines hardly defined, before the wind sweeps them away forever.

As I rely, then, most heartily upon the renewal of human existence beyond the grave, (indeed, I am strongly inclined to believe that there is no interruption,) I am quite willing to leave; more than that, I am most happy in believing that it is wholly left to a wise and benevolent Creator, to make that existence what His wisdom and benevolence may prompt, and all that my best wishes could desire. There I leave the subject; and my continual prayer to God is, that for the short time

which is left to me, my mind may retain that calm acquiescence, I may say more, that consoling and joyful trust in all his appointments which his grace has already given me, and enable me to meet, as in the course of nature they must come, my own death and the deaths of those who are as dear to me as life, with a perfect resignation to his will.

I am looking forward with much solicitude for the next arrival from the United States, because I am not without anxiety for your health and A——'s health, after all that you have had to afflict you. Thank God, my own health has, I think, within the last fortnight, greatly improved. I have suffered lately somewhat from pains in my breast and sides, but these have been so many years, whenever any increased anxiety or labor comes over me, so habitual, that I hardly know myself without them. Yours ever.

LETTER CXLVII.

Paris, 31st January, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR:

I AM obliged by your brief note by Mr. D——. I have not gone much into society in Paris. It is full of Americans, many of whom I have seen, — but I mean French society. I have not delivered many letters which I have, fearing that if I once got into the whirl, I must do it at a sacrifice of time, which I could ill afford. I have found it indispensable to give much time

to the study of the language. I have acquired a facility in comprehending it, and a sufficient facility in speaking to make myself almost everywhere understood. Some allowance must be made, I am aware, for the extraordinary politeness of the French people, who at once put their hands to the wheel, if they perceive its motion impeded, and who seem to have a sort of intuitive anticipation of what you design to say; and, after helping you through your difficulties, reply impromptu. I do not pretend to say that such courtesy belongs exclusively to the French, but I am inclined to believe that the Anglo-Saxons would not be, in a similar case, as civil to *them*.

We make a great boast of Yankee ingenuity, which may do very well on our side of the water. We have done a great many clever things, and made a great many useful and ingenious inventions. I will admit, that, all circumstances considered, we have our full share of mechanical skill; but we are very green. The perfection to which the arts are carried here is most remarkable, and the shops and places of art and manufacture exhibit a variety, a skill, a taste, an adaptation, and a finish, which are marvellous. The French have, for a long time, had a most extraordinary reputation for their engineering skill, and very great attention is paid, in places of education, to their mathematical, and what may, in the strictest sense of the term, be called their practical education; they seem to be taught nothing which they are not taught at the same time to apply. Verrier's discovery of a new planet redounds in the highest degree to the honor of their science. It really appears to me one of the greatest efforts of the human mind, that he,

from an abstract calculation of the forces of the heavenly bodies, should determine, by the most profound study, that the balance of power, if so it may be termed, among the planets, which compose our system, required the existence of another planet, in a certain position and relation; and, having determined this, that he should actually find it, in this position and relation, seems to me one of the most magnificent, I may say sublime triumphs which human genius and science have yet achieved. I find it difficult to bring my own mind duly to estimate its grandeur.

I wish to say much to you about the political condition of things on this side of the water. The papers, however, keep you fully apprized of every thing known to the public. In Ireland England seems to me to have a mill-stone about her neck, which she cannot throw off, and which she must find it difficult to carry. The condition of things in this country, and, indeed, in many other countries on the Continent, in respect to food, is extremely afflictive, I cannot say alarming. In some of the provinces of France the authorities are set at defiance, and every thing lawless, outrageous, and hostile to the public peace in Ireland, finds a perfect counterpart here. If it were any other general calamity excepting starvation in Ireland, there would be an open rebellion, and the people could not be kept down, but as it is, there is no immediate danger of that; the state of the stomach has a very material influence upon the courage and turbulent spirits of a man — that is, when it reaches the confines of starvation — and thousands and thousands, whom otherwise it might have been difficult to restrain, are perfectly passive and

helpless through inanition. It is quite idle, in my mind, with any degree of confidence, to predict what will be; and the breaking out of a general war would at once entirely change the relation of things; but every circumstance in the political condition of society, indicates a necessity of some change in the tenure of property, so that the laboring classes shall not be, as in many cases they are, shut out from the possibility of procuring a subsistence by their own labor.

The French have adopted here a most politic arrangement in regard to the supply of bread to the poor. They do not limit its price, nor order it to be given away, but they issue, from the mairies and public offices, to the poor who apply, tickets, which enable them to obtain, at the bakers' shops, bread, at the former, or at reasonable prices; and the government themselves make good to the bakers, in these cases, the difference between the prices at which the poor, by their tickets, receive bread, and the current prices of the article at that time in the markets — which, of course, bears its usual relation to the price of wheat or other bread grains.

LETTER CXLVIII.

Paris, 1st February, 1847.

MY DEAR S—:

I HAVE determined, instead of postponing the pleasure to the next boat, to write at this time. In common with, I believe, more than ninety-nine hundredths of mankind, I have had to lament, through life, the postponement to

an uncertain future that which might be done at the present ; and also, that future never comes. In this case, for once, I alter my practice ; and if this letter finds you as well and as happy as I wish you to be, you would have nothing more to ask.

It would be impossible to condense in one letter, or in fifty, all I might wish to say to you about Paris ; but something you will expect to hear ; and you will I hope, wait patiently for what may come hereafter. Paris is, perhaps, all things considered, a more elegant city than London. It is not so clean a city ; for, in this respect, London is preëminent, and is even cleaner than Boston. But in good weather, Paris is a clean city ; though in rain and wet, the mud is abundant, adhesive, and almost intolerable. There is an arrangement, however, in Paris, which is a great public convenience, and is not to be found in London. There is scarcely a corner where you cannot find a man standing ready, for four sous or cents, to apply a brush to your clothes, or to give a gloss to your shoes, in which you can almost see your own reflection ; and some of the shops for this purpose are absolutely luxurious ; the walls are hung with mirrors, and while you sit upon velvet couches the newspaper of the day is brought to you to read. There is another thing remarkable in regard to the French people. I do not know how I had got the notion that they were far from neat in many of their habits. I confess there are some nuisances allowed in the streets which are wholly indescribable, and seem a perfect anomaly in that measure of refinement of manners, to which it must be acknowledged they have attained, and in which they seem to have surpassed all other people ; but, with these ex-

traordinary exceptions, I should pronounce them a very neat and tidy people. It is impossible to walk half an hour, I had almost said, in any part of London, without encountering objects of squalid wretchedness, raggedness, and semi-nakedness, which are most pitiable and offensive ; but this is not the case in Paris, or in any part of France which I have yet seen, in a journey of two hundred miles. A ragged person is not to be met with, and most of the people are well dressed ; though in the lower classes, evidently, with the greatest regard to economy. The shops are almost universally attended by women, and even in those crowded and glittering with the most beautiful objects of art and taste, the neatness of their dress, and the elegant courtesy of their manners, render them most pleasing objects. I know I am not singular in this impression, and with the exception of those persons, in whom what is called the milk of human kindness, if they ever had any, is become entirely acid, if it were not so originally, this is the universal impression upon strangers, young and old.

Since you last heard from me, I have had the honor of a presentation at court ; and since that, of attending a magnificent ball, given by the queen, as it is said, to seven thousand persons. It is not difficult for a respectable foreigner, if his minister will introduce him, to be presented to their majesties. His name is previously sent in, and if there is no objection, he attends, and is introduced by the ambassador ; the ladies on one evening, the gentlemen on another. In the English court, the queen retains her position, and the persons presented approach and fall upon one knee, but here there is no kneeling ; the parties to be introduced are arranged in long lines,

on each side of the immense halls, and the king, followed by the queen and princes, and princesses, is introduced to every individual by name, his or her name being announced by the lord or lady in waiting. The king and queen make a point, as far as possible, of speaking to each person. To the lady who stood near me, Mrs. S——, of New York, he said, “Were you not afraid to make the passage in the steamer?” He asked me from what part of the country I came, and said he was happy to see the Americans. I told him we were all interested and happy in the prosperity of the French. Yes, he said, he rejoiced that the two countries were united in friendship and good will, and hoped that the union would be perpetual. You see by this, what a parcel of small loose change he must carry in his pocket, to be able to give something to every one. The queen was equally gracious, but I do not recollect her remarks. The princes and princesses passed on without speaking, and in general, with a simple inclination of the head. After the gentlemen were presented in this form, their majesties retired to the throne room, and forming a sort of semi-circle with the princes and princesses, the gentlemen passed before them and made their *congés*. This ended the presentation. I went the first evening with Mrs. —— and Miss ——, of New York, by Mr. S——’s desire, he being indisposed; and I went the second evening with the gentlemen, when there were no ladies to be presented. I am near the end of my paper, therefore must reserve the account of the ball for a future letter. The handsomest lady at the presentation, whom I saw, was an American, Mrs. R——, of Philadelphia.

Remember, my dear S——, that you have my constant and warm affection, and that no one more desires your happiness. Adieu.

LETTER CXLIX.

TO LADY S——, LONDON.

Paris, 5th February, 1847.

MY DEAR LADY S——:

SOMETIME ago, I saw a very extraordinary motto upon a seal — as, “Who the de’il can this be from?” now I could not possibly be guilty of the rudeness of supposing that any such expression could ever enter your imagination, much less escape your lips; yet, leaving out the proper name of a very distinguished personage with whom I know you have no acquaintance, excepting in the Litany, I cannot help thinking that an expression of strong surprise may escape you, when you break the seal of this letter. But pray, what do you think I am made of? Do you think I have no mind, and no memory, and no heart, and that a day passes when I do not remember your kindness, and how much I enjoyed, and how happy I always was at your house; and imagine myself again making one of the delightful circle which I often met at your table, and around your hospitable fire. Do not think any such thing, and do not, good and kind lady, as you are, do me any such injustice. Believe me, that the kindness of yourself, and Sir Francis, and your family, will live in my mind as long as any thing remains, and retain its greenness and freshness, when every thing outside is sear and withered.

“ Well, Mr. Colman, how do you like Paris ? ” Very much, my lady, I assure you. “ Do you like it as well as London ? ” Now do not ask me any such question as that ; “ comparisons are odious ; ” I like England ; I like London ; I like English manners and English improvements ; I like my English friends, some of the best friends a man ever had, and having every claim upon my love and respect. I do not see that I need like Paris any the less, for all that. Now I’ll tell you what I think of Paris, but I know you will not ask me whether I like it better than London ; and, even if a suggestion of this sort should have waked up the combativeness of my dear friend, Marianne, the forensic philosopher, and she should insist upon making an argument about it, I shall be wise for once, and not answer her a word.

I should say at once, *you* know all about Paris, if it were not, that, to my surprise, I find that very few Londoners know any thing of Paris, excepting by hearsay, and very few Parisians know any thing in any other way about London. I met, last night, a highly educated and intelligent French gentleman, born, and living in Paris, who told me he had never been in London, and another, and another, though the two great capitals of the world, are only about twelve or sixteen hours apart. This comes partly, I suppose, from a difference in language, which constitutes a much more serious impediment than one would, at first, suppose ; and secondly, and chiefly, from the horrible wars and bloody rivalries, which, for so many years divided the two nations by a wall of prejudice and hatred, and almost by a channel of blood. I do not know that even a century of peace

would obliterate all these prejudices, which seem to me as strong on one side as the other. They are equally unworthy, and I may almost say, wicked, on both sides; and a curse, I think, may be expected to follow any English politician, any political firebrand, who would wish again to set them in a blaze, and open another eruption upon the world, with all its burning streams of lava, to spread ruin, and desolation, and misery, and death; and all this, professedly, on account of the marriage of a French boy and a Spanish girl; as if, compared with peace, it were of any sort of consequence to the world, if the whole race of legitimates, and kings and queens, were swept from the earth. But stay, I must mind what I say; you are a *subject*—I am a *republican*.

Paris is full of all that is beautiful; works of taste of the highest order; specimens of the fine arts, which are above all praise; palaces and churches and halls of unrivalled magnificence; monuments, whose grandeur makes the head dizzy; and works of genius and skill, which are transcendant, and destined to claim the enthusiastic admiration of the world for centuries to come. Things are done here upon a scale truly grand. There are said to be seven miles of pictures at Versailles, and the Louvre is a perfect wilderness of works of art, the gems and jewels of genius. The library of the city, open to everybody, not to look at, merely, but to read, at your pleasure, contains more than a million of volumes, and this only one among twenty large libraries, all of them accessible to the public. Twenty different courses of lectures, by some of the most eminent scholars in the world, are now given daily, on the most interesting

subjects of science, open without fee, to all who will avail themselves of them. At a ball at the palace, a few nights since, seven thousand five hundred invitations were given out, and a proportionate number of persons attended; an elegant supper, oysters, game, poultry, &c., to say nothing of pastry and confectionary, and an unlimited supply of champagne, as well as other wines; at which the guests were all seated, the ladies first, and afterward the gentlemen. I left, about two o'clock, and the order and arrangements were as easy and comfortable as at Twenty-seven, Bedford Place, at a *soirée*. Nothing could be more elegant, and no guest was overlooked or neglected, and there was not in any part, the slightest crowding or confusion. But I will not anticipate what I mean at a future time to tell you, in another form.

I hope, my dear lady, yourself or some of the firm will do me the kindness to let me know how you all are, this winter. Here, the weather has been agreeable enough, though sometimes severely cold, especially with brick floors, and wood sold by the pound, at about the same price as mahogany.

I beg to be particularly remembered to your father, and to Sir Francis; and if the young ladies will suffer such an *old* fellow as I am, to send my *love* to them, tell them they have as much as this letter will carry. After all, it may be much safer than if it came from a *young* fellow. Let me assure you, my dear lady, of my most sincere respect. Yours truly.

LETTER CL.

Paris, 25th February, 1847.

MY DEAR M——:

I HAD the pleasure of your two letters, one of December, and the other of January 29th. They presented an affecting contrast, such as is too often witnessed in life to create surprise. I am extremely anxious to hear again from you, as A——'s state of health gives me great concern. The loss of her dear son, and her sickness at the same time, must have taxed her mental as well as physical strength to the utmost. I am too happy in thinking she has in this season of trial the consolation of your presence.

I am happy to say to you that I consider myself quite as well as I have reason to expect to be. When I look at the many examples of destitution and misery, and *friendless* sickness, constantly presented to me, and learn from the daily prints the wretchedness and agony to which thousands upon thousands, within two or three days journey of me are subjected, I feel that it would be the height of ingratitude for me to complain of any thing. The wretchedness of the poor Irish is beyond all description; that of many parts of Scotland is quite equal; and London abounds with an incalculable amount of misery which scarcely sees the light. I have just been reading an account of a poor girl of twenty-eight years old, who two days since presented herself at the Police Court in

London. She was a person of education, of lady-like appearance and manners, and had been a governess in a nobleman's family at Berlin. Here, having completed her engagements, she came to London, hoping to find another situation; after spending what little money she brought with her, she was reduced to the dire necessity of pawning all her garments, for the sake of procuring food, and had been twenty-four hours without food or fire during this inclement weather. She was anxious, if nothing else could be obtained, to open a school for young children. In London, under such circumstances, without money or friends, and at such a season, for a young lady of education to be thrown upon the world, it would seem scarcely possible to imagine a more painful and wretched condition. But London is full of cases as wretched, which never came to the light; and so is Paris, and so is almost every great city in this part of the world, where the contrasts of extreme poverty and enormous wealth; of the most abject destitution and the most profuse and prodigal luxury, are continually presenting themselves, to confound all our reasonings on the subject of the distribution of property, and almost to extinguish all hopes for the amelioration of the condition of society.

I have been but twice at the theatre, for eight weeks, and not more than three times before. . . .
Mr. Green, the banker, gave an elegant ball to the Americans, on Washington's birth night, which I had the pleasure to attend. Lady Normanby, the lady of the English Ambassador, did me the honor of an invitation to her splendid soirée, where were about a thousand of the most distinguished persons in the country; and these are all the public places or parties of any

importance, which I have attended, or have wished to attend; in these cases, I have been more from a desire to see French life and society, than for any other reason. On the night of the carnival, I looked in, likewise, upon three masked balls; places which are, in my opinion, odious for their riot and extravagance, and detestable for their immorality.

I have been to visit again, *Père Le Chaise*, and the Cemetery of *Mont Martre*, which is equally interesting; the chapel built over the spot where Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, were interred; and the chapel erected upon the place where the Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of the present king, was thrown from his carriage, and killed. These are places creating a most intense interest.

The Chapel Expiatoire, near the end of the Rue Madeleine, is well deserving of a visit. In my opinion, it is a perfect gem of art, and cannot be too much admired for the simplicity both of its exterior and interior. It is entered by a considerable flight of steps, through a long passage and a vestibule or portico detached from the church, and presenting, with the church, a beautiful specimen of architectural taste and skill. The chapel itself would scarcely contain more than two hundred people, and may be considered rather as a funeral monument than as a place of religious worship. It is lighted entirely from above; and the altar within is remarkable for its plainness, and is ornamented with the usual furniture of catholic worship. On the right side of the church, upon entering, in a semi-circular recess on a raised pedestal, is a figure of the king, Louis XVI. in marble, of the size of life, in his royal robes

and with his arms extended in the attitude of supplication, while a winged angel is supporting his head. On the other side, in a corresponding recess, is a statue of the queen, Marie Antoinette, in a kneeling posture, while a figure in robes, supposed to represent Faith, is presenting the cross to her, to which she seems to be looking with intense fervor. The angel supporting the king is pointing with his finger towards heaven; the queen's flowing locks overspread her shoulders; and this, like every other statue which I have seen of her, is distinguished for its remarkable beauty of countenance and expression. Beneath the statue of the king, on the front of the pedestal, is a transcript of his will; and in front of that of the queen, a copy of a letter written by her to the Princess Elizabeth.

The chapel was erected in honor of these unfortunate victims of revolutionary madness, by Louis XVIII. The bodies of Louis XVI. and his beautiful queen were buried here. The ground was purchased by an eminent loyalist, who carefully marked the spot where this affecting deposit was made, and converted it into an orchard, that the graves might not be recognized and desecrated by a mob, whose vindictiveness and ferocity knew no bounds. It is said that the loyal owner of the grounds sent every year a bouquet, gathered from the graves of her parents, to the Duchess d'Angouleme; an act most beautiful in its taste and sentiment. After the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne, this chapel was, by his authority, erected to commemorate this spot so full of affecting associations; but the remains of the king and queen were disinterred and removed to the royal vaults in the cathedral church of

St. Denis, the common burying place of a long line of French kings and princes.

The grounds around the chapel, and the approaches to it, are lined with cypress trees, that every thing may be in keeping with the painful recollections inevitably connected with it. In the vaults under the chapel are monuments which mark the spots where the bodies were interred. The chairs in the church are covered with crimson velvet, which seemed to indicate that it was frequented only by the higher classes. In the niches of the wall are several gilt candelabras, and the chapel, when lighted for an evening service, must be singularly beautiful, and the rays reflected from the statues of marble of purest white, must give them an extraordinary splendor.

The Chapel of St. Ferdinand, erected upon the spot where the Duke of Orleans met his sad fate, and to commemorate that affecting event, is full of pathetic associations. In returning home from an afternoon drive, his horses became restive and unmanageable, and leaping from the carriage, he fell and fractured his skull; sensibility was destroyed, and after two or three hours death ensued. This happened in 1842. He was taken up and carried into a neighboring grocery, where he lingered until his death, surrounded by the king and queen, some of his brothers and sisters, and several professional and distinguished characters. He was the heir-apparent to the throne, and his disposition and character made him a favorite of his family and universally so with the people.

The estate was purchased by the king, and on the very spot where he died, this chapel was erected. Its

exterior is tasteful, and its interior singularly plain. Over the altar is a beautiful statue of the virgin and child, and on the right hand side of the chapel at entering, on a pedestal, is a full-length statue of the dying prince, laying his head at the feet of the figure of an angel stretching out her hands in a posture of devotion. This last figure, which is exquisitely wrought in marble, is the actual work of his sister, the Princess Marie, who died some time before him, and was distinguished for her taste in the fine arts. It was intended for another purpose, but with great taste adapted by the artist, who sculptured the figure of the prince, to this object, for which one might suppose it was originally designed. Descending a few steps behind the altar, you reach the room which formed the kitchen of the grocery, where the young prince expired. Here is a striking painting of the whole group brought together by that event. The Queen is kneeling with her head inclined upon his side; the king, himself, is kneeling at his feet, with an expression of mute, but intense grief; two of the brothers, and two sisters, are standing near; the priest is administering extreme unction to the dying man, and some of the king's ministers and attendants are in the back ground. The expression of the whole group corresponds with the nature of the occasion, and is extremely affecting.

The chairs in the body of the church, are covered with black, and the seats embroidered; the work, it is said, of the Queen and the princesses. In the same yard, is a small building, designed as a resting place for the queen, or any other of the royal family, when they come to visit the place. Every thing within is of a

simple and sombre character. Two clocks are in one of the rooms, one of which marks the hour when the accident happened, the other, when he expired. There is, likewise, a full length portrait of the Prince, representing him as he appeared previous to the accident, which contrasts most strikingly with his appearance just before he expired.

The queen and family were, it seems, devotedly attached to him. The place so full of afflictive associations, and most tender reminiscences, is one of very frequent and habitual resort to them. Here they come, frequently, to indulge their tender recollections, and to cherish sentiments of affection among the most beautiful with which the human heart is endowed.

I have, likewise, been to the palace of St. Cloud, the most splendid establishment I have yet seen, and the favorite palace of Napoleon; and in that neighborhood, I visited the manufacture of Porcelain at Sèvres, of the beauty of which it is impossible for words to convey an idea. You may judge of the expensiveness of some of the articles, when I tell you that a single picture was valued at \$10,000; two vases, at \$7,000; and dessert plates, at \$40 each. Of course, none but the largest fortunes can indulge in such luxuries as these, but I could enjoy the inspection of them as much as those who owned them. I do not give you any extended description of these, for that I have already written in another place, which you will presently have the opportunity of inspecting.

The weather here, of late, has been very cold; the ice is abundant, but snow is rare in the city, though there has been much in the country. I have not, however,

found the expense of fuel here, more than it was in England. Fuel is very much dearer, wood being from \$25 to \$28 per cord, and coal much dearer than in England. But in England, coal being abundant and cheap, we used it without stint, and I seldom went out without ordering the servant to keep up a good fire; here I practise, like other people, the most rigid economy of fuel, and do not burn in any case more than is absolutely necessary, always taking my fire apart when I leave the house, and never suffering any fuel to be wasted. My room has not been kept nearly so warm as in England, but it has been sufficiently so, and I think I have had fewer colds, and have actually suffered less from exposure than in London. The French, themselves, exercise the most severe frugality in fuel, many of them being entirely without fire through the whole winter, excepting for cooking, and then burning charcoal only; and some of the coldest days this winter, I have seen, I may almost say, hundreds of women tending shops, with open doors, and without bonnets, and sitting down at work at their needle, or attending their stalls in the markets and in the public squares, without any thing but a cap and a shawl, though I am told they take care to be well fortified with under-garments. Every day, you may see in the public gardens and the Elysian fields, hundreds, and I should be almost safe in saying thousands of women, nurses, with only caps on their heads, for this class never wear bonnets, with fine, healthy children in their arms, whom they take out, rain or shine, cold or hot, for air and exercise. Adieu.

LETTER CLI.

TO MRS. B——.

Paris, 3d March, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

So it seems that you are determined not to write another word, and to leave me in all the anxious uncertainty as to the progress of events of which Mr. P—— was kind enough to announce the auspicious commencement. Whether you have grown lazy, or stingy, or obstinate, I am quite at a loss to conjecture ; but you know how desirous I am to learn if affairs continue as prosperous as we could desire. In Paris, nine days are considered quite sufficient to restore a patient, and you see all over the city signs to this effect ; houses, upon the corner of which you see a whole length picture of a woman, well dressed, somewhat like a nurse, holding a child in her arms, and an inscription at the bottom, offering the services of a *feme sage*, and promising board, lodging, and all necessary attendance for nine days, upon moderate terms. I was much amused and not a little electrified by the sight, in one of the streets, of a brilliantly painted sign of this description, in which the woman had no child in her arms, but a basket before her, containing three or four undressed babies — a kind of litter of children — the very idea of which, considering the hardness of the times and the price of bread, could Lord John Russell have shown it in the House of Commons, would have driven half of

the members home in a fit of desperation. Now, then, my dear friend, do let me know how things go on, and how the good lady plays the part of a mother, and bears her blushing honors. I wrote to her just before the advent of the stranger.

We have had winter here in earnest for about six or eight days. The weather has been dry, but bitterly cold; and after some warm promises, which preceded this cold weather, some coloring of the branches of the trees, and some swelling of the buds, nobody has been found civil enough to bid it welcome. It is much better, however, to have the cold weather at the beginning than at the close of March, and a cold commencement of the month is supposed to augur a mild conclusion. The weather, however, seems to me, though everywhere one of the most fruitful topics, yet one of the last things to complain of. What can we do about it? When I hear people say, "I like such and such weather; or, I should like to have it a little warmer or a little colder; or, we ought to have some rain now; or, some dry weather at another time," I am always disposed to inquire what is the use? We are perfectly helpless in the matter; we can determine, we can control nothing; we cannot model it to our wishes, and if it were modelled according to our wishes, it would undoubtedly be very much against the convenience or interest of other people. What is the use, therefore, of giving ourselves the least concern about it, excepting so far as to adapt our own feelings and measures to its changeableness and uncertainties? If I were disposed to give a lesson in philosophy, I mean the philosophy of life, that, indeed, which more concerns us than any thing else, I should

say this is universally a good rule of conduct. What event in life can we control beyond our own conduct? how little can we determine our destiny? how imperfectly do we understand what would be really best for us? and what is the true art of living wisely? Certainly not a habit of desiring that we could arrange every thing around us according to our wishes, but of arranging our whole conduct, and disciplining our own minds to meet all the uncertainties which lie in our path, and the changes which we must encounter.

I should like exceedingly to see E—— with a child upon her knee; so glittering as I know she will appear, so proud and so complacent. Mr. P—— professes to have little philoprogenitiveness, but this will bring it out, and, united with his amativeness, or, more properly, his conjugality, for I do not know how else to express it, I shall expect him to become quite an amateur in the nursery. Heaven send them prosperity! He writes me that one of the N——'s is “going over to the enemy;” I presume, from his account, the charming peach-blossom. The man “who finds acceptance there” must be congratulated for his good fortune. Yours truly.

LETTER CLII.

TO MRS. Y——.

Paris, Sunday, 27th March, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

YOUR letter of the 25th has just come to hand, warm and sparkling, like your own nature; and I should do

myself a hardship if I delayed a moment to express my grateful acknowledgment of what has given me so much pleasure. I began to think my English friends had forgotten me ; and I know few things in this world that could happen which would give me so much pain. I will entirely acquit, in this case, my dear friend, Mrs. B——, against whom I cannot find it in my heart to complain ; but here is E——, promising, promising, and making up all sorts of pretty faces at me, but never sending one word of consolation in my Siberian exile. Pray tell me, does this rising star, just peeping above the horizon, so engross the adoration of this pattern household, that friends and every thing else are forgotten ? I did not believe she was half so selfish. But I suppose I shall be told “there *never was such a child* ;” ah, very likely ; perhaps there never was a child before ; and I shall expect nothing else on my return than to find the bell-pull at Middleton Square tied up in a beau-knot, with a brilliant satin ribbon, the marble steps covered with red baize, and a detachment of the police, by order of the government, stationed near the house, that the common people may not even see the idol through the window. Pray send her a grave lecture on the occasion, if it is possible for you to look grave on any occasion, and appeal to her good principles, and let her know that though love may *begin* at home it must not *end* there ; and that really children are not such wonderful things after all, as any body may see, who will take the trouble to go to the Crèche here, where they are as thick as blackberries. The Crèche is the place where the poor mothers leave their children in the morning, in the care of some kind women who have a large philo-

progenitiveness and no other means of gratifying it than by pet cats or dogs, or other people's children, and go off to their work until night. One has only to enter one of these Crèches, which are most benevolent institutions and to be found in every one of the twelve arrondissements of Paris, to delight himself with the mixed and charming music of these nightingales — quite equal to an opera chorus. I suppose they contribute some artificial means to quiet their noisy tribe, and perhaps, in case of extremity, dose them off, as in the reports to Parliament the Manchester mothers are said to do, with Godfrey's cordial, or some other of those charming drugs, which that useful class of men, the apothecaries and chemists of the Malthusian school, stimulated by the fashionable doctrines of political economy, are so ready to invent. Beg E—— by no means to trust her precious possession out of her hands, for though, as you see, I do not think much of babies, I am anxious to see this eighth wonder of the world, and to see the mother as a mother, whom I consider the ninth wonder of the world.

So it seems, according to your own account, you have grown very old and ugly. Can it be so? do you mean I shall understand it so? or am I to regard it as an orthodox confession of sinfulness, which is only so much good, pious talk? My surprise in the case, if I must believe the account, is, that it could have happened so suddenly. I dare say, as the spring weather has commenced, you have begun already, after the fashion of the opening flowers, to appear in silks and feathers, and I have no doubt that if I could suddenly make my appearance any fine day in April on the nursery ground at Islington, I should find you strutting down there among the

children and nurses, with all that matronly pride, mixed with that girlish simplicity, which so much becomes you, and woe be to the poor fellow who, under such circumstances, would even dare think of any thing old or ugly in your presence. By the way, speaking of street nurses, there is not a sight in Paris, this sight-full city, which so much delights me, as the garden of the Tuilleries on any pleasant day, when there are to be seen collected, at the least a thousand, and I dare say I have seen two thousand at a time, of nurses and children, and oftentimes their parents — the children playing, the nurses sewing or gossiping, and the parents either enjoying the sports of their children, or working or reading in the open air, on the benches or chairs; the nurses with their clean aprons and white caps, not a bonnet to be seen among them, and the children dressed with a beauty and taste perfectly delightful. The other day I was amusing myself for half an hour in seeing five little girls, the largest of them not more than seven years old, jumping upon the same rope, and keeping it up with an enthusiasm and success quite delightful. I have not, myself, yet tried any experiments at jumping rope, but I find my old clay actually grows warm when I see so many of these beautiful little creatures as happy as their natures admit of. A long face in Paris, an ill-dressed person, a ragged, dirty person, what might properly be called a vagabond, is not to be seen. This is certainly very extraordinary. Is it so in London?

My dear friend, kiss the children for me; do be good and let me hear from you a little oftener; it is a real work of charity, and the sands in my glass you know are nearly run out. Your husband has always my best

regards. I only wish he had a better wife, but certainly not another. Many people have not one half as good. Yours affectionately.

LETTER CLIII.

TO MRS. B——.

Paris, 29th March, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I SUPPOSE our letters must have crossed each other on the way, and I dare say without any recognition; it would not be so with the writers themselves, I am sure, if they knew each other's progress. I thought you would pronounce a severe judgment upon the speech which I sent you, and it was, I confess, very unbecoming in the orator to deliver such an one; however, as I live in a country where indulgences are sold, I have made my confession, and have got absolution. A charming thing it is, to find these spiritual *blanchiseuses* at hand, ready, if you are ever so spotted and dirty, to wash you out, and turn you again upon the world clean and fresh. I am a Catholic for all such occasions. I hope none of my friends on the other side of the channel require any such purification.

I like Paris extremely, but you might as well undertake to pull my limbs off, as to draw away at all, or loosen in any degree, my attachment to my English friends. Now put these out of the question, and let me tell you some of the differences between England and France.

As a city, Paris is more elegant than London. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the English parks; but the public gardens in Paris are numerous, extensive, and open to everybody.

The public buildings in Paris are more splendid, and more elegantly furnished, than in London; and more than that, they are all open to the public free of charge on certain days.

There are, as I have observed in a former letter, many public libraries in Paris, containing, not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of volumes, most of them open to the public free of charge.

There are full and various courses of lectures on arts and sciences, by the most eminent men living, continually going on, all open gratuitously to the public.

The tuition at the schools of law and medicine and fine arts, &c., &c., &c., is of the highest order, and costs nothing.

The modes of living are very much more convenient and independent than in London.

I was told there was no such thing as *comfort* in Paris. The *comforts* of living are much greater in Paris than in London.

The general manners of the Parisians are more courteous than in London. In getting into public places, operas, or theatres, there is no crowding; no one can go in before his turn; only two persons can enter at a time; and, if you leave your seat, you have only to leave your glove, your handkerchief, or even your newspaper upon it, and you are sure to have it again, and your glove and handkerchief into the bargain. In churches, Catholic and Protestant, there are no distinc-

tions of rank ; the man in his blouse, and the lady in her satins, sit down side by side. In some churches you pay a penny for a chair ; in most churches you pay nothing ; in all there are plenty of free seats.

All the galleries, pictures, sculpture, &c., &c., are open, on certain days, indiscriminately to the public.

With one single gross exception, the streets in Paris are as clean as in London ; the public conveyances much better ; their drivers are better dressed, and the *voitures* and carriages much cleaner. The driver being always required to give you his number on a card when you enter, and the table of fares being posted up in the carriage, you are secure against imposition. The omnibuses are so wide that you can get in and out without crowding your neighbors, and there is an iron bar or strap overhead to steady your passage, — besides, they are always lighted at night.

The streets at night are more quiet than in London. None of those unfortunate creatures, who infest the streets of London, by night and by day, are ever suffered to show themselves before candle lighting ; they are not permitted, under the severest penalties, to speak to any person without encouragement, and are at once taken to prison, if they are found in the streets after eleven o'clock.

Then again, here is scarcely a beggar to be found, and never an importunate one ; a barefooted or ragged person is not to be met with ; I have not seen six persons excited by liquor, and not a drunken person since I have been here, and never but in a single case saw a woman drinking in a public wine-shop ; and literally, when I have offered money to persons whom I took to

be real objects of charity, my kindness has been firmly but politely declined.

The English are full of prejudices against the French. I do not mean to do the English any injustice ; but I as little desire to do any injustice to the French.

In the art of living comfortably, happily, and frugally, I do not believe that any people are superior to the French. They have gross faults, I dare say ; but I cannot say that, as yet, I have been, in the slightest measure, or under any circumstances, defrauded or ill-used ; and, though I was told I should find double prices in every shop, I have found it to be the case no oftener than in other places. French cooking is not to my taste ; but the French markets in poultry, vegetables, fruits, fish, and flowers, are far superior to any which I have seen, and in the excellent manner in which things are brought to market, they are preëminent. It is impossible to exaggerate the cleanliness and beauty of the French markets. The market in the *Faubourg St. Germain* is a perfect model of neatness and order. The dress and manners of the market-women, too, even the fish-women in the great markets, is equally creditable. The women, in all the markets and shops, keep the books and accounts, and, in this respect, show a thorough mercantile education. Yours truly.

LETTER CLIV.

Paris, 30th March, 1847.

MY DEAR M—:

PARIS cannot be called a cheap place to live in ; yet, a person lives here, I believe, with more independence than anywhere. Private houses and lodging houses here, are universally called hotels. Though you are piled up in them seven strata deep, nobody knows his neighbors, either above, below, or at the side of him. Persons live both sides of my chamber, and have done so for months ; nothing but a partition separates us. We come out into the same entry, we ascend and descend the same staircase ; but so far from knowing who they are, or what they are, I do not even know them by sight. I did not even know the names of the landlord of the house, or the landlady, until I had been here for months.

Paris is now getting to be delightful. I have seen nothing, in beauty and magnificence, to exceed it ; and in so numerous a population, it seems to me impossible to find more evidences of thrift. The industry and economy of the people, too, are most striking ; which, especially so far as the women are concerned, exceed any thing known in England or in the United States. Every body is well dressed, well-behaved, and cheerful. The streets are safe by night and by day. I went the other night with a friend familiar with Paris, at midnight, through what are deemed the very worst parts of Paris.

The streets were as quiet as they would be in a country town, and I felt as secure as I should have done to have gone at the same hour from one end of Salem to the other. Not a woman is ever to be seen unattended, in the streets of Paris, after eleven o'clock at night, unless she be some nurse, or poor servant, or can give a good account of herself. I am told all this is the effect of a strict and numerous police. Well, then, I am content to have a strict police. If the vicious cannot be controlled, so that the well-disposed and virtuous may be secure without bayonets, I am content to have bayonets. The police will do me no harm, unless I wish, or attempt to do wrong; and then, of course, it is as well for myself, as society, that I should be restrained. I at first looked at these armed policemen and soldiers, both in London and Paris, with a shudder, but I feel happy in the perfect security which they give, and I regard them now with a grateful confidence. Sometimes they may abuse their power, but the government take the utmost care to prevent any such abuses. A man has always liberty enough, if he has liberty to do any thing which is right; if he wants the liberty to do wrong, he ought not to have it.

Mr. S——, leaves for Boston in the steamer of the 19th inst., with his family. He buried one daughter at Naples, a beautiful and lovely young lady, about eighteen years old; full of brightness and promise, loving and beloved, happy and making others happy, who there was suddenly crushed, like a full-blown flower, when the stem is broken. His other daughter, a charming young lady, was married here a fortnight ago. Their kindness to me has been most exemplary. I have dined with them once a week, through the winter; and I can-

not tell what pleasure it has been to me, to feel that I had here a kind of home ; for home, home, home, after all, in spite of all appearances, is the object, dearest of all others, to my heart ; and I believe in my soul, that if I was suddenly without any previous arrangement or expectation, set down among you, I should die of excitement.

Mr. and Miss Joy have likewise been extremely kind and polite, and Mr. and Mrs. Morey ; all of whom are looking to their native shores with strong interest, and point their faces homeward this spring. The attentions of Lord Normanby, the British ambassador, to me, have been most kind. I had staid with him and the Marchioness three days, at the Duke of Bedford's ; but this gave me no claim upon him, and I should not have felt at liberty to call on him. But Lady Normanby is the sister of Lady Hardwicke, and she or Lord Hardwicke gave me a letter, which, after being in Paris a month, I left, with my card. Any kind of invitation would, in ordinary cases, have paid that debt, if it must be so considered. But they have invited me to two magnificent soirées, once to a most elegant dinner party, and last night I received another invitation to dine next week. This is very kind. Besides, they have asked me to visit 'them at other times, without ceremony ; but thus knowing their constant and numerous engagements, I have invariably declined, and have only left my card.

The Count de Gourey, a most excellent man, and full of agricultural knowledge and enthusiasm, has been most devoted in his attentions ; and Count Kergorlay, a gentleman of improved information, and delightful manners, has rendered me many attentions. I have been much

obliged, likewise, by the civilities of Mrs. Austin, well known in the literary world, the mother of Lady Duff Gordon, with whom I had the honor of an acquaintance in London ; who has held what is called a *reunion*, every week ; where I was accustomed to meet the most refined, both of English and French society. The Marchioness de Lavalette has likewise honored me with many attentions, and every American experiences the polite hospitalities of Mr. Green, the American banker, and his agreeable family.

Mr. Vattemare leaves for the United States in April, with many thousand volumes, as a present to the different States, and to the United States. I hope you will see him. His enterprise of establishing an international exchange is a noble one, and I believe quite disinterested. Adieu.

LETTER CLV.

Paris, 4th April, 1817.

MY DEAR M—:

YOU must not, after this, feel any disappointment if my letters are not regular, as I do not know in what condition or position I shall be to write, and you will not expect to hear from me oftener than once a month. It is remarkable that, during so long a separation, I believe not one of our letters has been lost or miscarried.

Since I wrote to you, I have been constantly in attendance upon the Agricultural Congress which met here, until its adjournment on Friday. One day I

attended an agricultural show at Poissy, about eighteen miles from town, by railroad ; and I spent yesterday at a most interesting and really magnificent establishment, the Veterinary School, at Alfort, about eight miles from the city. This week I propose to go to Grignon, to see an agricultural school and model farm ; to Versailles, and also to Rambouillet, to look at some superior flocks of sheep ; and to some of the cattle markets, which I have not yet seen. This, with three dinners abroad — one at Lord Normanby's, one at Count Kergorlay's, and one at Mr. Green's — will, with my writing, I think, quite use up the week. If dinners in Europe came, as they do in Boston, at midday, or two o'clock in the afternoon, there would be no time for any thing.

Passion week has just closed, and to-day has been Easter Sunday, a high festival in the church. You would think, if you were here in the churches, that the Parisians were the most religious people in the world ; and, if church-going and worship constituted religion, it would be a just inference. Our four-days' meetings and revivals bear very little comparison, for intensity and punctuality, to the observances which prevail here ; and I believe the Protestant churches are as crowded as the Catholic, though the worship at the former is not, as at the latter, going on at all hours. At Mr. Coqueril's church — the great Protestant church in the city — seventy-five persons were received to-day at the communion, and the church, which holds two thousand persons, was crammed so as to render the admission of hundreds impossible, more than an hour before the service. To-night all the theatres will be full in the same way, and many of them will, undoubtedly, be filled with

the same persons, who were at church, and who now, at the close of Lent, feel at liberty to find some compensation for a long abstinence in a little extraordinary recreation. Paris, however, presents the greatest diversity of aspect. To-day, when I came out of the church, I found a juggler and tumbler, with his three children, performing all sorts of antics, to an immense crowd, immediately before the door.

I attended service to-day at St. Sulpice — one of the largest Catholic churches in the city, and splendid beyond any description which I can give. I have no doubt there were six thousand people there, and hundreds of them standing; and, including the priests who officiated, and all who were about the altar, there were full two hundred ministers of every description. I cannot think of any thing more splendid and gorgeous than the robes and dresses of the crowd of priests around the altar. The music from two organs at different ends of the church was continued through almost the whole service, and the chanting of some of the psalms was sublime. There were bowings, and kneelings, and crossings, and kissings of books and cups and plates, enough to satisfy the largest veneration.

On Friday I attended the grand service at Notre Dame, where the Archbishop officiates; and here I saw the relics presented, to be adored and kissed by thousands upon thousands, such as a piece of the real cross, one of the nails with which our Saviour was fastened to the cross, and the crown of thorns. I took pains to stand within eight feet of the persons presenting and the persons kissing these relics, or, otherwise, I am afraid I never should have been convinced, that respectable and

educated, and, I believe, really religious people, could have the presumption to practise, in so open and barefaced a manner, what appears to us as the grossest impositions. When, however, they bring themselves to believe that the wafer, which the priest dispenses to the communicants, is a real piece of the flesh of Jesus, I see no difficulty in their believing any thing, and deciding that Jonah swallowed the whale, instead of the whale having swallowed Jonah.

I have nothing to say against any person's religion ; but, with the best attention I can give to the subject, I could never find the shadow of a shade of the Roman Catholic worship in the New Testament.

But, at the same time, it must be admitted, that no other form or ritual is prescribed there ; the Dissenters' dull and dry forms, and the Quakers' no forms, no more than the Episcopal or the Catholic ceremonial ; and, therefore, this is best left to the judgment and reason of every man, according to the dictates of a larger or smaller veneration, that being the best form for any one man, which best calls out, expresses, strengthens, and renders active the great principles of duty, reverence to the Supreme Being, and love to his fellow men.

The Catholic religion is a religion of immense power, and has a hold upon the minds of men, even the most cultivated and intelligent, which may be accounted for, first, by the force of education and habit, of whose imperious influence, in all cases, we do not need examples ; and secondly, in that the religious sentiment in the human mind is distinct from the reasoning powers, and men feel that there is a merit and a duty in yielding to this sentiment even against reason, — perhaps the more

merit from its being against reason, as the eminent Bossuet remarks, that "the noblest sacrifice which man can offer to God, is the sacrifice of his reason to his faith." There is one matter strongly to recommend the Catholic religion, which is, that they hold to the merit of good works, — that alms-giving is an absolute duty; and I believe there is no class of Christians who do so much as the Catholics for the relief of the poor and distressed.

I never in my life felt so much the value of Sunday, as since I have been in Paris. Throughout the greater part of the city, there is no difference between Sunday and any other day. Business and pleasure go on with the same activity and impetuosity as on any other day, excepting only that on Sunday afternoon many of the shops are closed, pleasures are a little more brisk, and the streets and public gardens and public places are all crowded with human beings, in their gayest attire and most cheerful manners. I hardly know how many of them live, devoted so to business three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

The population in Paris is much more closely packed than in London, — for, though London contains, it is said, two millions of people, and Paris twelve hundred thousand, yet in London they are spread over a much greater surface, and in Paris are at least seven strata deep.

The spring is at present backward and cold, and we had some snow on Friday; but we may look for favorable weather very soon and the rapid progress of vegetation.

My next letters will, I hope, be dated from Belgium. I do not feel very happy to set off alone upon an expe-

dition through countries of which I do not know one word of the language; but I am told that English is often spoken, at least in public places, and that French is well nigh universal. I shall make no unnecessary delay, and feel most anxious now to be at home.

I desired you in my last to call on Mrs. S——, as soon as you hear of their arrival, and thank them for their kindness to me. They leave Paris with the highest respect of all who have had the pleasure of their acquaintance. It is impossible people should have behaved with more liberality and hospitality than they have done, without the slightest attempt at any ostentatious display. Adieu.

LETTER CLVI.

TO MRS. B——.

Paris, 13th April, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

IN point of number of letters, I believe you are in my debt; in point of value, the balance is on the other page of the account, and I am irretrievably bankrupt. I wish I could effectually appeal to your generosity; and where the obligations of duty do not come in force, try to get something out of that disinterested kindness for which your friends give you so eminent a reputation. Next to the sight of a friend, and the touch of a friend, and the hearing of the charming voice of a friend, is that of a letter, breathing only love and good will, feeling almost warm to the touch, and making the heart melt.

I am about once more to tax your kindness. I shall give a letter to a friend of mine, who goes to London this week, on her solitary voyage. She passed through Paris to Rome in December last, with her husband, in pursuit of the recovery of his health, a hopeless errand, for there she has left him, and she returns home desolate. He was bred a physician, and being a man of fortune, he did not practise, but devoted himself to scientific pursuits, in which he became eminent, and has departed with the universal regret, and as he lived, with the universal esteem of those who knew him. I wish you would see her; she would feel at home with any friends of mine.

I have given up all hopes of improvement this side of the grave; what chance of improvement I shall have beyond it, I wish I knew. I hope for the best. Most of us believe we get some light upon this subject from the Scriptures. For my part, I have not yet found it. They are full enough as to the certainty of a future life, and as to a moral retribution, but they teach us nothing of the place or the conditions. What priests inculcate, and what multitudes believe on this matter, is of little moment. If the next world is as good as this, I shall be very well satisfied; if it is better than this, I shall be much more satisfied, and especially if it brings with it the power of improving by our experience here. Yet I do not know that we should take advantage of that experience. Few men, certainly, take advantage of their experience here, but go on making the same mistakes day after day, tumbling into the same holes from which they have just been extracted with great difficulty, even before the mud is dry upon their clothes; and

resemble the poor fly, who, after his wings have been singed and his legs burnt off, is seen struggling again, somehow or other, to drag his mutilated body into the blaze of the candle.

I leave for Belgium, by the first week in May. Pray let me hear from you before I leave, or I shall consider my own letters as unwelcome, and take the hint to hold my peace. I proceed from Belgium to Germany and Switzerland, and thence over the Alps. I shall have a feeling of home, when I get once more into the region of deep snows and glittering ices. Who knows that I shall not tumble into one of the deep crevices of the Glaciers, to be melted out in a state of extraordinary preservation some centuries hence, for some celebrated Buckland or Murchison, to place in their cabinets as a specimen of the extraordinary stature of the men who existed at that distant period. What a curious thing it would be, if, like the fly which Dr. Franklin speaks of, as corked up for nearly half a century in a bottle of old Madeira, I could wake up and see the alterations which have passed over the world, and the progress and improvements by which society will have been marked at that time.

I had rather live in England than anywhere else, abating the separation of those, who, according to Scripture, and according to nature, are a part of myself; though in point of beauty, splendor, magnificence, improvement, public order, universal arrangements and method, industry, economy, and sobriety, Paris is eminently distinguished. Adieu.

LETTER CLVII.

TO MRS. B——.

Paris, 14th April, 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I DESPATCHED a letter to you this morning, and in half an hour after it had gone, I had the gratification of one from yourself, and one from E——, both most welcome. At the same time I forwarded a small parcel to your address, to be mailed at Folkestone, to the new comer at Myddleton Square. I hope they will duly reach their destination. I shall be quite anxious to know what the young lady thinks of the letter, which you will find in the highest style of Oriental imagery, but perhaps not the less true for all that. I sent some articles for housekeeping, thinking it not impossible that she might take after her mother, and begin to think of marrying and managing as soon as she begins to think of any thing.

So, you desire an account of my Robinson Crusoe life in Paris, and I shall proceed to give it to you in plain prose, premising only by the way that you seem to me as familiar with Parisian phraseology, as if you had been born and bred *au septième* of a French *Hotel Meublè*.

I, then, Henry Colman, of lawful age, a citizen of the grand Republic of the United States, (hurrah for the thirteen stripes and stars!) and for many years a subject of her royal majesty, Queen Victoria, (God save the

Queen!) do depose and say, that I reside in a street of Paris called *La rue Chaussee D'Antin*, running from the *Boulevards* to *St. Lazare*, straight as an arrow, clean, well built, full of fine houses and fine shops, and magnificent hotels in court yards, and crowded from early dawn to late at night, I had almost said until the return of dawn, with carriages, chariots, omnibuses, chaises, wheelbarrows, ladies and women, (generally very handsome indeed) milk-maids, laundresses, grisettes, Lorettes, chiffonniers, fashionables, and Normandise with their butterfly caps; in short, one of the most public, and one of the busiest, and one of the pleasantest streets in the town.

I am in the fifth story — the lower floor is not counted, and the *entresol*, or second floor, is not counted; I am *au quatrieme*, and mount six flights of stairs to reach my resting place. Being fat and “pursy,” and having very short legs, you may depend upon it I have often wished for some elevating machine, by which the summit could be reached without having to double up my joints one hundred and thirteen times — for that is the number of stairs. Now young and ethereal persons like yourself, so gay, so transparent, so light of step, would go up like a sparrow a whole flight at a time.

From my eyrie-nest I look down upon the moving world with philosophic composure, and breathe an atmosphere far superior to the grovelling sons of earth below me — (ask the chemists if it is not so.) My nest, however, is very small. I have but one small room; three good closets; a brick floor, which I like, because it saves all noise, covered with a thick carpet; a bed, long enough if I don't grow any, which I have concluded not to do for the present; a chest of drawers, surmounted

by a stuffed parrot in a glass case, who looks very civilly at me, and says nothing, though I feel occasionally quite embarrassed at the closeness of his inspection; bed, linen, covering, most clean and excellent; an open fireplace, with a movable grate, which I purchased, and in which I burn dry wood and good coal; three easy chairs, and two with upright backs, which I prefer, for fear of affecting the grace of my movements; and, to crown the whole, three good-sized mirrors — so that, you see, I am never without company, though it is only the reduplication of that of which one sample is quite sufficient — certainly one at a time.

I breakfast in my own chamber at nine; rise at half-past six; get very hungry before breakfast comes. The servant brings my allowance of bread, butter, and cream. I boil my own teakettle; make my own tea; buy my own sugar, candles, &c.; have the Daily News to read in the morning — which sometimes, on account of the ill-temper which it shows towards America and France, obliges me to put more sugar than usual in my tea.

In *dishabille* I wear a gray frock coat, plaid waistcoat, gray trousers, silk neckcloth, black slippers, occasionally varnished; and look very grave and wise, when, raising my head from the table, I let my spectacles drop on the end of my nose and comb my few straggling gray hairs with my fingers, presenting in such cases a very fine study for an artist.

I have a man-servant for my *feme-de-chambre*; attentive to a fault, full of good nature, honest, and so willing to serve me, that I take care never to call on him for what I can do myself, and sometimes almost

frighten the cap off his head by my frantic gesticulations, when I cannot make him understand my French, though I understand it perfectly myself.

I stay in my room, extraordinaries excepted, always until three o'clock ; go sight-seeing ; dine at an English restaurant at five — can't live at a French *cafê* — dislike the French cooking — don't know whether you are eating frog, cat, or baby ; evening with friends or at the theatre, rarely at home ; get sleepy at eleven ; crawl to bed at twelve o'clock ; think of my dear friends in America and England ; sigh so hard as almost to untuck the bed clothes ; wish them all kind of blessings ; fancy I see them ; never knew I loved them half so much ; pray for them, and dream about them ; sleep quietly six hours ; try not to let the sun get up before me, though, I confess, to my shame, I sometimes find him peeping into my chamber to see if I am awake ; feel dreadfully about my sins always when I first awake, and try to quiet the pangs of conscience by a strong dose of good resolutions ; think again of my dear friends ; thank God from the bottom of my soul for his mercies ; and wonder why I am not a poor, miserable outcast, shivering, starving, naked Irishman, or beggar, as hundreds of others, whose claims seem as good as mine ; and am amazed that I have education, character, plenty to eat and drink, so much to make me happy, and, above all, friends, friends who love me, but who cannot love me half so well as I love them. But this won't do. I open my eyes ; spring out of bed ; take my cold bath ; raise the window, to breathe the cordial of cordials, the fresh and fragrant air of the morning ; and go again to a succession of labors and enjoyments.

I could not afford two rooms. I pay thirty-five francs a month, and ten francs for service. My breakfast and tea cost me — I don't know what — though an egg, for example, is five sous, and a small roll of bread, of which one can eat two, costs three sous. Tea is dearer than in England; sugar and candles cheaper; wood is sold by the pound, so is coal, and are both dear, though my fuel has not cost me more than in England, because of more economy in the use of it; dinner of roast beef, potatoes, apple-pie, cheese, bread, and half a bottle of wine are half a crown.

With all this, Paris is not home to me. I could have formed some very charming acquaintances, but I did not dare.

Now what an extraordinary letter, you'll say, this is; the old fellow's in his dotage and as garrulous as if he was eighty. *You* have provoked it. Your husband will want, with good reason, to know, what is to become of the housekeeping, if such letters are to be read and answered. Mr. G—— B——, that cynic as he is, like all other bachelors, crying out sour grapes whenever they see a fine cluster, will be for congratulating himself that he is monarch of all he surveys, and has no wife to write or to be written to. Be it so. Submit, my good friend, with all the philosophy you can, to the consequences of your own misdoings, and believe me ever faithfully yours.

LETTER CLVIII.

TO MRS. E. P.

Paris, 14th April, 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

THAT fault-finding sister of yours has just chosen to reprove me for not having written to Mr. P——, in answer to his valued letter. Pray what business is it of hers? Has she the care of the public morals? I'll have her to know that at present I am under the government of another sovereign, and that none of your English busy-bodies has any thing to do this side of the channel. I have written to you; one of my letters crossed his on the way; are not you and he one? don't you belong to the same firm of ——, Middleton Square, with a new junior partner? If nothing else will do, then understand *this* letter as to *him*; and if that will not do, I'll write one to him especially, full of *private confidential matter*, which I shall charge him not to show to you under any circumstances, and particularly not to that meddling sister of yours — looking into her neighbor's windows, peeping into every drawer, and lifting up the top-crust of every pie she comes near. Pray, do you have to apply to her to know what you shall have for dinner, and whether the baby shall have a blue or a pink ribbon to its cap? Only think, that impelled by her inveterate inquisitiveness, she has sent me as many questions as there are in the catechism, to know where I live, and how I live, and what I live upon, and

whether my slippers were down at the heel, and my coat out at the elbows, and my blue stockings (for I was always very blue, you know,) were darned with white and red yarn. But I have finished her. I have given her all the particulars, and suggested to her in an undertone, that her husband will be wanting to know what will become of the housekeeping if she goes on at this rate.

How does the wife of Mr. S—— P—— do? I hear you never were handsomer; never were happier; never appeared so well, and that you and your husband are living in a sort of Paradisaical state, such as it was before the serpent found his way into Eden. God bless you both! — all three — those who have come — all who may yet come; and in the beautiful language of the Psalmist, “May his light continue to shine into your tabernacle” and make it radiant with all the charms of the happiest domestic love and fidelity and harmony and mutual respect and confidence, which can grow and flourish upon an earthly soil.

I wrote to little *Miss P——*, the new comer, yesterday; my letter went this morning before your kind favor reached me; what do you think of that? the very end of December making love to the first soft morning and the first opening flower of May. I am about two hundred and forty times as old as she is. Was ever such a correspondence before? I choose to call it a correspondence, because if those little tiny fingers cannot hold a pen, I expect she will at once employ an amanuensis.

I have not much to say of myself. It was very kind in you to have a place reserved for me at your table, but if you will have one in your heart, be

it ever so small, for an old friend, and keep it full, I shall be more than satisfied. You, I see, are marrying and giving in marriage. Your brother, the lawyer, and Miss N—— are to be married, and this in spite of the hard times. As to lawyers, however, (do not report me,) they live upon the crimes and miseries of mankind. The law is, in itself, a noble profession, designed for the protection of society; the suppression of crime; the vindication of innocence; the defence of the oppressed and helpless; the elucidation of truth; the assertion of human rights; the defiance of despotic power. There are advocates who do justice and honor to the profession, and are the benefactors of society and the ornaments of human nature; but often the great and noble ends of the profession are perverted, and the practice becomes odious and unjust, bent wholly upon the mystification of truth, the security and escape of crime, and sometimes the abuse and ruin of innocence.*

* LORD BROUGHAM'S EXPLANATION OF THE DUTIES OF LEGAL COUNSEL, FROM HIS PUBLISHED SPEECHES.

In the defence of Queen Caroline, on the 3rd October, 1820, Mr. (now Lord) Brougham, (according to the editor of his "Speeches," published at Edinburgh, 1838, Vol. I., p. 105,) said, "I once before took leave to remind your lordships, which was unnecessary, but there are many whom it may be needful to remind, that an advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows in the discharge of that office but one person in the world—*that client and none other*. To save that client by all expedient means; to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and among others to himself, is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection!" The earnest tone of this profession, the talents and authority of the advocate, the greatness of the

Paris is full of objects of intense interest. It is full of charitable institutions, and of ready hearts and hands to execute the dictates of benevolence. Its hospitals are pat-

occasion which elicited it, demand attention to it, and bespeak some latent depth in these principles.

Legal Practice.—The most startling instance of the license of counsel that we can remember, almost transcending the exploit of Mr. Phillips in the defence of Courvoisier, has occurred on the Northern Circuit during the past week, if the reports that have appeared are correct. Two men, Reid and M'Cabe, were put upon their trial for the murders committed last summer at Mirfield. For one of the murders Reid had formerly been tried and acquitted. M'Cabe was now joined as an accomplice, on evidence that went to show his having been seen in close conversation with Reid soon after the murder. He had also strengthened suspicion against himself, by his own confused statements. The line of defence adopted by Reid's counsel, Mr. Seymour, was to charge M'Cabe with the murder, and to shift it by a very ingenious argument from off Reid's shoulders altogether. Mr. Justice Patteson's charge was strongly favorable to M'Cabe, but both the accused were found guilty. It then immediately transpired that before the trial Reid had made ample confession of the details of the murders *as committed by himself alone*; a confession meeting all the leading points of the evidence, so far as M'Cabe was concerned, but wholly exculpating him from the charge; and *that this confession had been communicated to Mr. Seymour, Reid's counsel, before the trial came on.* It remains to be seen what explanation Mr. Seymour can give for having, with this confession in his possession, sought to brand M'Cabe with the guilt of a murder which he knew to have been committed by his client. — *London Examiner, December 25th, 1847.*

REFINEMENTS OF THE LAW.

A trial took place not long since at the Old Bailey, of a man who had stolen a lady's reticule with money in it, from her arm, in the street, and was arrested in attempting to escape. The facts were proved; but the indictment charged him with stealing the lady's property, but as it was afterwards shown by his counsel that she was a married lady, and therefore could have no property in her own right, he was *discharged*.

EXQUISITE REFINEMENTS OF THE LAW.

Western Circuit, July 20th.

George Janes, indicted for maliciously wounding and maiming a horse. The horse was restive; he got off, pulled out the horse's tongue, cut off four or five inches of it, as was supposed, by wearing it against a sharp tooth, and then threw it in the horse's face. The horse had recovered, and the only difficulty was, that he could not eat corn as well as another horse.

The attorney contended that it was not a case to go to the jury. The evi-

terns of excellent management. I go to see its prisons next week ; a rare permission, seldom accorded to any stranger — not a pleasant service, but one full of interest. I visited last week a school for idiots and epileptics. What is the use of educating such subjects ? you will ask. The effect has been to raise hundreds of poor creatures from a condition of the deepest degradation, filth, squalidness, and bestiality, to a condition of cleanliness, comfort, and order, and to open to these poor benighted creatures, sources of enjoyment, interest, and occupation, in dancing, singing, playing, working at trades, drawing and painting, in all of which, I myself, with an amazement and gratitude which wholly unmanned me, saw that they had made considerable proficiency, and I may say, in some cases, had attained to a degree of excellence. That, then, is the blessed use of it. Yours truly.

dence showed no wounds in the count for wounding, inasmuch as the prisoner had used no instrument ; and it had been held that an injury was not a wounding unless inflicted by some instrument, so that where a party bit off the finger of another, the judges decided that it was not a wounding in the statute. He also contended that it was not a maiming under the statute, for two reasons ; first, in order to maim a horse, it was necessary that an injury should be done to some member, that was necessary for the horse's defence ; that the tongue was not such a member, and therefore it was no maiming ; and secondly, it was proved that the horse was none the worse for the injury, and it had been decided that in order to constitute a maiming, the injury must be a permanent one.

Mr. Bevan, for the prosecution, gave up the count for wounding, but contended that it was a good count under the maiming, and he cited a case where it had been decided that pouring vitriol into a horse's eyes was maiming by the statute.

Mr. Justice Wightman, having consulted Mr. Justice Patteson, decided that the objection with regard to maiming was not good ; but the second objection was fatal, there being no permanent injury (!!!!) The prisoner was therefore ACQUITTED. — *From the Times of July 22d, 1844.*

LETTER CLIX.

COLMAN'S MESSENGER.

Paris, 27th April, 1847. (Price one franc. — No. 1.)

To MRS. M——.

DEPARTURES. H. S——, Esq. and lady, (the other side of the water he is the Hon. H. S——, but republican titles are not current here,) for England, to the great regret of those whom they have left behind. Two intimate friends accompanied them to the railroad, heard the mutterings and whistling of the engine, which went through them like so many shocks from an electric machine, and saw the last risings of the curling clouds of smoke, as the companions of the prophet saw his ascension, with some pretty strong sighs, and wishes that they could be the companions of the voyage of these kind friends in the same fiery chariot. There was a faithful and devoted servant, a woman of fine feelings, present, who became quite liquid on the occasion; one of the friends, who mingled with his exquisite sympathy in the case a grateful sentiment of the aid which he had derived from this gentle creature's instructions, could not help exclaiming, in a compassionate tone, "poor girl! poor girl!" He has seldom been seen so much moved. The other friend seemed quite at a loss to know where he should go next to get a generous and balmy cup of tea, — balmy and generous alike to the imagination and taste, as to the senses. The afflicted

trio returned to their houses quite disconsolate, and are said to remain so. It will be seen what the *Fête de Roi* will do for them on Saturday next.

VAGUE AND SLANDEROUS REPORTS. There has been much speculation as to the cause of Mr. S——'s indisposition, and there is a sort of undercurrent still going on in the gossiping community. Most people attribute it to the extraordinary conduct of Mrs. S——, who has been spending a large fortune, and buying up half the milliners' and silk shops in Paris, — and who is expected to come out in Boston with an ostrich-plume upon her bonnet, and two birds of paradise upon her breast and shoulders, — and who seems bent upon going back at least twenty-five years in her style of dress and manners, if that would leave her any sensible existence; such is the effect of the Parisian atmosphere of taste and fashion. The old gentleman, the Hon. Mr. S——, being always a man of quiet and modest habits, is distressed at the idea of his lady's appearing in Boston like one of the most brilliant July fireworks. If she had been a Catholic, there might have been some hope of operating upon her through her confessor; but, being rather a free thinker, and independent in her way, the evil must be left to work its own cure.

Others conjecture that Mr. S——'s illness is probably attributable to remorse of conscience for some mal-practice at the bar, in which he "ate up some widow's house," or "took away the key of knowledge," or got some innocent man hung in order to screen the guilty — the latter being the particular province and study of some gentlemen of the legal profession. We believe both of these suppositions are radically unsound.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK. A perfect uproar in Paris on Sunday. Horse-races on the *Champ de Mars*; and many jockies and sportsmen mourning their losses, and drinking champagne. The banks or *glacis* of the field presented a perfect packed mass of human life.

EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIMENTS. In the *faubourg St. Germain*, Mr. C. H—— gave an entertainment to his friends by the exhibition of Alexis, the mesmerized boy. Many wonderful things werè done, many experiments were left unfinished and in fragments, and the results were as equivocal as the Delphic Oracle. Mr. O—— wished only “a general view.” He had seen such things before, and he thought it was to be perfectly accounted for by supposing the mind able to act entirely without and independent of the senses. He considered this theory established, and that it explained every thing which was otherwise mysterious; but his *sea-line*, however deep and however skilfully cast, did not quite reach soundings. The earth rests upon the back of an elephant, the elephant stands upon a large tortoise, — but what does the tortoise stand upon? The audience were much gratified, especially with the ice-creams and the chicken salad, the oysters and the *chablis*.

EDITORIAL. The editor sends his first number with a good deal of diffidence to his distant subscribers and friends. It is a great experiment, and he hopes that at least some other publishers will agree to an exchange.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHERS. WANTED — The latest and freshest London news, and particularly a Court Circular, with a full account of the presentations and receptions, and where the Court is held.

PARIS, 501 Rue St. Honoré.

LETTER CLX.

COLMAN'S MESSENGER.

Paris, 3d May, 1847. (Price one franc. — No. II.)

To MRS. M—:

EDITORIAL. We cannot help, even at the risk of being charged with egotism and vanity, expressing the satisfaction with which we have learned that our first number was well received on the other side of the channel. The good opinion of the wise and intelligent is a great encouragement to novitiates in any important and before-untried enterprise. We shall wait to learn the success of this second number, before we can confidently assure our readers of a continuance of our publication.

THE SEASON is advancing, not rapidly but gradually. Sombre April has retired, rather in an unaccustomed ill-humor, and has left few to regret her departure. She was sometimes seen weeping, and there was a chilliness in her manner that almost repelled one from offering a hand to her the second time. In general she is gay and cheerful; and though in her best season she is often found in tears, yet they are usually tears of joy, and the drops are seen glittering in the clear sunshine. Perhaps there was some sympathy on her part, at this time, with the public mind, which, under Irish famines, and general scarcity and food-riots, and financial crises, has presented any thing but an aspect of cheerfulness and hope. April, however, has done, we understand, all that could ordinarily be expected of her, in forwarding the young grain,

and encouraging the labors of spring; with what success, at present no human sagacity can decide. *Nous verrons.*

MAY has made a most graceful *debut*, but has not yet adjusted her toilet, though she appears very busy about it. She seems, very unnaturally, we admit, to have caught a little of the repulsiveness of April, and is rather cold in her manners. But all this is evidently quite out of character; and when she *does* smile, and scatters a few flowers and bouquets about her, we recognize, with overpowering delight, the same charming expression, which so won and enchanted our susceptible hearts in youth, and even in early childhood. We call to mind, with rapture, those buoyant days, when we rose before the peep of dawn, and brushed the glittering dew with our feet, that we might meet and welcome her at the very annunciation of a name, which thrilled so many gentle hearts with ecstasy. Where she pressed the ground with her noiseless footsteps, there the rusty grass became changed into a beautiful green. She breathed upon the leafless trees, and their dried and withered frames were at once covered with the finest drapery which nature could weave for them; she shook from her lap oceans of flowers, of every hue and odor; and the earth, radiant with every form of vegetable beauty, became at once changed, not into a poetical, but a real paradise. We cannot, thank God, complain that age has extinguished or even blunted any of those charming sensibilities; and we watch the advances of May, in her miraculous transformations, with all the enthusiasm with which the young bridegroom leads the object of his love, in her robes of beauty, with her snow-white veil concealing her

maiden blushes, and floating loosely upon her shoulders, and a single diamond sparkling upon her breast, to the altar where he is to claim her for his own.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK. Paris on the *qui-vive*. The first of May, the birthday of the king, a brilliant sunshine ; hundreds of thousands crowding every avenue, filling every *voiture* ; theatres, shows, games, athletic prizes, music, dancing, light hearts, active limbs, and cheerful faces ; in the evening a splendor, variety, and magnificence of fireworks, (much too vulgar a word for these forms of celestial glory,) combining every element of beauty, and which no language can properly describe, and no poetry can exaggerate.

SUNDAY. We learn from a correspondent, that the races in the Champs de Mars were witnessed by thousands, and attended with that high and violent excitement which a powerful emulation, stimulated by valuable prizes, never fails to produce. Mr. B—— and Mr. J——, who were present, confirm this statement.

MISCELLANEOUS. We learn that our friends, Mr. and Miss J——, return to the United States in the steamer of the 19th of June. Heaven send these kind people prosperous gales.

The editor, on Saturday, visited the *Barrière du Trône*, a spot memorable for its affecting associations, both of a rejoicing and a *sombre* character. This place presents one of the most interesting and beautiful spots in Paris. Multitudes suffered here in the great revolution, and it is the place of deposit, in a common grave, of the bodies of two thousand of the devout and brave non-juring priests, who fell victims to a sanguinary butchery, for which language scarcely affords a name. All

these sombre associations had passed away like flying clouds, and left a clear sky. The place was now full of frolic and fun, and hundreds were attempting to climb a high pole or mast, smooth and besmeared with grease, on which were suspended watches and trinkets, as the rewards of the successful climber. The falls, in the attempt, were frequent, and called forth loud peals of laughter and uproar, affording many a wholesome lesson on the toils and uncertainties of ambition.

NEW METHOD OF PHILOSOPHICAL ANALYSIS. The value of this discovery is very great, as it shows how much may be accomplished in the shortest possible time, and how the wonders of the electric telegraph may be rivalled, and the knowledge of all times and places be acquired without leaving our own firesides.

He, the editor, visited in the above neighborhood, the simple tomb of the great and good friend of America, La Fayette. He had, on this occasion, the honor of a friend's company, who was peculiarly rapid and impatient in his movements, and wished only to take a general survey of objects, as they presented themselves; and, with a real imperial energy and quickness, it was with him nothing but "*Veni, Vidi, Vici!*" It is an extraordinary gift, when every thing can be instantaneously comprehended, and there is none of the plodding application, which impedes the progress of vulgar minds. He had scarcely cast his eye upon the tomb of La Fayette, when he said he had seen enough; he could not stop to read epitaphs, and was out of the cemetery at once, ready for new discoveries. This is a great triumph of philosophy, and shows the wonderful powers of *analysis* — for what is a monument

but a stone ; what is a stone but an agglomeration of particles of common sand ; what is an epitaph but the arrangement of certain letters ? There are only twenty-six letters in the alphabet. We knew them all more than fifty years ago. What was there at all curious in seeing these letters scratched upon a stone ? And this is the sage philosophy by which so much is to be accomplished. How simple are the mental operations of even the greatest minds.

We beg our correspondents not to forget us. Their letters are charming. To be sure they are only cotton and ink — mere paper scratched over, by dipping a spider's legs in a black liquid, and telling him to make his way. But there are some minds — poor, simple souls — who find even in these characters something to charm the memory, to delight the imagination, and to warm the heart ; the philosophy of our friend to the contrary, notwithstanding.

LETTER CLXI.

Paris, 30th May, 1847.

MY DEAR A—:

I PRESUME, such a particular and punctual lady as you are, remembers that you have not written to your old father for some time ; very old he has grown, I'll assure you, and a miserable exile he finds himself ; solitary enough, in the midst of thousands and hundreds of thousands, so thick that you cannot pass the streets without being jostled ; seeing everybody but the few whom

his heart is almost breaking to see ; yearning after an unattainable good ; doing what he can, yet never doing half what he wishes to do ; and forming plans, the accomplishment of which would occupy three lives instead of one. You 'll say, perhaps, this is all wrong, and the addition of a decade to half a century, should at least have read some lessons on the folly of ambition, and the vanity of human wishes, which should have given more sobriety and a more just estimate of human power and opportunities. Perhaps so ; and perhaps if I had been as wise as most men, at fifty years old, I should have laid aside my work, put on my gown and slippers, settled myself down in some arm chair, and resolved to pass a gossiping, drivelling old age, instead of lanching my bark upon an untried ocean, and sailing out for the discovery of a new world. But it did not rest with me to choose. I could not stop when I would. My nature craves excitement ; my curiosity grows by what it feeds upon ; my ambition was never so deeply excited ; I think I never had within my reach so much the power of doing good ; I seem now to live a week in a *day* ; I begrudge the time for my meals and for my sleep ; I see how little I ever knew before ; I see how much is to be learned now ; I have plans which I wish to accomplish ; edifices to erect, of which the plan is formed, for which the foundation is laid, and the materials collected ; life never appeared to me half so beautiful, nor half so valuable. The mind can only be in a healthy when it is in an active state, and it is better, by desiring to do much, to accomplish a little, than by desiring to do little to accomplish nothing. I have not an exalted opinion of what *any* man can do. Many

men, considered in reference to their own powers and opportunities, do much; but considered in reference to what is to be done, few men can be said to do any thing. Napoleon, with a larger political power than perhaps ever before fell to the lot of any individual, has left comparatively few traces behind him of that which one would wish to remember; yet every man may do something; the great sum of good is made up of individual contributions; and sometimes it happens, that the seed dropped from the hand of the humblest sower, long after he has departed, becomes a tree, in which the birds of heaven find shelter and repose. I do not know, then, any other rule than to labor; to labor while we live; this is in truth, living while we live and to thank God by the diligent use of life, while any power of exertion remains.

I sat down to give you a letter, and I have given you a moral disquisition. The room that is left shall be occupied with different matter. I returned to Paris last evening from a visit to the country, to some of the best cultivated parts of it; and took advantage of the opportunity to visit Fontainbleau. I had been told by several persons, that I should find more to admire there than at any other place. After seeing St. Cloud and Versailles, I did not believe this possible; but my expectations have been altogether surpassed. The exterior of the Chateau presents a most ordinary and rather decayed appearance, and never could have been handsome. It seems to be a mass of buildings, formed by different successive architects; each of whom proceeded with little regard to what had been done by others. But the interior, for its magnificence and splendor, is superior to any thing that I have seen. The park and the gardens

are beautiful beyond any description which I can give; and the forest through which we rode several miles, for the purpose of seeing the cultivation of the finest grapes in the world, containing little short of sixty thousand acres, is magnificent. Many persons, who go to these places, and many of whom have hardly been out of the smoke of their own chimneys, will tell you, with great self-complacency, "Well, this is the handsomest place I ever saw in my life." In order to determine the value of such an eulogium, we need then to know where they have lived and what they have seen. I have seen more than some, but not half so much as many people; but all I choose to say of Fontainebleau and Versailles, and St. Cloud is, that I never *conceived* of any places so beautiful; I did not know that human taste and genius, and art, could so adorn and embellish nature herself.

People are disposed to ask, what is the use of all this? The king cannot occupy all these places. Why should so much labor be expended? Why should so much money be thrown away? I am not prepared to admit that it is wasted or thrown away. Perhaps it might have been better appropriated. I agree to this. But then it might have been much worse used. The money has not been thrown away. There is not a dollar less than there was when the works were begun; but it has been scattered. It has been used to reward labor, to stimulate genius, to encourage art, and refine the public taste; and it now remains, and for ages to come will continue to be, a source of infinite admiration and pleasure to the thousands and tens of thousands, nay, to the millions, who are freely admitted to contemplate it, to walk in its gardens and to enjoy the freedom,

the shade, the wildness, the retirement of its forests. The man does a great deal of good who does what he can to multiply in the world the objects and forms of beauty. The pleasures of the eye are among the most innocent and the richest in nature. Here ends my sermon, but my love to you and yours never; no paper could contain it. Adieu.

LETTER CLXII.

Paris, 30th May, 1847.

MY DEAR M—:

I KNOW you will be surprised at the date of another letter from this place, but I have not been stationary. I have been visiting the country in the neighborhood of Paris, and have arranged every thing to take my final departure this week for Belgium and Holland. Mr. Green and others advised me by no means to go there before the first of June, and the Count de Gourcy, whose attentions have been most kind, has taken me to several agricultural establishments in the country, which have been highly interesting and instructive. At first I thought I should find nothing in French Agriculture, at least not much which was worthy of attention, but my opinion has undergone a change, and I begin to think their agriculture, in some respects, not only good, but advanced. They do not grow the same productions as in England; their work is not executed in so neat a manner; their implements are primitive and somewhat rude; their neat-stock is less improved; and, indeed,

the whole system is different ; but I am disposed to believe that their farming is more economical, and that, taken as a whole, the condition of the laboring classes is superior to that of the English. The country, as far as I have seen, is beautiful ; and though the French villages are not picturesque at all, more resembling the streets of cities than the country, yet they are more cleanly than the Scotch, and the people universally well-dressed, distinguished for their sobriety, and everywhere polite and well-behaved.

I do not deem it best to anticipate what I shall hereafter say, but I have now a strong confidence of finding ample materials for a work on Continental Agriculture, of value and practical use ; and as much less is known of it, as many of the works relating to it are locked up in a foreign tongue, I hope it will be read with the more interest.

Paris is constantly fully charged with Americans, with many of whom I am not acquainted, though I know them almost immediately in public places and in the streets from their looks and manners. I do not mean to say whether the indications of their country are to their credit or not, but they are as easily recognized as an Irishman or a Frenchman in *our* country. I did not believe this at first, though I had often heard it remarked, but, after a few years residence abroad, I became convinced of it. The American ladies, however, are not so readily distinguished from English as the men, but English and American are never confounded with the French. I do not consider myself as any exception from the general fact. Adieu.

LETTER CLXIII.

Paris, 30th May, 1847.

MY DEAR S—:

TO-DAY I have been obliged to keep my chamber, and though there is in the street a constant uproar, which seems like the combined noise of a thousand factories, yet I have hardly looked out of my window, and have let the busy world go on as it will without mingling in the stream; ah! what a stream—what a torrent—what a flood of human life! bubbling, gushing, rushing, and flowing, eternally, mixed with all sorts of objects floating in the current; and not inanimate objects, not mere uprooted trees and timber and cakes of ice, like the breaking up of one of our great rivers in the spring, but living creatures, moral beings, with minds each a world in itself, crowded with purposes of ambition, or dreams of wealth, or thoughts of display, or visions of felicity, or thoughts of mischief, or sad reminiscences, or recollections of departed joys, or fears of impending evil, or perceptions of utter solitude in the midst of crowds, and of absolute friendlessness in the throng of all that is gay and rich and cheerful and prosperous and luxurious; old and young, peasant and prince, noble and ignoble, the beggar and the prodigal, and a variety of character, figure, condition, and person, which it would be as vain to attempt to describe as to paint the colors of the most rapidly changing sky. We have a great deal yet to learn about this affair which we call the

world, human society, and human life; but when our curiosity is to be satisfied, must be left only with Him to whom all things are known.

I came to Paris, determined to see of it what I could. To talk of seeing Paris in a fortnight or a month, is as idle as to talk of knowing the people in the moon. Imagination may supply, as in the celebrated lunar hoax, what knowledge or observation have not acquired; but such accounts, however much they may delight the fancy, cannot be regarded even with a grain of confidence. The guide-books divide the excursions in Paris into ten days of sight-seeing, and the ordinary round is the Louvre, Notre-Dame, the Pantheon, Versailles, St. Cloud, the Madeleine, St. Eustache, and a few of the great places. These are all worth seeing, but many of them are in themselves, the Louvre for example, a study for months. All these objects I have looked at, and all of them have had a great deal of interest for me, an interest of the most intense description; but there are objects which have interested me much more, and those are not things, but people — the French people; their character, manners, habits, customs, education, religion, amusements, pursuits; and these I have endeavored to look into with as much candor and impartiality and thoroughness as time and opportunity would allow. I have come out of the examination with many prejudices removed, and with my most favorable impressions greatly enlarged and confirmed. The French people seem to me the most sober, industrious, economical people I have ever met; perhaps that is not saying much; they are as honest as other people, and as true; they are charitable and philanthropic beyond any which I

have seen ; in point of civilization, with some trifling exceptions, they seem to me in advance of other people, and in matters of science and the fine arts, and the useful arts, they are clearly unsurpassed.

One trait of character about the French people is remarkable. They appear to think that this world was made for enjoyment, and so they crowd into it as much of beauty and pleasure as their power and opportunity admit. I think they are right. I do not say that all their pleasures are of the most refined character, that they are all innocent ; that they admit of no improvement, and that some of them are not trivial, vulgar, and immoral. But I believe that the character of their pleasures is on a par with that of other great cities ; the manner in which they are conducted and arranged is altogether superior to that which prevails in most places ; many of their gratifications are of a highly refined character ; many combine the highest efforts of genius and taste ; and many of them have a brilliancy and beauty and historical interest that render them exquisite. No person can walk through their flower-markets, which are held twice a week in three different parts of the city, without admitting that where there is a demand which will warrant to such an extent the cultivation of the most beautiful and an infinite variety of plants and flowers, there must be a very high perception of what is lovely and charming in nature ; no person can see the innumerable galleries of paintings, the many exquisite gardens, embellished with the highest degree of taste in fountains and statues, without acknowledging the extraordinary cultivation of some of the finest sentiments of our nature ; and no person can go into their burying

grounds and observe the sacred and undying affection with which the memory of the dead is cherished, and the tender gushings of a love which never dies, poured out in the touching epitaphs inscribed on many of these monuments, and not admit that there are many hearts alive to the purest, the best, and the most tender sensibilities of which the soul is capable.

I wanted to give you an account of some of the amusements of Paris, but it would require a volume. I have been several times to the Hippodrome. The place is in the form of an oval, with several rows of seats rising from the ground round the whole extent of it, and covering, I should think, more than two acres of land. The seats are protected by an awning, and are capable of containing eight thousand people. The centre is open, and I have seen, perhaps, a hundred mounted horsemen deploying at a time. I counted eighty-nine at one time, and I have no doubt I missed some. The amusements consist of races by women, feats of horsemanship, and chariot races by women, several races and feats of horsemanship by men, and at last there is represented, to the life, the meeting of Henry VIII. and his queen, and Francis I. and his queen, and several of their knights, ladies, and courtiers. The knights and their horses are in full armor, and a grand tournament is exhibited. The historical recollections give it an intense interest and beauty. The assembly in the arena, of kings, queens, and knights, the tournament and contest, in which many break their lances and fall or are carried off, the magnificence of the display and the horses, the whole assembly, or the *coup d'œil*, is exciting beyond any thing of the kind that I have seen. The

chariot-races at the Hippodrome are intended to be an exact representation of the ancient chariot-races; the chariots have two wheels each, and two horses each, and are superbly decorated. The ladies who drive wear Roman robes and helmets, and display amazing courage. They go round three times; the excitement is most vivid. Adieu.

LETTER CLXIV.

TO MRS. M——.

Paris, 31st May, 1847.

MY DEAR MRS. M——:

I WILL not use the expression our mutual friend —— has lately got a habit of uttering, in a half smothered tone, with an air of bravado, and looking round with a considerable self-complacency to witness the admiration of his courage, but I must say, your letter in French put me quite to my trumps, and cost me half a year's wear of my dictionary. Mr. —— at first declared he did not want to see it, being satisfied with my translation, and wishing, as usual, to take only a "general survey:" however, his tender reminiscences revived; his heart was touched, and he took it to his room and occupied at least a day, in making the navigation. What could possess you to write in French to two such blockheads; nothing, I know, but pure unmixed pride, to show us how much more you knew than we do, and to exult over our deficiencies. I have lived through it, however, and when I got through with Mr. M——'s plain prose, I felt very

much like a man who has been lost in the woods and comes out at last into the open fields, with the smiling cottages of his own village around him, the cattle grazing in the pastures, the children playing round the doors, and the curling smoke rising slowly from his own chimney, where his dear wife is trimming the fire, and sweeping the hearth, and coaxing the simmering teakettle to boil, against the return of her liege lord. What I shall do when I once more get home, and hear nothing but my own native tongue, and get forever out of this Babel of French, German, Italian, Dutch, for I have heard them all the last week, I don't know ; but of one thing I feel quite certain, that it will not be safe to trust me without a straight jacket, or a ring in my nose, by which I may be kept at bay. How I envy you your departure on the nineteenth. Yet, I'll assure you, Paris was never, putting your absence out of the question, was never half so pleasant as at this moment. The Parisians seem absolutely mad with the passion for pleasure, which grows by what it feeds upon, and becomes utterly epidemic. I have, myself, got the disorder very badly ; I have been within a week, three times to the Hippodrome, and three times to the Cirque, and verily believe, if my health admits of it, that I shall go three times more to each of them before I leave. The races of the Amazons, and the chariot races of the Roman women at the Hippodrome, are the most exciting spectacles of the kind, which I have ever witnessed ; and the meeting of Henry VIII. and his queen, and of Francis I. and his queen, with their courtiers, knights, and ladies, and the grand tournament held in their presence by the combatants in full armor, with their coats of mail and battle axes, &c., &c..

is full of historical interest, and constitutes a most brilliant spectacle.

Mr. B—— and myself, with Count de Gourcy, have made several charming agricultural excursions in the country ; and what with the fields clothed in living green, and waving with the rich promises of a golden harvest, the good dinners, and the agreeable ladies — real *bonâ fide* milkmaids, for aught I know — certainly I should judge from their fair skins and full proportions they were raised upon milk ; even the *celebataire* has himself been touched ; a few drops of something, I know, oozed from his heart, which had got into a kind of India-rubber state, and a cord was struck, as if with a newly rosined bow, which had not vibrated for a long time before.

Friday and Saturday, we were at Fontainebleau. If you have not been there, come back to Paris at once, and go, or never say you have seen the glories of France. The Chateau itself, in its exterior, presents a most ordinary appearance ; and its various and irregular masses of buildings, seem as though they were turned upon the ground out of a basket ; nothing could more disappoint me ; but the interior, with its magnificent ceilings, its sculptured and gilded galleries, its frescoes, its gorgeous staircases, its inlaid floors, the perfection of beauty of that kind of work, and the many historical reminiscences connected with the place, surpassed my expectations. There is a porcelain case, with four pictures upon the sides, connected with the marriage of the Duke of Orleans, which seemed finer than any which my eye ever before rested upon. These four pictures represent, first, his marriage to the Duchess, by proxy, in her own country ; next, his marriage by a Protestant

minister, she being of that religion ; next, his marriage according to the rites of the Catholic church, that being the national religion ; and lastly, his civil marriage according to the laws of France. We would think this was making literally a Gordian knot of it, and drawing it tighter than the modern schools of French philosophy choose to have it tied. There was a circular porcelain table, belted with the Zodiac, and having four allegorical paintings in the circle of the seasons, that, for its exquisiteness of finish and beauty of design, enchanted me, and actually elevated my admiration to boiling heat. But what shall I say of the parks, of the gardens, and of the forests. All language is tame ; all the triumphs of art, the brightest efforts of genius, a taste in the highest degree expanded and refined, here combine to embellish nature, and ravish the mind with delight.

We leave for Belgium on Saturday, if my health admits, which I am sorry to say is neither good nor promising. Do let us hear from you there, directed to Brussels, at the *Post Restante*. Your letter will be always a *bonne bouche* ; perhaps better *bon bon*. Yours truly.

 LETTER CLXV.

Amsterdam, 23d June, 1817.

MY DEAR M— :

I FOUND here, on my arrival, your delightful letter of May 31st. My health, since leaving Paris, has improved,

but my spirits are not very good, and every renewed expression of your kindness and affection is the sweetest cordial that any kind Samaritan could supply. We left Paris nearly three weeks since, and have met with no accident or delay, but have not progressed with the rapidity I should like, yet we seem to have lost no time; and as to objects of interest, it is impossible to take them in, and still less to give an account of them. I find an extreme difficulty in keeping up my journal; but I put down the prominent objects, and must trust to impressions and reminiscences to clothe the skeleton with flesh and blood and give it life.

You congratulate me upon having a travelling companion and a courier. It has its gratifications and advantages; but it has also its disadvantages, excepting where the objects of the parties are the same, the circumstances similar, and the tastes congenial. My travelling companion is a most worthy man, but our pecuniary circumstances are wholly different, and he feels none of the necessity of despatch which continually spurs me forward. The courier is dull and self-sufficient, and, if he speaks no better French and German and Italian than he does English, I think he must have taken his first lessons of different instructors at the Tower of Babel.

I get along everywhere with my broken French and my expressive gesticulations, though I confess the Dutch puzzles me; and yesterday, at Leyden, I had to put my foot on the counter of a shop, to show the people — who could speak nothing but Dutch — that I wanted some socks and some shoe-strings, which I succeeded in obtaining.

I find my expenses would be greatly increased, if I

am supposed to be travelling with a courier. My companion incurs many expenses which are beyond my power, who must depend for my respectability, if I can aspire to any, upon what is internal, rather than upon what is external. He is, in my opinion, perfectly right, with his means, to refuse himself no elegance, comfort, or gratification.

Here people practise an economy, of which the Americans, in general, know nothing. The English, likewise, spend lavishly, but the people on the Continent never; and you will as often find persons of rank in the second-class carriages, especially gentlemen, as in the first. I have made three excursions, with a baron and two counts, all of whom told me they always take the second class. I have nothing to spend in personal indulgences. We have found it necessary, to go to different hotels. He goes to the most fashionable; I go to the less fashionable, where I fare quite as well in all substantial, and at a considerably reduced expense. My only questions in regard to a hotel are, Is it respectable? and, Is it clean? We proceed now immediately up the Rhine. He wishes to stop at several fashionable watering-places, for which I have neither time nor money. When we get through Germany, we shall come to France again; and then I have made up my mind to part and accomplish my objects as soon as possible. He has no objects but mere curiosity and personal gratification, which are matters that do not accord with my condition. We shall part with perfect good humor, you may be sure, for neither of us have other dispositions towards each other, and he will see that it is impossible for our purposes and circumstances to accord.

I feel a degree of anxiety, which I cannot express, to get through with my work, and bring my travels to an end. I am very well satisfied with having come into Holland, and especially into Belgium. I thought I had seen very good farming in England; but the Belgian arable husbandry is in advance of English husbandry; and such crops as I saw in the neighborhood of Courtrai, and such beautiful cultivation, never met my eyes before.

It is a great disadvantage, in visiting any country, not to understand the language; but nobody out of Holland, I believe, understands Dutch; nobody, I think, would speak it, if they could speak any other language; and I am fortunate enough, in most cases, to find some one or more persons who understand and speak French.

We left Paris for Amiens, where is an agricultural establishment for orphan children. From Amiens we came on to Arras, where we took a private conveyance for Lens, to visit a most extensive beet-sugar establishment, and a farm, which, I was told, was the best in French Flanders. From Lens we went on to Lille, to get further information in regard to flax and beet-sugar; and from thence we came on to Brussels, through Courtrai, where probably the cultivation is not exceeded in the world. At Brussels we staid two or three days, and I went on to St. Nicholas and the Pays de Waes, which has been entirely redeemed from the sea, and is pronounced as rich in soil, and as perfect in its culture, as any country the sun shines upon. I do not know who has a right to say as much as this; but I can only say, I can conceive of nothing better. From Brussels I went to Mechlin; from Mechlin to Antwerp;

from Antwerp to the Hague ; from the Hague to Leyden ; from Leyden to Haarlem, where I attended service on Sunday, and heard the greatest organ in the world ; from Haarlem I have come on here. To-day has been a steady rain, though it promises soon to be good weather again. To-morrow I propose to visit Broeck and the dairy establishments ; and then proceed to the agricultural district of Strasbourg ; and thence to Switzerland. Beyond that my route has not been marked out. If the weather continues cold, as it now is, I may cross the Alps, but it is not determined.

I have no power to express my admiration of the beautiful churches which I have seen in Brussels and Antwerp and Mechlin, and especially the pictures in those churches and in other galleries and museums. I had not conceived the extent to which this art has been carried by Rubens, Vandyck, Jordeans, Rembrandt, Potter, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Gerhard Douw, Teniers, and a host of others ; one is almost compelled to worship the divine inspirations of genius, which seems to breathe aloud in their works. As to the elegance of the churches, in the most exquisitely carved oak, and marble statues, and gilded ornaments, they excite your admiration to, I had almost said, a most painful, certainly a most exhausting, degree.

Holland is a peculiar country. We have left all the grace and polish of life in France ; and, though I do not think the Dutch mean to be uncivil, they are certainly wanting in many of the refinements of life. Every place where you find a Dutchman is redolent of tobacco smoke, and how they have excluded it from the churches it is very difficult to say. Yours ever

LETTER CLXVI.

Amsterdam, 25th June, 1847.

MY DEAR A—:

I AM detained here a day longer than I expected, for the purpose of completing some necessary arrangements, and this gives me an opportunity, which I did not expect to have, of writing to you. I wrote to your mother the day before yesterday. Seeing so many things as I do, and witnessing, as if looking through a kaleidoscope, a constant and infinitely varied change of scenery and objects, I find it almost impossible to give an account of any thing, unless I could take more time than I can afford to single out, to separate, to analyze, and to mark out some particular portion of the view on which to fix your attention. You must be content, therefore, with letters written in snatches of time. Poor S— used to say that her head was “in a whirl,” and I now quite understand the term; and really sometimes seem to lose all distinct consciousness of the infinitely varied objects, scenes, persons, customs, dresses, &c., &c., which come under my observation. I believe, however, they are fixed in the mind, there constituting a kind of picture-gallery, and to which, on my return, you shall have, at any time, free admission.

I travel by land as much as possible; by coach, where convenient, instead of railroad, and by day instead of night, except in cases of absolute necessity. The first of all things to be asked for, by me is, of course, the

agricultural improvements ; and then next come the ordinary objects of curiosity, palaces, churches, museums, galleries ; and then, not to me the least interesting, the exchanges, the public markets, the prisons and hospitals, and the habitations of the poor and wretched. But how to keep up with what I see is not easily determined, and I can only put down the principal points, and trust to future leisure and application to supply the deficiency.

This place has little to interest me. It is a large commercial city, with more than the usual proportion of very rich, and a full quantum, I am certain, of the poor and dissolute. Common sailors and soldiers are generally, so far as the morals of a place are concerned, the greatest curses with which a town can be visited. The manners of the Dutch are rude and vulgar. I have had no access to the upper classes, as I brought no letters, but I judge only by the specimens I meet in the shops, the railroad carriages and stations, the restaurants, the streets, and the public hotels. They have no grace and no civility ; they do not spit everywhere, like the Americans, but they smoke everywhere, and at all times — I except only the churches, where, if they do not smoke, they put their hats on during the sermon. This morning, three very well-dressed gentlemen, for so they appeared, were smoking at the breakfast-table ; where, besides myself, there were two ladies at breakfast. I do not know how to reconcile this intolerable smoking with the neatness which generally prevails ; for, with respect to most of their towns, they are neat, if such a thing be possible, to a fault. Yesterday, I devoted the day to visiting Broeck, Pamereuse, and Saardam, that I might see what

are pronounced the neatest towns, the cleanest dairies, and the richest agricultural country in the world. I confess, though my expectations were raised, they were equalled. The country is everywhere an uninterrupted level; and now, for one hundred miles and more, we have not passed a hill so high as is to be found between your house and Danvers meeting-house, excepting when we have gone to the top of a dike or mound, raised by art to keep out the sea. It is everywhere intersected with immense ditches and canals; and windmills, in many cases, are almost as thick as appletrees in an orchard; more than one hundred, in full operation, being in sight yesterday at one time. These mills are used to keep down the water in the ditches, and prevent the land's becoming submerged. The Hague, and Leyden, and Haarlem, are remarkable towns, for their cleanliness, and the excellence of their buildings, and the extreme beauty of their parks and public walks; but a large farm-house and dairy which I visited, near Leyden, and several which I visited near Brussels and Antwerp, did not at all come up to my notion of Dutch neatness. It was not so, however, at Broeck, which is a village of about a thousand inhabitants, and where no carriage, but a wheelbarrow, is ever suffered to travel the streets. The streets are all paved with bricks, set on the edge, and with flat stones. The houses are very irregularly placed, but are many of them extremely pretty; though I cannot say much of the Dutch taste, excepting in flowers, of which these houses and grounds have a profusion. The streets are so clean, and so often scoured with soap and sand, that, without exaggeration, you might sit down in any part of them without soiling

your dress. We visited several dairies, for cheese and butter are the great sources of the wealth of these places. In summer, the cows remain in the meadows, and are never brought to the house; in winter they are lodged under the same roof with the family, and you step directly out of the kitchen or the parlor into the cow-house. In summer, the cow-house is used as a part of the dairy establishment. The floors are paved, in some cases, with tiles or shells; there is neither dirt nor odor; the milk vessels, and the cheese rooms, are certainly as clean as human labor and care can make them; and, excepting the cultivation of flowers, the decoration of their habitations, and their own dresses, the whole resembles one of our neatest Shaker establishments, which you know are so eminent for their neatness. The village of Saardam and Sandyke, both very extensive, and containing many thousands of inhabitants, are as cleanly as Broeck, more especially the latter.

We returned at night, after a long and active day's ride. To-day I have been occupied in various sights, and in writing, and to-morrow we leave for Cologne. I shall keep with my companion until we get through Germany, or at least, so far on that I can make my own way without difficulty, and then I shall make all possible despatch for the completion of my tour. I must go into the South of France, but I do not know that I shall cross the Alps. I wanted to give you a long letter about pictures and sculptures and buildings, but it is idle now for me to attempt it. Adieu.

LETTER CLXVII.

Hofwyl, Switzerland, 11th July, 1847.

MY DEAR M — :

THIS, as far as my observation goes, is one of the most beautiful spots to be found in the world, and with the most magnificent prospect in view which the eye can look upon. It is not yet five o'clock, and the rising sun is just sprinkling, with floods of silver, some of the highest summits of the Alps. Here lies on one side of me, embosomed in a charming valley, among the trees and verdant fields, a beautifully smooth lake, from which light clouds of mist are rising gently, as though a veil of the finest lace was just being removed from its face so softly as not to disturb its repose, or even ruffle a feature; around me, without a single fence, are some of the most extended and fertile fields, under a highly improved agriculture, which, with their various crops and different shades of green, present the appearance of a carpet formed and spread with the highest skill and art; here are cottages and substantial farm-houses scattered in various directions, with the curling smoke rising slowly among the trees by which they are surrounded, and giving signs of awaking and renewed life; the whole is skirted at a distance by a deep and dense forest, and beyond all this, rises in a majesty which I have no language to describe, a long range of Alpine summits, forming an irregular but sublime outline upon the horizon, soaring proudly above, and overlooking every other

object, and with the sun just glittering upon their snows, which have never melted since the flood, exhibiting a lustre and grandeur of the most surpassing glory. This pleasure has to me one abatement, and that is the fact of enjoying it alone, and the regret that those who I know would sympathize in my emotions, cannot share them with me. It is impossible, by any language, to give you a just conception of its grandeur and surpassing beauty. I can only say that the scenery of the Alps, which has been matter of curiosity to me from my childhood, has much exceeded in interest and glory, what my imagination has painted.

My last was from Amsterdam. In Holland and along the Rhine, I found a great deal in an agricultural view, to gratify and to instruct me. I stopped one night at Cologne, and saw the magnificent Cathedral, which has been already centuries in the process of erection, and is still unfinished. We cross the Rhine at this place on a bridge of boats; but the city has no attractions for a stranger, save its Cathedral and a good hotel; thence I proceeded to Frankfort, Strasburg, and Basle — reached Berne, six miles from this, a week ago last night. I walked to Hofwyl on Sunday, and was kindly received by Mr. Fellenburg, who had been expecting me, through Lady Byron's introduction. I returned to Berne on Sunday evening, and came out here again on Monday to see the farm and school, and some agricultural establishments in the neighborhood. I found here a young English gentleman, a teacher in the school, and who being intimately acquainted with some of my English friends, at once offered to accompany and show me some of the most interesting parts of Switzerland, as

far as lake and mountain scenery, and what was of more importance to me, as far as cattle and dairy husbandry were concerned. He speaks German and French as well as English; and on Tuesday morning we left early, to cross, on foot and on horseback, the Wengern Alps, to visit the Oberland, and to go to the foot of the Jungfrau, among the highest mountains in Switzerland. We made the tour in three days, which usually takes four; and though the fatigue of climbing and descending was beyond any thing I ever had, excepting at Mount Washington, I was highly gratified with having seen what is universally deemed the most picturesque part of this picturesque country. We returned to Berne on Thursday evening, and Friday, I found myself scarcely able to move. That, however, has to a good degree gone off, and yesterday I walked out here to finish my visit, by inspecting the model farm. To-day I leave for Berne, and proceed in the shortest way to Lombardy, across the Simplon, and beyond that my route is not determined. I have met with no serious difficulty in making my way, but I should have been completely foundered, without some knowledge of French.

I have had a great deal to enjoy, and I should be most ungrateful not to enjoy what is before me, but I am actually dying with anxiety to complete my work. I had no thought of finding the agriculture of the Continent so advanced as it appears to be, and I have seen enough in Switzerland and Holland, fully to repay my exertions.

I have been occupied with Mr. Fellenberg all day, until two hours ago, when I left his hospitable house and his most interesting establishment. Immediately

after breakfast we left, to see his agricultural school and model farm, one of the best and most complete I have ever visited. It was a long walk, and we returned at twelve, to dine. At one o'clock I went to take coffee at his brother's, in the neighborhood; at two o'clock we returned to the house, to an instrumental and vocal concert of his pupils. This lasted until four, when I was obliged to take my leave. He was kind enough to send me in his carriage to this place, six miles, although I have already walked it four times. To-morrow morning at four o'clock, I leave for Vevay, to cross the Alps and the Simplon, for Milan, where I look for some most extraordinary improvements in irrigation. From thence I go into Lombardy, to see the cultivation of olives, grapes, &c., &c., and then return through the south of France. Whether I shall go to Florence or not, must depend on many contingencies. The weather, I fear, will be intensely hot, but there is compensation in long days and cool nights. Adieu.

LETTER CLXVIII.

Milan, 22d July, 1847.

MY DEAR M—:

How little did I expect ever to date a letter to you from this place; but here I am, in tolerable health, and having to thank God for ten thousand mercies poured down upon me, like the everlasting streams descending from the mountains, in sight of which I write, to feed and bless the valleys below.

My last was dated at Berne. I could not have been more fortunate than in my visit to Switzerland — I mean for my own special objects — and I have now reached a country rich in the best products of agriculture, and beaming with a luxuriance certainly rare, if not wholly unknown to a person who has never stood under a tropical sun. The cultivation of grapes and of olives is very much attended to, and that, with silk, is a source of immense wealth to the country. I believe each of these products would find a soil and climate in parts of the United States favorable to their cultivation, and that they might be grown among us to the greatest advantage. All this I must leave to other communications.

From Berne I came on to Fribourg, where I stopped to see the suspension bridges, miracles of modern art and enterprise, and to visit a Jesuit's College of four to five hundred pupils and sixty teachers. You will perhaps be surprised when I tell you that besides music and drawing, they teach likewise, fencing, boxing, and horsemanship; that they have several billiard tables, and a small theatre elegantly fitted up with scenery, &c., for the entertainment of the students, at which the students play as amateurs.

From Fribourg I came on to Vevay, on the Geneva Lake; and think I never saw a spot so beautiful. From Vevay I sailed on this charming lake to Geneva, the source of the Rhone; from Geneva I went to Villeneuve, at the other extremity of the lake; and from Villeneuve to Martigny, in the midst of the highest Alps. Nothing could be more interesting than this passage. At Martigny I found an American gentleman, who had already hired his guide for Chamouni, and invited me to accompany

him. The journey, which was made on the back of a mule, and walking about twenty miles, was fatiguing, but gratifying in the highest degree. I thought, and was told I had already seen the finest scenery in the Alps, but it was an error. The language of admiration is exhausted, and I can only say I fell down and worshiped at the foot of Mont Blanc. There it stood before me in all its sublime grandeur, covered with snows which no impure breath had ever sullied, and which no sun has ever softened; seeming to enjoy a heaven's purity, by its own independent right, and to look down with a calm disdain upon every thing below. The next day we returned to Martigny, and my companion, Mr. Tennant, of South Carolina, returned on his way to Geneva, while I set out to cross the Simplon for this place, a task of two days and nearly two nights. The passage of the Simplon has been the object of my curiosity ever since I read, more than thirty years ago, Simond's account of it; but the labor, and skill, and perseverance, and enterprise, displayed in its construction, vastly exceeded my expectations. In some cases, the road passes through gullies cut at the edge of precipices through the solid rock; and in one case, you pass directly under a large water-fall, which you see some time before you approach it, tumbling from the highest summits, and as soon as you have passed under it, streaming down below you for miles, in a silver and glittering train. Adieu.

LETTER CLXIX.

TO MRS. B——.

Milan, 22d July, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

HERE am I, melted down under an Italian sun, a mere piece of gum-elastic ; and whether I shall ever recover my erectness or hold together much longer, who knows ? My heart has been constantly agitated by the various objects which have been concentrating their power upon it for the last month ; the wonders of art ; the still more glorious wonders of nature ; humanity in its most degraded and in its most exalted and beautiful forms ; minds which are an utter waste, or covered with the most noxious and offensive weeds ; and minds cultivated with exquisite skill, and beaming with an exuberant luxuriance of that which most truly adorns and ennobles ; pictures, which entrance one by their skill and beauty ; churches, overpowering by their complexity and grandeur, and which make one wonder how such vast plans could have found their way into any thing so small as the human head, like the amazement felt by the poor pupils of Goldsmith's village schoolmaster ; statues, before which one bows down with religious veneration, as before the sensible embodiment of the highest attributes of a genius little short of divine ; glorious, or so called, but foul monuments, sprinkled over with blood, and intended to commemorate the triumphs of those tiger passions which have so often ravaged the earth and made it desolate, and filled it with

misery and death ; and works of utility of overpowering magnitude, recording the infinitely nobler triumphs of human skill and labor, in multiplying the useful arts, facilitating the benevolent intercourse of distant countries and nations, and ameliorating and elevating the condition of mankind ; extended plains, covered with all the riches of an industrious agriculture ; and lofty mountains, piercing the clouds with their bristling and naked points, or covered with eternal snows, untrodden by human foot, and making an impassable barrier to human progress ; beautiful cascades, descending from the loftiest summits by successive leaps, and pouring out at every step their glittering showers of brilliants, and mighty rivers, fed by these humble rills, and bearing on their noble streams the vast accumulations of human labor, and the richest treasures of art and life ; but this is not half of what I have seen and daily see to touch my heart, to keep my poor powers of perception in a constant state of tension, and to feed and inflame my imagination to the very extreme of endurance. But I cannot now tell you about it ; that must be at present left.

I have crossed Belgium and Holland, lands plundered from the sea ; I have ascended the Rhine, with its bordering summits covered with ruined castles, *ruined*, thank God, and its cultivated hill-sides teeming with a luxuriant vegetation, and its banks peopled with rich and populous villages and cities. I have crossed the Alps by various passes, and have followed the boisterous Rhine to its source and its hiding-place among the mountains, and to those eternal seas of ice which feed its mighty current. I have been at Frankfort, and adored the production of pure inspiration in the statue of Ariadne. I

have been at Strasbourg, at Basle, at Berne, at Geneva ; into the Oberland, and I have stood in mute astonishment at the foot of the Jungfrau ; I have been into the valley of Chamouni, and here I felt my own nothingness, and if there was any thing less than nothing, I should be that also, at the base of Mont Blanc. I have crossed the Simplon with my respiration suspended and my heart thumping as though it would break through, with admiration at this triumph of labor, enterprise, and power.

Here I am in the fertile plains of Lombardy. Yesterday I luxuriated on the placid waters of Como ; to-morrow I start for Venice. I jabber a little French. I have found out a little German. I am figuring away in Italian ; and by the help of gesticulations, a little dangerous to the health in this climate, get on tolerably well. I found I spoke perfect Dutch, when I could gargle water in my throat, but the power ceased as soon as I swallowed or threw out the water, which was an inconvenience. Why did Heaven make languages so different ? In most of the boats and diligences and hotels I realize a perfect Babel. Adieu.

LETTER CLXX.

Florence, Italy, 3d August, 1847.

MY DEAR M— :

I HAVE unexpectedly a private opportunity for Liverpool, so I give you the half hour which is all that is allowed me. Passing through so many places, meeting so

many persons, seeing such various things, it is extremely difficult for me to accomplish all that I wish, but I think my last was dated at Milan. My progress since I left there has been marked by not a single untoward incident. I was advised at Milan by all means to visit Como, which would cost a day. I went to this charming lake, one of the most splendid natural mirrors from which the beautiful forms of hills and trees and palaces were ever reflected; and you may judge of my surprise when, upon entering the hotel, without observing any one in the room, I heard my name pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Parkman, of Dover, N. H., who was enjoying, with his wife, children, sister, and mother, all the delights of this earthly paradise. How I envied him! not the paradise, but wife and children, which I think if I ever see them again, will make a paradise to me, wherever it may be. I do not know that I should not recognize even an enemy in a foreign country with welcome, still more than a friend; and my visit was made truly delightful. As if it were Heaven's purpose to provide for me, as I have experienced a thousand times, when I do not know how to provide for myself, he at once said he would go with me to Venice. He speaks Italian quite passably, and this proposition was convenient and delightful. The next day but one brought us to Milan, and we proceeded together to Venice, where I staid four days. Much of the country in the neighborhood of Milan was full of agricultural improvements, especially in the way of irrigation. Mr. Pusey had already told me it was one of the best cultivated districts in Europe, and I was highly gratified and instructed, and shall make ample use of what I have seen.

We reached Venice by diligence and railroad in a day and a night ; the city is of a most extraordinary character, I had almost said afloat at sea ; the streets all canals, not a horse being known in the city, and the only conveyance by gondolas. But it is full of objects of interest, and we spent four days in exploring its curiosities, its canals, its convents, its churches, its museums, its galleries, and its palaces. The palaces are most of them deserted and sad ; the hotel at which I staid, and so with all the principal hotels, is an old palace, and the grand staircases, painted chambers, extensive corridors and halls, speak of an extraordinary grandeur and gaiety with which they were once familiar, but the voice of which is not now heard, even in its dying accents. All that wealth and vanity and luxury could expend upon these places was lavished without stint ; but it has passed away like a gilded autumnal sunset. There are, however, some exceptions. Many of the noble families of Venice have become utterly extinct, but some still remain, shorn in a great measure of their original splendor, but still illustrious and honored by their descent, wealth, and rank, and it may be by their virtues also.

The great objects of interest in Venice to a stranger, are their churches and the galleries or collections of pictures. I had supposed I had seen many elegant churches, but those of Venice, especially in their marble ornaments, and the beauty and magnificence of their architecture, excepting only the Cathedral at Milan, far exceeded what I had before seen. I could not have believed it possible, but for my own personal attestation, that marble could be wrought with so much skill. In some cases, especially where drapery was imitated so as to be scarcely distinguishable from nature itself.

The pictures in Venice are, some of them, by the first masters, and considered as the most precious gems of an art almost creative, and of which I must confess I never knew the power until I witnessed the productions of men whose genius has rendered them immortal, and placed them in the highest niches of honor as the household deities of the fine arts. One of the pictures which I saw, a single figure about four feet square, a Magdalen, by Titian, was for sale; the modest price asked for it was fifty thousand dollars; mind you, fifty thousand dollars, and they expect to find a purchaser. As I had not the money in my pocket to purchase, I did not inquire if that were the lowest price. But one melancholy reflection forced itself upon me in this case, that is, that the painter himself, the author of such a work, probably died in poverty, without his labors being in any just measure appreciated.

Venice is full of the most painful reminiscences. Its Arsenal exhibits instruments and machines for torture, that almost make one's hair stand on end. One is compelled to ask how can men be so diabolical in their treatment of their fellow beings? There is a melancholy interest appertaining to all these things, and I do not know that in the same length of time, I ever gathered more instruction in the great science of human nature.

I could not look at the Lion's Mouth without a shudder. This is the head of a lion carved upon the walls of the palace, with an open mouth, into which anonymous accusations and informations against individuals were privately thrown, which at least rendered them suspected, and often led, under the caprices of despotism,

to arrest and imprisonment of the most horrible description, to torture, and often to death. The dungeons and prison-houses here appeared stained all over with human blood; images of the most dreadful cruelty continually crowded upon my imagination, and the walls seemed to echo with the plaintive sighings of the prisoner, or the agonizing shrieks of the murdered victims of unbridled, despotic, and licentious tyranny.

From Venice I came to Padua, rich in traditions and reminiscences; from Padua to Ferrara, dirty and dismal; from Ferrara to Bologna, a clean, beautiful city, abounding in objects of interest to a man of taste; from Bologna to Florence, crossing the Apennines by a road which establishes the triumphs of human skill, in surmounting the most difficult impediments, and then descending into the valley of the Arno, fertile, luxuriant, and cultivated with the highest skill, and in its beauty and fertility more resembling my notions of Eden than any thing which has yet come under my observation. I have seen the works of art in this very home of genius, and tomorrow I intend to visit one or two agricultural schools of a peculiar character.

I cannot content myself to be within two days journey of Rome, and not visit a city so much an object of interest to every school boy, to every person who loves the fine arts, to every politician who reads history, and to every man of imagination and taste who would see this great Samson of history, shorn of his locks, and lying helpless in his repose. Thence I may go for two or three days to Naples, and thence I turn my footsteps towards home — home — home. I shall keep you apprized of my progress. The weather is intensely hot.

but my health seems to have amended as the weather has grown warmer. Flowers and fruits are in abundance; melons, plums, pears, peaches, figs, grapes, oranges and lemons, in the greatest perfection. I do not see a delicious blushing rareripe but I wish I could hand it to you. It would take a ream instead of a sheet to tell you about Florence. I dare not commence. Yours truly.

LETTER CLXXI.

TO MRS. B——.

Rome, August 17th, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

AFTER a most exciting round of sight-seeing, I sit down to recreate myself with a few friendly words to you. My visit at Florence was full of interest and highly opportune. The Arch-Duchess, I think I may venture to suggest, out of kind regard to my curiosity, saw fit while I was there to give birth to an heir, or to speak artistically, — as one should certainly do in the very home of the arts, — took pains to present to her husband a superb piece of statuary, finished by a master's hand. I had the pleasure of witnessing the rejoicings on this great occasion, and saw the Arch-Duke go to church in state to celebrate a Te Deum, and saw the magnificent dome of their cathedral illuminated, presenting — to compare small things with great — a perfect beehive of fire, rising magnificently upon the dark

ground of the sky, and shedding a flood of splendor upon the city. I am sure I felt very much obliged to the Arch-Duchess. From Florence I set off for the "Eternal City;" — two days and two nights on the road, with a comfortable seat in the coupé of a diligence, over the best made, but worst directed road I ever saw; perfectly smooth, but going over the summit of every high hill that could be found, sometimes with five, and sometimes with nine horses and two pairs of oxen; but upon the whole getting along with as much comfort as one could expect, and, abating the hotels and taverns on the road, which are really not fit in general for a dog to go into, accomplishing the journey with considerable pleasure, and with a degree of interest continuing to increase until I fixed my eyes upon the Dome of St. Peter's and saw the seven hills of Rome, the scenes and objects of so much interest to awaken the imagination, to tax the memory, and to touch the heart. I had no sooner reported myself at the police office and brushed off a little of the dust of the road, than I determined, die or live, not to sleep until I had seen St. Peter's, the Colosseum, and the Roman Forum, and this I'll assure you gave me enough to dream about for that night. I seem to be very much in luck in many cases; and there was put under my care from Florence to Rome, a little English lady, very pretty and agreeable, of course, or I would not have taken charge of her, whose husband could not immediately follow. She spoke French and Italian perfectly, and this was, in repeated instances, of great advantage to me, especially under the vexatious examinations of the passport officers and custom houses.

My visit here has been as full of gratification as the dimensions of my poor mind can take in, and I have still a thousand things to see, besides wishing to see again all that I have seen. I cannot give you my impressions, for that would require a ream instead of a sheet of paper. The Pope has been as kind as the Arch-Duchess at Florence, and a great fête of the church came most opportunely. Last Sunday was the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, when High Mass was held at the Basilica of St. Marie, one of the next largest churches to St. Peter's. Here the pope and cardinals went in state, and afterwards he gave his benediction to the immense multitude, in front of the church, as is customarily done in the holy week at St. Peter's. The Queen's display in England is little more than child's play to it, and all that art, and taste, and genius, and music, and military display, and silks, and satins, and peacock's feathers, and gold, and silver, and diamonds, and precious stones, and mitres, and crowns, could do in their most brilliant combination, to make an affair glorious and magnificent, was done; and I waved my hat and shouted "*viva*," in compliment to this great and good man in concert with the assembled and excited thousands and tens of thousands who crowded the square.

I leave this on Monday next for Naples, where I learn that Vesuvius is in a state of eruption, all getting ready you see for my approval. Bless the Arch-Duchess, the Pope, and Mount Vesuvius! I make my way hence to Paris, where heaven grant I may be before the middle of September, because it brings me so much nearer England, and England is so much nearer my dear family; I say nothing of English friends, whom I consider as part of

that family, and love most heartily. My best regards to your best friend, and to all our common friends, not forgetting the youngsters. Yours, most truly.

LETTER CLXXII.

TO MRS. T., LONDON.

Rome, 20th August, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I SUPPOSE by this time you have quite forgotten that there is, or ever was, such a person as the writer of this; but here I am as large as life, I do not know but a little larger, as handsome as usual, and possibly, at this distance, even more agreeable. But don't be in a hurry to comfort yourself with the idle notion that you 'll keep me at this distance; no such good thing will happen to you through my voluntary consent; for I have reached within a distance of thirty hours the ultimate southern limit of my journey, and when Naples is visited, and I have trodden the forsaken streets of Pompeii, and looked upon Vesuvius, with its locks of liquid fire streaming down its back, I shall turn "right about," and mean to be with you in October.

Have you had any hot weather in England? if not, send to Rome for any quantity, and we can spare you every day twenty degrees of Fahrenheit, and have heat enough left to roast eggs in the sun, and, I might almost add, by moonlight. As matters are, however, I beg to

inform you, that hot weather and neuralgia have no affinity with each other.

What shall I say to you about Rome? There is every thing to be said, and yet there is nothing which one can say, because it would require a year to do any thing like justice to what I have seen. Rome may be called a wilderness of art, and of the productions of genius. There are three hundred and fifty churches in Rome, most of which are interesting either from some association of historical fact, or from some fine painting or statuary, which adorns the walls. St. Peter's, high as were my expectations, altogether surpasses them by its grandeur, its beauty, its richness, its mosaics, its statues, its pictures, its chapels, its columns, its mighty dome, and its magnificent colonnade and portico. St. Peter's is truly one of the wonders of the world, and seems a miracle of art. It was three hundred years in building, and its cost is beyond all conjecture. St. Paul's, when its marbles and statuary and sculpture and mosaics are considered, compared with it, is a bagatelle.

Several of the Roman churches are the old pagan edifices, differently appropriated and fitted up. The change from the splendid worship of the heathen gods and goddesses, into the present worship, is probably, as Middleton in his letter from Rome has illustrated, not very violent. One of the finest churches in Rome, containing, I think, the handsomest room I ever saw, was formed out of a portion of Diocletian's baths or palace, the original external walls being entirely retained. The statue of St. Peter, whose foot the catholics kiss so devoutly, was the statue of Jupiter with a new head put

on, so as to make a Christian of him. The beautiful Cumæan Sibyl, with some slight alterations in the costume, now appears as St. Anna, and is probably just as good a saint as if she had been made expressly for the place. The elegant Temple of Vesta is one of the prettiest churches in Rome ; and if they had Lot's wife, I have no doubt they would at once make a saint of her, unless, possibly, they might wish to use her for culinary purposes.

There were few things in Rome more curious than one seldom mentioned by travellers, called the Columbaria, or dove-cotes. These were places of interment, not for the bodies, but for the ashes of the deceased. They were places dug in the ground, perhaps twenty or twenty-five feet square, and it may be, sixteen or twenty feet deep. The sides are built up with shelves, and these shelves are partitioned off into small compartments, and each compartment contains a small marble or stone chest or urn. In the centre of the vault there is a square block, leaving a free passage between this and the outer walls, and this too is lined with shelves and compartments of the same description. These small chests or urns contain the ashes of the dead after the bodies had been burnt, as was formerly the custom. Over one row of the shelves was inscribed "Cæsar's Household," and I put my hand into one of the urns and took up a handful of the burnt bones, probably of some of the inmates of the palace, these fragments of mortality, these touching emblems of the transitoriness of human existence. I believe some of these places are of comparatively recent discovery, and some are now in the process of being opened. You descend into them by a flight of

steps, and they are covered by a building which I deemed a modern erection.

It would be impossible for me to describe the emotions with which I stood surrounded by the relics of so many hundreds and thousands of gay beings, the favorites of princes, the votaries of pleasure, the ambitious, the luxurious, the fashionable, the children of mirth and revelry, like insects around the evening taper, fluttering around the brilliant centre of all that wealth, and pomp, and luxury could bring into one blazing point, and, like them, soon to perish in their own excesses.

But far soberer thoughts came over me ; those who here deposited the remains of what was once so gay and beautiful, so dazzling to envy, so bright to hope, so brilliant to imagination, and so dear to affection, saw here the end ; to them, there was nothing beyond this. What an affecting catastrophe ! and how, in such a case, could my heart fail to feel its deepest throes, and to pour out its loudest tones of gratitude, that I was not left to this dark despair, but that Christian faith, like the sun rising upon Alpine summits, by night so dark and terrible and frowning, — gilding them with a celestial glory, permits us to think no more of the dead, but of the living ; and while that which is perishable may be left to perish, the man survives, and all that was valuable in the human existence comes out unscathed and immortal. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXIII.

Rome, 20th August, 1847.

MY DEAR M—:

MY last was dated at Florence, which I hope has been received. It was not very full, I am aware, for two reasons; the first, because my time has been so constantly taken up, in passing from one object and one place to another; the second, because I see so many objects, persons, and places, that I find it impossible to give you an account of all, and equally difficult to select and give you an account of any in particular. I shall give you my journal, when I get home, and as many verbal explanations as you can desire.

I left Florence at one o'clock in the day, and was compelled to ride two days and two nights, before I reached this great city — an object of my intense curiosity ever since I was a boy. As we approached the city, my impatience became extreme, and when I first caught a glimpse of the great dome of St. Peter's, my heart beat as if it would get out, and I experienced a mixture of sensations impossible for me to describe, but which, if I should live a century, I never could forget. I had only time to refresh myself by a bath and a slight meal, before I took a guide to show me the mighty ruins of ancient Rome, so long the mistress of the world, the centre of arts and sciences, the home of poetry and eloquence, the seat of the greatest political power that was ever swayed upon the earth, and the abode of wealth,

splendor, and luxury, such as hardly ever before filled even the dreams of men. I soon found myself in the midst of these ruins, the broken shadows, the crumbling fragments of all this grandeur; among walls which once echoed with an eloquence such as rarely, if ever, before or since, fell upon the human ear; of temples, which glittered with the gorgeous worship, and whose floors were stained with the bloody and polluted rites of a most degrading idolatry; and of theatres and circuses, where assembled thousands poured out the thunders of their acclamations, and where hundreds poured out their blood, and hundreds and hundreds of human victims were immolated, to gratify a taste as ferocious as that of the wild beasts that were let loose in the arena, and human life was thrown away as if it were only water. It is extremely difficult to conceive how a people, in many respects polished and refined, could find a gratification in pleasures so barbarous and horrible; but it is a melancholy truth that no animal can be brought to a higher, I may say, to so high a refinement in cruelty, as man himself, and that, too, toward creatures of his own species.

I stood upon ground where kings and emperors had stood, in all the pride and pomp of power. I sat down upon seats where those had sat, who listened to the great masters of eloquence, and the great teachers of wisdom. I trod the same road over which the chariot wheels of mighty conquerors had passed, in all the splendors of triumph, leading kings, queens, and princes in chains, and bearing in their train the silver and golden trophies of victory. Where now are they all? All this glory has departed; all these shouts have ceased; all

this splendor has become darkness ; and thus the pride of the proudest upon earth appears in its true character, as pure, unmixed vanity and nothingness.

I have been here now one week, and every day and hour has been entirely occupied. From what I have seen, I am sure six months might be equally occupied. Ruins, churches, statues, pictures, palaces, museums, libraries, convents, bridges, arches, gates, villas, gardens, studios, shops, and curiosities of every description, crowd upon you so fast, and in such numbers, that one is in utter despair of seeing any thing to advantage ; and you are often compelled to quit a museum or gallery, as you would come out of a forest, where you had found your way without a path, and without any marked trees, remembering only that you had seen trees of every variety, size, shape, age, and foliage, but with scarcely the possibility of discriminating between them, or even of finding your path back again, if you should attempt it. The Vatican, for example, contains four thousand four hundred and twenty-two rooms, and several of its halls, thickly studded with sculpture from one end to the other, are so long that you cannot at one end determine, by the dress, the sex of a person at the other end. I did not believe this, until with a party of gentlemen who before had ridiculed the statement, I found such to be the fact.

I have been fortunate enough to be here at a great festival, and have seen the Pope hold his court, and receive the homage of all his great men, in their superlatively splendid robes of office. He himself was brought into the church in a magnificent crimson velvet chair of state, covered with gold, upon men's shoulders.

It was as splendid and grand an occasion as wealth and luxury, and genius and taste could make it.

I go on Monday to Naples, which I expect to reach on Tuesday. I do not mean to stay there more than four days. That, thank Heaven! will be the limit of my journey; and then I return, by water, to Marseilles; and thence, by land, through the south of France, to Paris, where I hope you will next hear from me. I have most agreeable travelling companions, who will continue with me to Genoa — an English clergyman and two of his pupils. Love to all, forgetting none. Yours, ever.

LETTER CLXXIV.

TO MRS. B——.

Paris, 12th September, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I WISH you were half as happy for any thing, as I am to be able to put the above date to my letter — I mean the *place* — for that shows me that I may soon hope to meet friends, whom I love as I do my life. I do not know that I should object to the *time* either; for though it is getting on with me very fast, and I am especially reminded of it to-day, as it is my birth-day, yet that shows me that I am drawing near to other friends, whom I loved, and though separated from me, I still love with my whole heart, — who finished *their* journey some time ago, and are now, I hope, enjoying a celestial repose.

and, what is still better, the deliciousness of an unim-bittered retrospect.

I arrived here on Friday evening at near midnight; and, after being tumbled about by those horrible plagues, the custom-house officers, to see if I had got stowed away, among my old stockings and my lace shirts, (for of late I am compelled to wear nothing but *lace* shirts and *lace* handkerchiefs and *lace* stockings, so mightily improved they become by time,) any cigars or liquors — things which I abhor — I got quietly into bed; but began to doubt my personal identity, when I found, in the morning, that no servant had been rapping at my door with, “Sir, the boat will be off,” or, “The diligence will start before you can reach it, if you do not make haste.” There was that morning no boat, no railroad bell, no coachman’s horn; and, thanking God for my deliverance, and for all his mercies, and looking for a few moments into the bright eyes of all the dear friends whom I hope soon to see face to face, I turned over, and, if you will believe it, slept quietly until eight o’clock. I then rose, in all the health and vigor which a man ninety-nine years old could expect to enjoy, and could look back upon a journey of several thousands of miles, by land and by sea, over mountains, and through tunnels of the earth; sometimes with horses of flesh and blood, and sometimes by horses of fire; by coach, by railroad, by boat; on horse, on foot; by day, by night; in lands civilized, in lands uncivilized; among honest men, among rogues more numerous; among natural ruins, among moral ruins far more striking and deplorable; and have escaped without a single accident or mishap, abating the loss of an umbrella and of two handkerchiefs

—a sort of experience which every traveller shares in at Naples. I have been at all sorts of shows ; in the solitudes of disinterred cities, where one almost trembles at the hoarse echo of one's own footsteps ; and in crowds so dense that you could only sustain yourself by putting your elbows to your side, and leave yourself to be borne along by the waves, wherever they might carry you. But of all this I shall give you a better account, when, after clearing the mahogany of a good piece of old English roast beef, we have the pleasure to drink a health to all good lassies, and to say a kind word *to* all *present* and *for* all *absent* friends.

But how wicked you and Mrs. T—— are ! Both of you knew I was to be here at this time ; neither of you has written me a word for more than three months. I wrote to Mrs. T——, and sent a special message to you, that I might find a letter here on my arrival ; but not a word ; so that I do not know that I have a single friend left in England ; and that there has not been another potato blight ; and that they have not gone off with many of the poor Irish, who, finding, as Mr. Matthews says, no plate for them, have departed to make room for others, for whom the table may have been laid. Put an end to this uncertainty. I shall remain here probably a month.

I received, on my arrival here, post-paid, from England, addressed to me, in a disguised or unknown hand, the profile of a very handsome face, with a motto, "Guess who from," but not another word. At first, I thought it must be E——, but it was without a cap, and, as she is now at the head of so large a family, I could not expect to see her without that matronly

appendage. It is not you at all. It is not the saint in College Street. It is not from Highbury nor Camberwell. I am really in a state of most affecting uncertainty; and I can only suppose it is some handsome young girl, who wishes to use me as a marriage broker, and sends her likeness as a sample for the market.

LETTER CLXXV.

Paris, 15th September, 1847.

MY DEAR M—:

I HAVE seen Mrs. R—— here, and she says all are well at Salem; but at the same time, gives me the painful intelligence of the death of Mr. Merrill. Merrill was an honest man, and I always lived with him upon the most friendly terms. He had great shrewdness and great wit, but with all this shrewdness he had no treachery, and was entirely to be trusted.

This is a just eulogium upon a man in a profession, in which cunning, in many cases, is deemed virtue; and where men, according to the far too general practice, act upon the principle that every man is dishonest; and not unfrequently, illustrating this principle in their own practice, resort to expedients, (to use no harsher term,) from which, under other circumstances, a fair mind would instinctively shrink back with abhorrence; and which, such are the strange anomalies in human character, they, in private life, would be among the foremost to denounce.

There are many men in the profession who rise above its chicaneries, and who cannot be induced by any miserable subtleties and evasions and quibbles, to stifle truth and subvert justice. Merrill and Salstonstall, in my opinion, were of this high character.

I have completed my Continental tour with the exception of one or two small excursions; the one to Mettrai, an agricultural establishment of great celebrity, for young convicts, a day's journey from Paris; and the other to the islands of Jersey and Gurnsey, on my way to England, if the weather admits of it. I reached Paris four days ago, at midnight. There are several inquiries which I have still to make here. I have fixed, with God's blessing, upon next Spring to return to the United States, and remain quiet for the rest of the short evening which is left to me.

I have been at all the places which I intended, on leaving Paris, to visit. It would have been greatly to my advantage if I had understood German and Italian, but this is an evil which I share in common with most English travellers. It is extremely awkward to travel through a country deaf and dumb. French was of immense service to me. I have been absent more than three months. I have travelled thousands of miles. I have been through Belgium and Holland — up the Rhine and through a considerable part of Germany; I have been through Switzerland and a great portion of France. I have been through Piedmont, Savoy, Lombardy, and Tuscany, and the Pontifical and Neapolitan states. I have been over the Alps, in two directions. I have traversed the Rhine through its whole length. I have been at Milan, Venice, Padua, Ferrara, Bologna, Flo-

rence, Rome, Naples, Leghorn, Pisa, Genoa, Turin, Lyons, up the Saone to Paris. I have seen the country and the city; visited farms and plantations, manufactories, schools, prisons, churches, palaces, galleries, cemeteries, markets, monuments, living cities and buried cities; seen the pope, cardinals, kings, queens, princes, dukes, and nobles; and have returned, through the blessing of God, without a single accident. Have I not great reason to be thankful? I have collected materials for a work, which may be both interesting and useful; and after the completion of my agricultural work, which is now drawing to its close, I shall devote myself to its accomplishment. I have had, however, too much experience of the uncertainties of life and health, to indulge any sanguine confidence. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXVI.

TO LADY S——, LONDON.

Paris, 15th September, 1847.

MY DEAR LADY S——:

I DARE say you have said more than once, within the last few months, what has become of Mr. Colman? I'll tell you what has become of him; and I'll presume so much upon your kindness, and it is not presuming a great deal after all the evidences you have given me of this kindness, as to think you have sometimes said, I should like to hear from him: and so you shall, my dear

lady, with all the good will and respect and kind remembrances, that you and Sir Francis, and your honored father, and Lady F——, and those charming young friends of mine, the bright-eyed lassies of your household, will please accept. Mind, I send my *love* to the young girls — old as I am, I cannot help it.

Perhaps you think, after your kind request, that I should have written before; but you must remember what a whirlwind I have been in; travelling so many thousands of miles in so few weeks; seeing so many persons, places, and things; confounded with as many different tongues as were spoken at Babel; and with the smack of a coachman's whip, or the rumbling of a diligence wheel, or the whizzing and buzzing of a steam-engine, continually thundering in my ear. That I have kept my head upon my shoulders, that I preserve a consciousness of my personal identity, that I can still make myself understood in plain, honest English, are matters for which I have reason to be devoutly thankful. Of French, I know something; of Italian, a little; of German, a few words; of Dutch, only a single word — but how much I owe to a single word — that saved me, and I shall never forget my obligations to the Dutch language. I went on Sunday from Leyden to Haarlem, by railroad, to attend service and hear the great organ. After service, I strolled into another part of the city, and attended another service. I was to go back to Leyden at night, where I had left my friend. Unfortunately, I lost my way, and find the railroad station I could not. I tried English, that would not do — everybody looked grave and shook their heads; but whether there was any thing in them or not I could not tell. I tried French,

but with the same ill-success. I made all sorts of gesticulations; and I dare say, by their laughing heartily, made myself quite ridiculous; but nothing would do. I believe at one time they thought I was begging for cold victuals, for some of the women seemed pitcously disposed towards me, and would have taken me by the hand and carried me in to the second table, if their husbands had not been by. At last, to my great delight, I recollected seeing, over the railroad station, the word "Spoorweg," which I concluded was the Dutch for railroad station—a blessed revelation it was to me—I exclaimed, like the Greek mathematician, "Eureka! Eureka!" I tried the word; still fearing that I might fail in the pronunciation; but, to my great joy, the key fitted the lock. I said *spoorweg* to every man, woman, and child I met; and by means of this single word, I at last found my way back to the station, just as the whistle for the last train was sounding. But for this, I do not know that I should not have been in the streets of Haarlem until this time, and I shall bless the word *spoorweg*, as a talisman, all the rest of my life.

The organ at Haarlem is an instrument of immense power; but in the ordinary service of the church this power is, of course, not fully displayed. The church to which it belongs was formerly a cathedral church. It is now a Presbyterian or Congregational meeting-house. I did not understand one word of the service. The congregation put on their hats during the preaching; and, though not cold, foot-stoves were universally furnished. I was struck with the singular incongruity of the decoration on an ambitious monument to some naval commander, which was surmounted with a representation of Neptune

with his trident, drawn by dolphins and surrounded by sea-nymphs, which seemed somewhat of an anomaly in a Christian church.

As to the Dutch *men* they are really a set of boors, a reputation which they have always had; but I wished, from the bottom of my heart, I had known a few other soft words to have said to the Dutch *women* and girls, they were so pretty. I think some of them the fairest and handsomest creatures I ever looked upon, and made of the finest unmixed porcelain clay. Before I left England, I thought the English women the fairest I had ever seen — I now consider them as belonging to the colored races. The Dutch women much exceed them. Take the fairest rose that was ever plucked, with the glittering dew-drops hanging among its petals; take the fairest peach that ever hung upon the tree, with its charming, blended tints of red and white, and they are eclipsed by the transparency and beauty of complexion of the fairest of the Dutch women, as I saw them at Broeck and at Saardam. If their minds are as fair, and their manners as winning as their faces, then I can easily understand the history of Adam's fall. It was impossible, poor fellow, that he should resist. Then their costume is so pretty and elegant. A sort of thin, gold helmet, fitting close to the head, leaving enough of the hair to part gracefully over the brows; a thin, but wide band of highly wrought and burnished gold, extending across the forehead; at the ends of this, some most rich and elegantly wrought filagree ornaments of gold, with splendid ear-drops of gold or of diamonds set in gold, with a beautiful cap of the finest Brussels lace,

covering, but not concealing, the whole head ; and all the rest of the dress of vestal purity ; white, tasteful, transparent, with short coats, shoes as bright as mirrors, and stockings of the purest white, and fitting the ancle as if they were knit upon the limb ; with no drabbling train to sweep the pavement, and no oversized shawl, and loose and ill-fitted sleeves and skirts, hanging about the person, like clothes upon an old tree on a washing-day, and you 'll have some faint notion of what one of these beautiful creatures is.

I have finished my tour on the Continent. I have floated quietly on the Dutch canals ; followed the beautiful Rhine from its mouth to its source ; gazed with delight in the pellucid waters of Lake Constance, worshipped at the foot of Mont Blanc, as one of the noblest columns of God's earthly temple ; crossed the Alps by that magnificent enterprise of human power and skill, the Simplon ; seen Milan and its splendid Cathedral, itself a marble garden ; sailed among the desolate palaces of Venice ; seen Padua, Ferrara, Bologna ; revelled in the galleries of Florence, the very temple of genius ; sat down upon the sublime ruins of the Colosseum, at Rome, and walked under the triumphal arches of the proudest of the Roman emperors ; seen Vesuvius, in all the glory of an eruption, with torrents of liquid fire rolling down its sides ; stood upon the leaning tower of Pisa, without its falling ; admired the cities of Genoa and Turin ; and here I am, once more, in this gayest, brightest, and handsomest of all cities.

Pray be kind — it is your nature — you cannot help being kind, and let me know how you all are. I heard

of Lady F—— *en route* ; but it was like the passage of a comet, and so rapid that even the glitter of the train escaped me. I seemed always a day too late. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXVII.

Paris, 16th September, 1847.

MY DEAR A——:

THIS morning has brought me the letters of the 30th June and 30th July, with sundry postscripts, and almost a whole, and a charming letter from E——, which, depend upon it, shall not remain long unacknowledged. I have literally devoured these letters, and still feel hungry, like a famishing man who has only had half a meal, since no letters have come for me by the last boat.

I have to thank God, upon my knees, and with my whole soul, that a journey of many thousands of miles by land and by sea, amidst a thousand perils and dangers, has been accomplished without accident to life or limb or health, and with a success in respect to its objects as great as I could desire. As it respects despatch, I have been fortunate in having the entire control of my own movements. I have found no difficulty in regard to language, though it would be scarcely possible to travel without French, and I have hardly been a day without some agreeable travelling companion, with whom my intercourse has been friendly, instructive, and entertaining. In many of the cities I found acquaintances, who either knew me personally or by name, and I have come fully to the conclusion that I should be the

last person to run away with any hope of concealment or escape.

My journey has been crowded to excess with objects of interest ; agricultural, moral, political, literary, social interest. My head has been full ; my heart has often been more full. I have seen them in their most exalted ; I have seen them in their most degraded condition. I have seen cities rising in wealth and splendor, and embellished with all the glories of art and genius, and I have seen the broken fragments and dilapidated ruins and skeletons of cities and empires, which once concentrated all the splendors, as in one blazing point, which a wealth unbounded, and a luxury whose refinements taxed human desires and genius to their utmost, could supply.

I hardly know what to speak of, for it seems to me it would require a year's conversation to detail my adventures, or rather the objects which have come under my observation in the last four months. The accumulations of the works of art, of pictures and statues, would almost make an Egyptian pyramid. Some of the pictures and statues seem to approach a creative power, and one stands before them in breathless admiration. Perhaps you will ask me what I admire most. Of all the statues, the most beautiful seems to me to be Venus Victorious, as it is called, Canova's statue of Pauline, the sister of Napoleon, and wife of the Prince Borghese at Rome. I prefer it even to the Venus de Medici. It is more modest, and it is wrought with a skill and taste which are transcendent. Of pictures, I give the preference to *Madonna della Seggiola*, by Raphael ; the children are celestial. You have a copy of this celebrated picture in your neighborhood.

If you ask me what city I prefer, I answer, I had rather live in London, because I have so many kind friends there, and it is more like, and is in truth nearer home ; but Paris in beauty, adornment, all the luxuries of life, all the gaieties of life, all the splendors of life, is before it. All the luxury I am now panting for, however, is the luxury of embracing you all. If God grants me that blessing in health and peace, I shall be gayer than all the gaieties of Paris crowded into one bright spot, and if I must die in an hour after, your bright eyes, pouring their kind rays upon your old father, will make it, I verily believe, the most splendid hour in his life.

I am sorry to hear of your indisposition. I think constantly of those who are left to us, and of those who have left us, and I console myself with the delightful persuasion that we are still one family, and shall meet again to mingle hearts and minds. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

TO MRS M.—

Paris, 17th September, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

HERE I am once more ensconced in a Parisian garret *au cinquième*, where I have lit in my pigeon's flight from Italy ; and you, I suppose, are *quietly* seated, — stay, I beg pardon — that word *quietly* can never apply to you but in a very qualified sense ; well, bustling about, then, saying agreeable things, doing kind actions, fulfilling the

duties of a good wife, and showing off to the admiring natives the feathers and silks and ribbons and caps which you carried home ; every week, I have no doubt, coming out with something original, for you cannot, as yet, have got through with half that you took away, and even if that great feat had been accomplished, with your exquisite skill, and by the simple rule of permutation and combination, I have no doubt you could produce some new display every week for two years to come ; and then, according to the clerical rule of turning up the barrel, you could easily begin with the original articles and continue to appear the gayest among the gay, and lead the fashion for half Boston. A friend of ours always agreed with me that you dressed with great taste, especially in that blue velvet mantle and that charming bonnet, with the white plumes hanging so gracefully over the side. He was so much affected by it, as in one case to inquire of me with a good deal of interest, what I considered the chance of Mr. M——'s recovery, and he came very near breaking the tenth commandment. I confess my own ideality was much excited and gratified by the exhibition, but my conscientiousness and reverence and caution were somewhat alarmed, and being a grave man, I felt that such vanities hardly became a lady who had, I believe, passed her *teens*, and got into her *tyes*. I could not help thinking, sometimes, "that fine feathers make fine birds ;" but, then, I recollected that in this case, the bird would have been fine without the feathers, and I was persuaded that your good sense and experience would keep alive your discretion, and in spite of appearances, prevent your being carried away with these carnal vanities. But how truly glad I should be to see you,

whether it were in the velvet bonnet, with white, waving plumes, or even in a common Shaker's cotton cap, without that elegant Brussels lace, which ornamented those you carried from this celestial region of taste and fashion. In the impossibility of this, however, pray let me hear from you, how you are, and where you are ; and when I talk of *you*, I mean both parts of you, the right and the left side. I should be quite delighted to hear that the corporate body is sound throughout. The Scripture says, I think, that "they twain shall be one flesh ;" and I never knew so well the very close relation between man and woman as since I have been in Italy. I have often read with admiration the account in Genesis of the creation of woman. In Italy I have seen at least four pictorial representations of this great event. I had always supposed that the rib was taken out entirely before the moulding of this exquisite *chef d'œuvre* began, but the artists do not agree with me in this matter ; and in Brussels and Milan she is represented as rising out of the side of the man like a green branch springing out of the side of a tree which has fallen down. In one case she is all out but her feet ; and when I recollected some of her beautiful descendants, such as Taglioni, Elssler, or Grisi, I knew she could not have staid long in that position. I could not help thinking of the case of the profane story of the Irishman who employed the priest to pray his friend out of purgatory. In the course of the operation the priest demanded more money, and Paddy very naturally demanded what had been done. The priest replied that he had got him all out but his legs ; "An' faith," said Paddy, "I have known Mike often in the bog, and if he has got as far

out as that you may let him alone for making his way, for the d—I himself can't keep him." But this is a mere episode ; and all this history and all these pictures seemed wholly designed to represent the intimate and mutual dependence of the sexes, and knowing, my dear lady, "the rock out of which you have been hewn," I hope you will not be led astray by any of the vanities of this world from your proper duty, but will continue to love, honor, and obey, according to the commandment.

The passage up the Rhine was everywhere delightful ; the scenery was varied ; the hills generally approached close to the water, their steepest acclivities cultivated to the very summits ; and we passed continually villages and towns on the river's brink, and the bristling hills at every town on the river, were surmounted with the ruins of some ancient castle, the residences of bishops and feudal lords, who lived as freebooters, by plundering the unfortunate voyagers upon the river.

The accommodations for travelling were everywhere excellent, whether at hotels, in the cities, or by steamboat or railroad, and we found everywhere passengers, sometimes English and sometimes French, accessible, and disposed to be communicative. I was often compelled to acknowledge, in such cases, that no travelling equipage which a man can take with him is half so valuable as invariable good manners and imperturbable good temper ; and these, on the part of my fellow voyagers, I constantly found.

I never performed a kind service for any one without being manifoldly compensated. I offered, on a foggy, chilly morning, my travelling cloak to two ladies who

sat shivering on the deck of the boat, which broke the ice afterwards for some conversation. I found in the end that they were persons of distinction from Paris, a mother and a daughter, with a servant, speaking fluently French, English, German, and Italian. Being familiar with travelling, they kindly gave me the most valuable directions as to my route, and being catholics, apprized me of a great fête of the church, to be witnessed in Rome in the beginning of August, which otherwise I might have missed.

True, in Rome and Naples, as Curran said in another case, if the fleas had been unanimous, they would have rolled me out of bed ; but I slept on in spite of them ; and I could not but reflect with grateful satisfaction, that I could by any humble instrumentality, either in the way of subsistence or enjoyment, be of service to the meanest of the animal creation, and keep up that bright chain of mutual dependence and subserviency which prevails as a universal law among all animal existences.

Every thing seemed to favor my enterprise. I saw every new moon over my right shoulder. At Florence, in honor of the birth of a prince, we had a grand *Te Deum*, and the magnificent dome of the cathedral was illuminated. At Rome, it was the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, whom I would have thanked if I could have got near her. I saw the pope in his gown and slippers, with cardinals and princes kissing the embroidered shoe, and stood uncovered among the thousands who were watching for the dew of his blessing under the great balcony. At Naples, Vesuvius got up the finest eruption which has been for years, illuminating

the whole glorious concave with her bursting flames, sending blazing rocks high into the air, and pouring down her sides floods of liquid fire. I went on to Leghorn and Pisa, and thence to Genoa, — Genoa, where those sylphs float about the streets in their white veils, models of perfect grace and aeriality. From Genoa, I crossed the magnificent and snow-clad Alps for a second time, in the meantime stopping at Turin, one of the best ordered cities in the world, and climbing a lofty summit to view the magnificent cemetery of the Sardinian kings, and, what is far better, to feast my eyes on the rich valley of Piedmont. But I cannot go on. This is only a taste, — it is not even a taste. I shall serve up a full meal presently, and shall invite you with other friends, to my *table-d' hôte* ; do not disdain my humble fare, I promise you my best ; who can do more ?

A kind word from you and Mr. M—— will do my heart good. Ask Mr. M—— to read to you what Cicero says of letters ; that I hope will be my apology for this *cumulus ineptiarum*. Yours truly.

LETTER CLXXIX.

TO MISS A. J., BOSTON.

Paris, 15th September, 1847.

MY DEAR MISS J—— :

I HAVE at last finished my Continental tour, and send you an early and friendly greeting from the city where I have passed in your society so many agreeable hours. I miss you, I assure you, most sensibly ; and I often

pass your house with a wish that I might meet you and my good friend, your brother, ere long, in our common home. I can easily understand how much a lady, with your fierceness of patriotism — for such I think I have a right to call it, and it seems by some strange accident to have taken root in your gentle nature — must enjoy on her arrival at home after an absence of years ; and I dare say you never saw in all your travels, any skies so transparent, any rocks so picturesque, any fields so verdant, any waters so clear, and any surf so phosphorescent as that at Nahant. So much for the spectacles of an entire and hearty patriotism. I should regret to disturb your charming illusions. But I cannot, for the life of me, drink the toast which was so heartily received, and so loudly cheered, at Philadelphia — “Our country — Our country, right or wrong.” I wish as ardently as you do, that my country might be always right, but I can never, under any circumstances, wish success to what I deem wrong, unjust, and wicked ; and as the best cure for individual and national folly is suffering, what the hymn calls “wholesome draughts of unaffected pain,” I have no objection to the administration of the medicine, where the patient is in a dangerous way, and no other effectual remedy presents itself. I think, with your sound and excellent judgment, which, if you will allow me to say it, I consider as one of the best elements of your mind, you will revise your casuistry in this case, and be found among the last persons who should desire, under any circumstances, that that which is essentially wrong should triumph.

I returned six days ago from my most delightful tour, which I have made without a single drawback or acci-

dent to health and limb. I have everywhere had good conveyances, good accommodations, and good company; have experienced innumerable acts of good will; have suffered none of the impositions of which travellers usually complain; have not been robbed nor murdered, as I was told I might be; and have not died of the malaria, as I was gravely forewarned I might do, if I went to Rome in summer. I went first to Belgium; the crops were magnificent beyond any thing I ever saw before. I went next into Holland. I had heard from my youth of the *stupid* Dutchmen, but it seems to me no people before, ever accomplished such magnificent enterprises, defying the ocean and robbing him, under his very teeth, of a territory large and fertile beyond all calculation. I went to the field of Waterloo, all stained with human blood, and enriched by the bones of slaughtered thousands. Ah! said I to myself, how miserably do such conquests, full of untold and incalculable wretchedness, compare with those conquests over nature, which are designed to sustain life and to multiply the sources of human subsistence and enjoyment. I threaded the beautiful Rhine from its mouth to its source, and admired the wonderful efforts of human industry, which had carried the triumphs of cultivation up the steepest acclivities, and to heights where birds of the loftiest flight felt themselves secure from all human approach. I admired Frankfort; and offered an idolatrous worship to the Ariadne of Dannecker, a master-piece of art.

I passed through the cities of Basle, Berne, and Fribourg, making due pauses at each, and rested at Vevay, on the Genevan lake. You have no doubt been at Vevay, and let me say a word of this most beautiful of all spots

on which my eye has ever rested. I am told that Byron speaks of its beauty as enchanting, but I did not require his testimony. Nothing ever appeared half so beautiful as the view from my chamber window; the mirrored lake, with its transparent and cerulean waters, rivalled in clearness by nothing but the waters of Michilimackinac; the winding and indented shores of the lake, with the charming villages with their white roofs, which adorned the side hills; the dark forests, which here and there presented themselves; and above all, the lofty and snow-clad summits of a long range of Alps, which formed the background of the picture, and when lighted up by the sun rising in all his glory, seemed only a kindling blaze running along the whole of their varied, and undulating, and sublime outline, gilding them with a celestial brilliancy, awakened in my heart such an enthusiasm of admiration and delight, as can die out within me only when all sense and all memory expire.

Thence I traversed the mountains of Switzerland, penetrated its most savage seclusions, revelled in its delicious valleys, reposed on its clear, green, and flowery turf, by the side of its gushing crystal springs; and, under a July sun, waded knee deep in its eternal snows; looked the Jungfrau full in the face, and worshipped at the foot of Mont Blanc, among its glittering glaciers, pillaring the arches of Heaven. I crossed the Simplon, that monument of a transcendent courage and ambition, which seemed to defy the elements. I gave my heart up to delight, in the verdant plains of Lombardy, chequered with flowers, festooned with vines, and rich in the fruits of Eden. I sailed among the silent palaces of Venice, listening to almost the only indications of life, the echo

of the gondolier's oar. I visited Padua and Bologna, and saw their scholastic halls, where learning has slept so long and so soundly in the arm-chair of the early centuries. I went to Florence — its galleries, its palaces, and even its streets, glittering with the gems of genius. I reached at last the Eternal city; and how my heart leaped within me when I first caught sight of St. Peter's dome, and above all, when I sat down on the dilapidated walls of the Colosseum, listened to the Eolian winds sweeping through its desolate ruins, passed under the triumphal arches of Rome's proudest emperors, where conquering and conquered princes had so often passed before me; and above all, when I stood where Cicero uttered the electric shouts of patriotism, and denounced the treason and the traitor, and where assembled thousands quivered under his indignant and immortal eloquence. From Rome I went to Naples, so transcendently beautiful in its natural scenery, so hideous in its moral aspects. I saw Vesuvius in all the glory of an eruption, sending its magnificent out-bursts of flame high into the air, and illuminating the vast concave, and then pouring its streams of lava down its sides, like tresses of liquid fire hanging about its neck. I visited the disinterred cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and trod the streets, where I almost trembled at the echo of my own footsteps, which once rang with the noisy voices of busy and happy thousands. I tried to carry my imagination back two thousand years, and then asked myself what has since been gained for human knowledge, virtue, and improvement; but this was a great question, which it would take years to answer. In the common arts of life, it would seem but little; in the arts which adorn life, per-

haps nothing; in morals, if Naples must be the standard, nothing; in religion, if Italy must answer, only the substitution of one kind of idols for another. From Naples I came to Leghorn, Pisa, Genoa, Turin, Lyons, Paris. Here I remain a month, to finish my inquiries, and then to London. Make all kind regards to my good friend, your brother. Now adieu — *au revoir*.

LETTER CLXXX.

Paris, 18th September, 1817.

MY DEAR S — :

MY candles burn very dimly, and my eyes seem even to be more dim, for I did not see my bed until two o'clock this morning; but I feel so strongly that before I sleep I should like to have a little chat with you, that I shall attempt it, and rely upon your kindness to accept what is well intended for what must be imperfectly executed.

I have thought a thousand times, on my journey, how much you, with your susceptibility and enthusiasm, would have enjoyed had I had the happiness of your society, and how much of pleasure there is in store for you. I think I was fortunate to have accomplished my journey as I did; and I should not be at all surprised if the perturbed political condition of Italy should render travelling there, for a while, unsafe and impracticable. I supposed, at first, that the disaffected elements were all at Rome, where there seemed little prospect of any decisive movement; but farther observation

satisfies me that the combustible matter is very widely extended through all the Italian governments, and that, if an explosion occurs, it will be universal. The indignation against Austria in the Italian states is intense ; but if a revolution should take place, what is to be the result ? Some persons think the establishment of a republican or democratic form of government. But this seems not possible ; the people are not qualified for it ; it would not last a week. Besides, democracy and liberty appear to me wholly inconsistent with the Roman Catholic religion ; and as to changing *that*, it is quite as hopeless a task as it would be to undertake to throw down the largest of the Egyptian pyramids. The people of Italy are, as a mere traveller sees them, a most degraded, filthy, lazy, improvident, and unprincipled population. In Rome, and especially in Naples, they are disgusting and detestable, without the shadow or even pretence of a moral sense, and are wholly incapable of a free or republican government. If the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were as corrupt as Naples obviously is — and some monuments which have been found in the ruins would seem to indicate an enormous grossness of manners — the world lost little by their destruction. My visit to these disinterred cities was full of interest. Little of Herculaneum has been uncovered, because it was destroyed by a substance, which, when cold, is like the hardest stone ; but much of Pompeii, which was buried in a driving storm of ashes and cinders, has been disclosed, because the filling up is comparatively easy of removal. Probably, however, not a tenth, perhaps not a twentieth part of the city has been disinterred ; the process is still going on ; and they have an interested

object in the slow and gradual disinterment, that public curiosity may be kept awake, and strangers attracted to the place, by a constant discovery of something new. The furniture found in the houses of Pompeii, of which there is a vast collection in the museums of Naples — I mean especially their cooking and domestic utensils, which were composed of imperishable materials — show that those people were as far advanced as we are in the common arts of life. Their multiplied apartments, with their enclosed gardens, and piazzas, and baths; their beautiful fountains and candelabras; their mosaic pavements, and their painted walls, upon which, in some cases, the colors retain all their original vividness and freshness; and, above all, the jewelry, the precious stones, the gold ornaments, bracelets, rings, ear-rings, and *cameos*, of the most exquisite beauty, which no modern specimens, that I have seen, approach, — evince their extraordinary luxury. Some of these jewels and rings were found upon the necks and fingers of the skeletons, which were disclosed in a posture evidently of extreme terror; and a collection of money was found in the clenched grasp of one skeleton — but he could only have had a momentary, if he had any consciousness of its utter worthlessness in circumstances like those — a striking lesson, however, for those who came after him. Some most beautiful statuary has been found both in Herculaneum and Pompeii, which confirm that of which we have many other monuments and examples, i. e., the extraordinary progress of the ancients in the almost divine and creative art of sculpture. I do not think much more will be done at excavating Herculaneum. The discovery of the city was made by sinking a well, when at eighty feet

they came to the theatre ; you can easily infer under what a depth it lies buried. A city now, likewise, is built over it, so that farther excavations cannot go on without endangering the houses and palaces of the living. Pompeii was covered only by about twenty feet of ashes, and you walk upon a level of much of the surrounding country directly into the streets.

Vesuvius, the destroying monster, is a grand object, combining both sublimity and beauty in a degree which fills you with admiration. I was very impatient to get sight of it some time before I reached Naples. It is visible, at sea, a great distance ; but, by land, I was not gratified with the sight of it, until within a few miles of the city. At first, the view fell much short of my expectations ; it seemed — for I had then a full recollection of the mighty Alps upon my mind — only a considerable mountain of a conical form, with a magnificent turban of clouds, in graceful folds, rolled round its head. In the evening, however, every thing was changed. My chamber window opened directly upon the beautiful bay of Naples, and Vesuvius was full in front of me. I sat upon the balcony long after midnight, and got up several times every night, while I staid there, to witness its sublime explosions, which, at short intervals, sent its showers of burning stone and balls of fire high up in the air, and then poured its rivers of fire down its sides. The sight can never be erased from my mind, while any thing remains there, as an image of power and terror, before which human impotence must crouch in trembling silence. Yours truly.

LETTER CLXXXI.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Paris, 19th September, 1847.

MY DEAR E—:

I HAD a charming note from you, in a postscript to the letter of your dear grandmother, which you see I make as little delay as possible in acknowledging. A prompt reply is always to be regarded as an indication of our sense of the value of what we receive; you must consider it so in my case, and regard it as having increased weight from my multiplied cares. It is very kind in you to be so thoughtful of your old grandfather, who responds to your affection with his whole heart.

How long it is since I have seen you! I sometimes try to imagine how you look. I am aware what extraordinary changes young girls pass through in the transition state, from *teen* to *ty*, and I am equally aware, if my absence is much longer extended, that I may find it difficult to recognize my dear little grandchild in my granddaughter—the little wild hoiden of twelve and fourteen in the staid young lady of eighteen and twenty. Yet, I cannot help thinking there will be something or other, by which, without speaking, we shall find each other out. I am old and decayed; the foliage all gone at the top; and what few leaves remain below, bearing all the seariness and yellowness of autumn, and only waiting a strong wind to scatter the whole. You are

all fresh and green ; full of swelling buds and gently opening flowers ; and advancing, in the steady progress of time, to the maturity of life and womanhood. If the old tree could speak, he would tell you how much he admires your expanding growth ; and how his hopes expand with your expansion ; and with what delight he looks forward to the maturity and perfection of one of the richest plants in the wide garden of nature, (for such always is a virtuous young woman,) which, under the blessing of that Good Husbandman who alone can give the increase, shall be fruitful in that which shall delight the moral eye by its beauty, feast the moral taste by its sweetness, and prove a nutriment of moral life and health to all who are permitted to partake of it.

I hear, from every one, how much you are beloved by your friends, and what happiness and consolation your father and mother and grandmother find in your affection, kindness, and duty. This fills me with delight, and makes my heart run over with pleasure and hope. I say nothing of —— and ——, whom you know I love so dearly ; but the image of my departed idol, the aunt, whom you were too young to know, is continually fresh in my memory ; and I believe I should die satisfied, if I could see, in you, my dear E——, a reflection of her innocence, kindness, and loveliness. I looked forward to some years of her society as the consolation and delight of my life. I was too *proud* of her ; of the beauty of her person, the sweetness of her manners, the quickness and vivacity of her mind. Heaven saw fit to rebuke my pride ; and the cup fell broken from my hands, just as I began to inhale its fragrance and taste its sweetness. I do not complain. She is in

Heaven ; and I have reason to be envied in the blessings which have been left to me.

I did not intend to have written you so grave a letter, but I have let my pen follow and not guide my thoughts. Your mother's letter will have told you how my journey has prospered. I have seen a great many pretty girls since I have been gone ; and if, when I come back, I think they are handsomer than the Salem girls, I will tell you. In Power's studio, at Florence, I saw the bust of ——, and I have seen nowhere any thing handsomer. The bust is a good likeness, and was immediately recognized. It is too old for her, which seemed to me the only fault ; but that is a fault which time will remedy.

The female costumes of many of the countries through which I have passed, are peculiar, and do not change. They have been the same for centuries. This, I know, is bad for milliners, and dress-makers, and French *modistes* ; but one cannot help looking at it, on account of its antiquity, with peculiar pleasure. The costumes of the Dutch women, with their exquisite laces, and gold ornaments, and white muslin aprons, of as fine a fabric as a spider's web, are charming. The Swiss girls, with their large bonnets cocked upon one side — or rather a sort of broad-brimmed hat, and tied by a gay bow high up under the ear — have an archness and slyness, so nearly bordering upon impudence, though it is not impudence, that it is quite difficult to look grave when you meet them. The women at Fribourg wear a red handkerchief tied over the head in the most graceful manner possible. In many parts of Italy, the women wear upon their heads what resembles a large napkin

folded square, several folds resting upon one another on the top of the head, and one open fold hanging down behind. Their bodices, and their blue and red petticoats, made so short as to display the blue stocking with a beautifully wrought clock to it, I must tell you about some other time. The Milanese women go clattering about, without any heels to their shoes, and oftentimes with the toes cut off, so that the slipper or sandal has nothing but a sole held by a band across the widest part of the foot. The Genoese costume is extremely beautiful. The women dress their elegant, glossy, black hair in the neatest manner, parting it over the forehead. They wear, about half way over the head, a white veil of the finest muslin, extending below the hips, and held by one hand under the chin, and every thing about them is as neat as possible. They walk perfectly erect, only touching the forward part of the foot to the ground, which is a habit, I think, formed from their city's being built upon a side hill, and many of the streets being, like those of Providence, quite steep. At any rate, no persons can walk more beautifully. The grave clergyman, who was my companion, several times turned round with me to look at them, after we had passed them; and we both agreed that we never saw more grace and beauty in person and movement. Whether two such old fellows are any judges of grace and beauty, I do not pretend to say. Our wives, some years ago, thought we were. Yours truly.

LETTER CLXXXII.

TO MY FRIENDS UNDER BEREAVEMENT.

Paris, 19th September, 1847.

DEAR R— AND A—:

My religious creed, in regard to the Divine Providence, may be said to be reduced to a single line; but that line is as comprehensive as human language or human imagination can make it, and radiant with Heaven's brightest, purest, fullest light — "God is good — He is the sum and perfection of all goodness — He is the combination, the concentration, the very essence of love." I scarcely know another proposition in theology, which does not admit with some minds of some debate which is so complete in its evidence that no one asks for more, that does not require some qualification, or upon which I can rest my whole heart without some demur, or in some circumstances of health and spirits, without some shadow of distrust, or, if not that, a secret wish that my faith might be increased. But nothing of this sort applies to the above simple proposition, that God is good; He is all Love, He is Love only. I read it like a scroll upon the heavens, in letters of living and unchanging light. I meet it in every green field, and every populous city, where countless millions revel in the Divine bounty. I saw the record of it upon the very summits of mountains clad in eternal snows, where all animal existence is defied, those mighty reservoirs of fertility to the wide-stretching and productive plains below, where such infinite and

uncounted multitudes find health and sustenance. My passage across the ocean, that profound abode of animal life, a title of which probably has not yet come within human discernment, that *separating*, yet strange to say, *connecting* bond of the nations of the earth, and destined yet to unite them in one great family, and become the medium of the universal diffusion of the richest blessings which have ever fallen to the lot of the most favored, read daily lessons to me of the goodness of God. But then, my personal experience is so much more touching, my whole life has been a continued, uninterrupted, undeserved succession of His mercies. In my busiest, in my most solitary hours, in my most cheerful, and in my most distressed moments, in my hours of health, in my hours of bitterest pain and sickness, when life hung only by a hair, when new friends have been given to me, when old friends have been taken from me, when I have been compelled to lay in the grave what to me had a preciousness infinitely beyond the power of language to express, I have felt always, — my conviction has never wavered, never has had even the slightest cloud over it — the unutterable and unchangeable goodness of God. I never lie down upon my bed without feeling the precious security of such a friend, to whom I commit my soul. I never wake in the morning, but, before my eyes are half open, or my tongue can utter a word, I find this mighty triumph of faith struggling within me; and many, many is the time, when, under its oppressive and delicious conviction, I can find relief for my heart only in tears of grateful joy. When I am wretched under the conviction of my deficiencies, my ungrateful returns, my imperfect performances, and my many sins, which always

appear to me like crimes, when I think against whom I have sinned, then I have not a second's peace, until I fly to Him and pour out my sorrows before Him. When I think of His goodness, I am often tempted to get down upon my knees in the streets and thoroughfares, to say how much I feel it. I do not like to speak of these things; I do not like to tell my experience; I know how sacred it should be kept, but I felt that it was, perhaps, the best consolation I could offer to you, under that season of darkness which has come over you; and that, at least, the expression of my sympathy even in this form, would not be unwelcome.

I do not know why children are taken away when the promise is brightest and our hopes are strongest. I do not know why they are taken away at all. I do not know why there is sickness, or pain, or death, in this world. Life and death, because of our ignorance, are full of mysteries. But this I do know, that God is good, and, when my heart aches most, I press this blessed talisman to it, and it is sure to relieve me. You, my dear friends, cannot be ignorant of its value. Your views of religion rest wholly upon it. It is the very rock upon which you build your faith, and all the consolations of Christianity grow out of it, and derive their value from it. May God bless you both, and add, day by day, in respect to you, more and more of the revelations of this precious truth.

S—— has, I dare say, told you of my progress. I am glad, once more, to have reached a spot, where my communications with the best friends I ever had, and the best that a man could ever have, will be direct, short, and certain. I go to London in all next month, for the

winter. I do not ask you to let me hear from you ; you'll do it, of course. I have grown dreadfully old, and I fear, a good deal childish ; for the remembrance of my friends over the water so blinds me, that I can hardly see to subscribe myself yours affectionately.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

TO MRS. B——, LONDON.

Paris, 22d September, 1847.

MY DEAR MRS. B——:

I REGRET exceedingly to hear of your indisposition. From your account, I think it must be neuralgia, of which there are some alleviations, but I fear no cure. I have no great confidence in physicians. There are men in all the learned professions, who are the glory of their nature, and who live wholly to do good, and, thank God, succeed in doing good ; but I am sorry to believe, that the abuses of the influence which superior education, and intelligence, and learning, give men, are as numerous as those of wealth or rank, or civil or military power. In spite of all this, I must remain contented with the full enjoyment of the right of private opinion. The world will go on as it is. I can mend, I can alter nothing ; and as I see not the slightest hope of any great or permanent advance or improvement in the human character or condition, I will try to wait with what patience I can, until the grand mystery of human existence on earth is unfolded, and see what is to come of what Mr. Fox, M. P., would call these “hea-

ings and aspirations of humanity after good." Perhaps you will think that to-day with me is cloudy, and the wind is East.

I go next week to Mettray, to see the agricultural school for young convicts; and a friend has engaged me to make several agricultural visits to that neighborhood. Paris appears to me more beautiful than ever, and the finest city I have seen; I put my personal attachments and English friends entirely out of the question. There cannot be a better people than the best of the English people, and I know many of the best of them. But I will suppose myself an entire stranger to French and English, and allowed to form an unbiased conclusion; and I should not hesitate to say that the French are as honest in all their dealings, as any other people, and that in civilization, and in all the common arrangements of life, for comfort and public order, they are almost unequalled. Do not be offended. Let us look at these matters in the calm light of philosophy, and aim to form honest and impartial conclusions. Yours truly.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

Paris, 29th September, 1847.

MY DEAR M—:

TO-MORROW I leave by railroad, for Orleans and Tours. I go to Tours for the purpose of seeing an agricultural establishment which has great celebrity. Count de Gourcy is to meet me with a carriage in the neighborhood. We are then to make a visit at the

Marquis de Gourey's and at several places in the vicinity, where he says I shall get much information and receive much pleasure. His civility and attentions have been great and unremitting. I made his acquaintance as soon as I came to Paris; and he is a well-informed and most estimable person. I speak French with some hesitation; but as I understand it when spoken, my visit will, I have no doubt, be agreeable. The environs of Paris are very pleasant, abounding in gardens, vineyards, villages, private houses, and palaces, traversed in various directions, and in a serpentine course, by the Seine. Of the interior of France, excepting on its Alpine borders, I have not seen much; but what I have seen has impressed me favorably; and though the agriculture of France is entirely different from that of England, and on account of the dryness of its climate, it lacks that deep and perennial verdure, which England and Ireland present, yet the country is by no means deficient in good cultivation and in beautiful landscapes. The French peasantry are a much better looking class of people than the English, and I believe are altogether better fed and better clad. In contrast with the dirty, ragged, unwashed, and half-clad Italians, they appear to be another race of beings. Every one speaks of the French as a treacherous and hypocritical race, without morals and without religion — mere frog-eaters, fiddlers, and monkies. I do not believe there ever were grosser slanders. For myself I can say, that I have not met, in all my intercourse with the French, a single act of incivility; nor am I conscious of having been imposed upon in any case or in any matter whatever; and that the civility, and I will add, the kindness of the great mass of the people,

are preëminent and characteristic. I attended last week the great fête and fair of St. Cloud, and I chose to stay until the evening, and until the whole affair might be said to be in full blast. It was the last day of the fair, which continues about three weeks; and as the magnificent waterworks of St. Cloud play on that afternoon, an immense concourse was collected. It is difficult to speak of numbers, but I probably should not exaggerate if I said there were fifty thousand people there. There were shops, booths, restaurants, cafés, ball-rooms, roundabouts, swings, railroads, shooting-matches, games of various kinds, and dances and concerts. I staid until ten o'clock in the evening. I went into the thickest of the crowd; to the booths, the concerts, the ball-rooms. Now let me tell my experience, I did not meet a single individual, man, woman, or child, who was not clean in their appearance, well-dressed, and well-behaved. I did not see a single individual who was in the slightest degree intoxicated. I did not see a single quarrel, or dispute, nor a single act of rudeness or indecorum. I did not see a single person who could be recognized as a dissolute person, or who gave me any leer or sign, which would indicate such a character. I paid five sous to go into one of the little theatres, and nothing could be more orderly than the behavior of the crowd in the place, and in going in and coming out. I knew that at eleven o'clock every thing would be closed quietly. I heard no swearing, no loud shouting, or talking, and saw nothing but happy faces, radiant with kindness. I was delighted to see so much enjoyment; not all of it of a very refined kind, because the people were not all of a refined character; but all of it harmless and innocent;

and I thank God that pleasure is so cheap ; that there are pleasures adapted to every class of minds ; and that if they could not be happy in one way they could in another ; and one great duty of religion is, in my opinion, to be as happy as we can be ourselves, with innocence, and without injury to others ; and to make those around us, if possible, happier than ourselves. I could not dance myself because I am too old and stiff. I did not think the dancing always graceful or tasteful. Waltzing, in my opinion, excepting among brothers and sisters, is always to be condemned, though practised here in a manner as little objectionable as among the refined circles. But, though I could not dance myself, yet, if I had known how, and there had been occasion, I would have played the violin for others to dance by.

The trains went very often, and I do not know that there were not a thousand persons in the train by which I returned, but there was not the slightest disorder or crowding, in getting the tickets or taking the places. All this, certainly, speaks well for the Parisians. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXV.

Paris, 14th October, 1847.

MY DEAR M— :

WHEN I last wrote to you, I was proposing a jaunt into the country with the Count de Gourey ; that I have accomplished in a most agreeable manner, he having, by appointment, met me at Tours, about one hundred and fifty miles from Paris, and we travelled together in a

gig, by railroads, and by coaches, for several days, visiting many ancient palaces and several families of the old noblesse, and especially seeing much more of the agriculture and rural manners of France than I could possibly have done in any other way.

I was in the midst of the land of grapes, travelling for miles and miles, and day after day, through vineyards loaded with their rich products, and seeing hundreds and hundreds of men, women, and children, gathering the most abundant harvest which has been known for years. I have never seen, so far as they have come under my observation, a more civil, clean, well-dressed, happy set of people than the French peasantry, with scarcely an exception ; and they contrast most strongly, in this respect, with the English and the Scotch. I seldom went among a field of laborers in England or Scotland, especially if they were women, without some coarse joke, or some indecent leer ; at least it has happened to me many times ; and seldom without being solicited for something, “ to drink your honor’s health ; ” and never, especially in Scotland, without finding them sallow, haggard, bare-footed, ragged, and dirty. In France it is the reverse ; they are well clad, with caps as white as snow, or neat handkerchiefs tied around their heads ; the men with neat blouses or frocks, and good hats ; I have scarcely ever seen a bare-footed or bare-legged woman in France ; let them be doing what they will, they are always tidy ; the address even of the poorest, (I do not at all exaggerate,) is as polite as that of the best people you find in a city ; and so far from ever soliciting money, they have refused it in repeated instances, when for some little service, I have offered some compensation ; Count

de Gourcy told me again and again, that even the most humble of them would consider it as an offence to have it offered to them. I do not believe there ever was a happier peasantry than the French ; drunkenness is entirely unknown among them ; and they are preëminent for their industry and economy. I went into one field, with a large farmer, where there were nearly a hundred, principally women and children, gathering grapes, and I did not see one among them, whom I should not have been perfectly willing to have met at table, or in any other situation.

I visited several plain, substantial farmers, and several of the old nobility. They do not live in the same splendor as the English ; they have not so many horses and carriages and servants ; but they live elegantly. Their houses are most comfortable, and their tables are covered with more luxuries than I almost ever before saw brought together in the same abundance.

My journeyings are now ended, and I am progressing with my work. My apartments, though very high, are very humble. I shall remain here as long as I can work to advantage.

My English friends invite me, and promise me a hearty welcome. One of them commands me to come directly to his house, and make it my home ; but this of course I cannot do, though the invitation is, I have no doubt, given in good faith. The situation of England is critical, and the result is uncertain. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

Paris, 1st November, 1847.

MY DEAR M—:

HAVING finished my journeyings, I hope nothing will interfere to prevent the satisfactory completion of my enterprise. I am too old to have entire confidence in any thing future, but I will at least hope for the best.

For the last month I have been breakfasting like a prince. By the way, I get my own breakfast rather than make the servant travel up five pair of stairs. But that to which I particularly refer, in this case, has been the delicious grapes, which I have had upon my table every morning, sometimes for ten, oftener for eight and six, and frequently for four sous or cents per pound. They have been as much for my health as my pleasure. The season for grapes will probably continue a fortnight longer. France is full of the most delicious fruit; and the apples and pears seem almost unrivalled. I saw, this morning, in the market, plenty of *green peas*, *string beans*, and *strawberries*. Mind you, this is the first of November.

I am cured of all my prejudices against the French, with which I came from England fully freighted. I expected to starve here, and did at first almost starve, from a fear of the cooking; but since I have seen the markets and meat shops, I must say that, excepting Philadelphia, I have seen nothing equal to them in point of neatness, both in the articles they sell and the appearance of the

persons who sell them, and I have ceased to have any fears of being poisoned, or of having any thing served up in an offensive or improper form. In all these respects, the French are before most other people.

Paris is a fine, clean, and well regulated city ; and the French people seem to me the best behaved, the best dressed, the most economical, the most industrious, the most sober people that I have known ; and certainly they are the gayest and the happiest people. The English constantly call them frivolous and insincere ; a letter I got from a friend last week, speaks of them in this way ; but if frivolous means being pleased with trifles, I can only say, that it is a great blessing to have that kindness and cheerfulness of disposition which can be pleased with trifles. As to their sincerity and honesty, I have yet seen no want of it, and am not aware of having been imposed upon in France in any way whatever. The weather here is most delightful. My first fire I made last evening, and that was only to air my new chamber. I need none to-day. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

TO F—— B——, ESQ.

Paris, 20th November, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR :

HALF an hour ago I received your interesting letter, and I at once acknowledge it. You must have thought me unfaithful to my word, in not finding a letter from me at Geneva. I wrote to you a long one, and directed

it to the *Poste restante*, in that city, according to my engagement. But I confess my surprise is not that letters miscarry, but that they usually proceed with so much certainty. Your course, as well as mine, must have been highly interesting; and you must have seen many places to more advantage than the rapidity of my transit permitted me to do; but I confess I hardly know how you could have contented yourself so long as ten days at Pisa, which, with the exception of the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, and the Campo Santo, seemed to have little that was attractive. However, the neighborhood was pleasant, and the view from the Tower, after one became reconciled to the position, was most splendid. You made, I think, a judicious alteration in your plans after I left you, as you told me you should stay a week at Cologne and should not stop at Bonn. Two nights at Cologne were certainly ample, and Bonn, I think, has many attractions, besides its excellent hotel, which seemed to have only one abatement, and that was, having the stable under the same roof with the chamber in which I lodged. Whether they considered me as part horse and part man, or took me for an ostler by profession, who would, of course, find himself more at home in such company than anywhere else, I cannot say; but I can say that the odor and the noise of the horses were neither of them at all to my taste. As to the dead monks, which one gives a shilling to see at the Kreutzberg, I think it a positive offence against public decency to exhibit such disgusting fragments and ruins of humanity. Nothing certainly is to be gained by such an exhibition to comfort, faith, or morals. The staircase at the Chapel of the Kreutzberg, taken from the judgment

hall of Pilate, at Jerusalem, and showing the stains of the blood of our Saviour, which fell from the wounds made by the crown of thorns, is somewhat a heavy tax upon a Protestant's credulity, and your marvellousness is so small that I am afraid you did not believe it. The view from the Tower, however, is magnificent, and affords an ample compensation for the ascent. I wished to have gone to the Righi, but it was out of the question.

I have resolved to stay in Paris until April; I do not like to remove; I can finish my work here as well as anywhere, and I can live more cheaply in Paris than in London. Paris is very gay, but I have determined not to go into society this winter. I stand upon the shore, and look on only as a philosophic spectator. There are not many Americans here at present; they have commenced their journeyings south. Mr. T——, of Cambridge, and his wife, left yesterday for Rome. You know Mr. T——, I dare say, if not, pray make the acquaintance of a very strong mind, and an excellent man. Mr. H——, accompanied by his daughter, and Mrs. S——, whom you know, or ought to know, left this morning for Rome. The manners of Miss H—— have an elegant and unaffected simplicity quite charming, and there is a sort of vestal fire burning in her mind, and sparkling in her conversation, whose radiance might, I should hope, touch your marble, if you were not wholly imperturbable, even under a tropical sun.

Miss T—— I hope you have met with at Rome, and have done the amiable to a countrywoman, who is distinguished by strength of mind, cultivation and knowledge, goodness of character, and kindness of disposition.

Your friends here constantly inquire of me for you,

thinking, I believe, that there is a sort of magnetic communication between us, which keeps me apprized of your movements.

Dunbar and Cowdin arrived a short time since, and return, I believe, in December. They seem to be a kind of commercial or marine police, and the Atlantic their regular beat. I dare say other detachments will soon reach us.

The United States, it is said, in commercial matters, were never more prosperous. The horrible Mexican war is continued with most extraordinary success on the American side, and with little prospect of a termination; and Taylor, it is said, is to be the Whig candidate for President. Mr. Clay is still in the field, because, I suppose, he does not like to be *buried alive*.

Mr. Emerson, of Boston, is lecturing at Manchester with great success, in his brilliant and kaleidoscope style. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

TO MRS. T——.

Paris, 26th November, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

THE clock has struck eleven, and I must bolster my two short pieces of candle, which tell me how long an evening I have made of it, if I presume upon much longer light; yet I am determined not to retire until I have thanked you for your kind and interesting letter received three days ago. Though it contained some things I was very sorry to hear, it contained nothing

which I did not wish to know ; and it came at a time when it was particularly delightful to me, as a kind remembrance from friends whom I most heartily love and honor.

The public papers seem to me, of late, nothing but a frightful record of wickedness, folly, and crime of every description ; so that I scarcely open one, without a degree of alarm. I heard last evening from a man, whose accounts are to be credited, and who passes for a gentleman, such a detail of horrible and wicked actions and courses, within his own personal knowledge, that I could not help sympathizing, as in a case not very different with a lawyer of some wit, with whom I had been spending an evening in Edinburgh. On our return home to our lodgings, we passed Hunter's great Museum of diseased anatomy and monstrosities. This gentleman said to me, in a very grave way, that if he had seen *before he was born*, what he had seen in that museum, he certainly never would have been born. When I hear of so much moral disease as I continually hear of, and see so much moral disease as I continually see around me, I am more disposed than ever, to question the value of life ; at least, it would be more proper for me to say, I am more than ever confounded with that great question to which no satisfactory answer has ever yet been given — why are such evils permitted ? why is human life kindled ? why are such noble powers given to the human soul ? why is it made capable of such high attainments, and such elevated and divine aspirations, and yet is permitted to be thus prostituted, degraded, and abused ? I have no answer — I know only that God is wise and good, and as wise and good as possible. There I humbly and hopefully leave the case. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

Paris, 1st December, 1847.

MY DEAR M—:

THE weather throughout November has been, I think, the most disagreeable I ever knew; rain, fog, and clouds, with scarcely an intermission; and when the sun was pleased to show himself, it was always with a veil half drawn over his face, as though he was ashamed to appear openly. He has begun to-day with fair promises, and will, I hope, be as good as his word; but neither here, any more than in London, is the weather to be trusted at this season, for be it ever so clear, you are liable in five minutes to be overtaken by a shower; and as to the mud in the streets of Paris, it is scarcely to be borne. What appears to be sand, in which they lay their pavements, I have found upon examination, to be half clay; so that as soon as it rains, it becomes an adhesive mud, and so slippery that you are constantly in danger of being thrown down. The throngs in the principal streets of Paris, (and in this respect it seems difficult to say what is not a principal street,) are as great as in London; for, though the population in Paris is not so numerous as in London, they are more compact. In London, they generally live in what the Scotch call self-contained houses, that is, a family occupies a whole house, from cellar to garret. In Paris, they live in tiers; every story above the lower one, which is often let out for shops, is a complete tenement by itself, with drawing-room, dining-room, sleeping-rooms, and kitchen complete,

so that the population may be said to be in many cases, seven strata deep, the seventh story being often occupied by families. You may well judge to what hardships the persons who carry wood, and coal, and water, to these heights, are subjected; and the poor creatures who do this are as often women as men. In London, they have cellars for the storage of coal; here they have, I believe, no cellars; few persons buy any large quantity before hand; and the great mass of the people live "from hand to mouth." There are wood and coal shops in every street, and at almost every corner, where you buy any sort of fuel that you choose to order, and as it is always sold by the pound, there is no dispute or uncertainty as to the quantity, and the price appears to be uniform throughout the city. The most rigid economy prevails as to the use of fuel. I never saw any thing like it, and I myself have learnt many a useful lesson. The French often submit patiently to a degree of cold, which, with our habits, we should think scarcely endurable. In this respect, I think they show their wisdom, and I believe, have fewer colds and catarrhs than prevail with us. They never make a fire, unless absolutely necessary, and they take it apart when they have done with it, or when it ceases to be necessary. Their fuel, in the next place, is always perfectly dry, and is presented in the most convenient forms. They use much charcoal for cooking, in which there is great economy. They have none of the detestable cooking stoves which are used with us, filling the house with odors of the most disagreeable kind; but they have ranges of little furnaces, where they cook entirely with charcoal, and so placed, that all the odor of the food is carried off. They

have every contrivance for making a fire instantly. The oak wood which they sell is perfectly dry ; they have little pieces of wood split and carefully tied up in packets, for kindling, and they have the dried cones of pine, full of turpentine, and which ignite immediately. Besides that, they have excellent mineral coal, full of bitumen, and which makes a warm fire. Fuel, here, is certainly twice, or more, as dear as in England or America, and all of it is sold by the pound ; and yet, I do not believe it costs a French family more than half as much for fuel, as an English or a Boston family. Lights, here, are expensive ; candles, called wax, but made of some composition, are principally burnt ; they cost about four cents apiece, and two will not more than last me an evening, though I rarely retire before twelve. Adieu.

LETTER CXC.

TO MRS. B——.

Paris, 5th December, 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

IT is now half-past eleven o'clock, and quite time to be thinking of other sheets than sheets of letter paper ; and yet I do not know how I can do better — for myself I mean, my own comfort, my own peace of mind, my own gratification, — than before I retire, to have a bit of talk with a dear friend ; I was going to say conversation, but judging from recent experience, as I am not likely to get any response, it must be a talk on one side. As to

E——, I consider her as a decided repudiator, or more probably a bankrupt, and not able to pay even a farthing in the pound ; for certainly, if there had been any assets, so large a creditor as I am would have been considered. I am sorry for the poor thing, she was once rich and had certainly a large capital to deal upon, and paid all her debts in gold coin, Sir Robert Peel's standard of value ; but this maternity seems to have ruined her, and creditors and friends appear to have been shoved out of her mind with reckless unconcern.

I should be glad to know what you are doing with yourselves in London, and, by way of establishing a demand, I will begin by telling you what we are doing with ourselves in Paris. First, then, it seems to me there never was such bad weather as we have had for the last six weeks. At first the French began by calling it in very gentle terms, *mauvais temps* ; but now, with considerable emphasis, *vilain temps* ; and in this last epithet I quite agree. If dirty, cloudy, wet, rainy, dark, cold-begetting, influenza-making weather, with an accompaniment of sore throats, stuffed nostrils, inflamed eyes, and aching limbs, is entitled to be called villanous, then the epithet is most justly applied. The streets are full of mud, and the paving being laid in a sort of clayey gravel, instead of pure sand, they are sticky and slippery beyond measure ; so that a man's character, as well as his limbs, are constantly in peril, and you walk upon the pavements as if they were covered with about an inch of soft soap. Then, in such deplorable weather, almost everybody is out of humor ; the shops lose their brilliancy, the restaurants look sombre, and the lights in them appear to burn blue ; and even the young girls,

the prettiest birds of paradise that you can find this side of the Oriental climes, seem to suffer from the effects of this inhospitable weather ; their feathers are ruffled ; the colors are not so glossy ; ten years appear to be added to their lives, and the smoothest forehead seems wrinkled, and the fairest cheek becomes yellow. I will give them however one credit, and that is, in the midst of all this mud, they keep themselves clean ; they never drabble in the dirt ; and their white stockings are as unsullied as if they were just taken out of the drawer. How they do this I don't know. I am mud up to my knees. I hope I shall be excused, being *this side of the channel*, speaking of a lady's stockings. In England and the United States we hear of such things being sold in the shops, but we never know what is done with them. I suppose, if a pair of lady's stockings were given to our friend, the curator, he would regard them as some artificial or natural curiosity, to be put in Sir John Soane's museum, until the learned Professor Owen, or Dr. Buckland, could determine what they were designed for ; but in Paris new revelations burst upon the mind, and the most modest man cannot help discovering that the French women generally wear high clocks to their hose, and snaps instead of quality-binding, or red twine. This, by the way, however, for you and the ladies, but pray don't read it to the gentlemen. This weather I hope will not last, and since I began to write the stars are shining as bright as if their faces had been lately washed and rubbed ; possibly, to-morrow we may see the sun, who certainly, in a very unkind and unbecoming manner, has absented himself for some time.

Does the sun shine upon you in England ? If we

judge from the papers, the weather is even much darker than it is here; at least, the moral atmosphere, which appears lowering and threatening in a high degree. I am curious to know what you are all to do in England. My advice to my dear friends there is, to quit a sinking ship and flee to America. But pray, contrive before you go, to keep the Irish this side of the water. What under heaven is to be done with this extraordinary people, who seem like mastiffs, who, having once got the taste of blood, crawl about by night into every flock and kill out of pure wantonness. I expect an account of two or three Irish assassinations every morning with my breakfast, as much as I expect my bread and coffee, but I confess it is a most melancholy accompaniment. It is now quarter past one; good-morning, instead of good-night. Adieu.

LETTER CXCI.

Paris, 28th December, 1847.

MY DEAR M—:

I RECEIVED your kind letter of the 28th November, with peculiar interest. You have indeed been painfully occupied. The death of Mr. H—— surprised me, and yet I ought not to have been surprised; for, without our being aware of it, he had become an old man. He never appeared to me, however, to be the subject for a fever. He must, excepting in living single, be considered as a fortunate man through life. The death of H—— H—— I was looking forward to, from your

previous advices. She was a sweet and amiable girl, and I believe without faults ; at least, I never saw any. Your attendance upon her must have made you think much of the painful events of a similar character, to which we have been called, in that neighborhood. For my part I seem to have buried a world, and have certainly seen hundreds and thousands pass away, whom I never expected to survive. My hope now is, that the few friends which are left may be spared until I can see them once more ; but God's will be done.

On Sunday I went to church about a mile out of the city ; and finding myself nearly an hour too soon, I strolled into the burying-ground of Mont-martre, which is nearly as large and interesting as Père La Chaise. The first thing, which impresses me in one of these great city burying-grounds, is the multitude of dead. I believe Père La Chaise has been used for interment not much longer than thirty years, yet it is said a hundred thousand have been buried there. Mont-martre seems as full. So the generations of men pass away, and of these infinite multitudes, how few have any memorial ! What have they come into the world for ? how well have they accomplished the ends of their being ? and where now are they ? are questions which utterly confound the mind, and who can give any satisfactory answer ? In some matters I very much respect the habits of the French. A dead body, before its interment, is usually laid in an open space or room near the street ; a black curtain, partially withdrawn, shrouds the door ; and the passers-by, at least the Catholics, stop and sprinkle the coffin with consecrated water, silently crossing themselves and offering up a prayer for the soul of the

departed. When they pass a dead body, on its way to interment, they always uncover their heads. The burying-grounds are full of little chapels, which will hold two or three persons, built over the graves, where the relatives come frequently to offer their prayers for the dead, and affectionately to cherish their memories. There is not a grave so humble that it is not decorated with votive offerings; and one day in a year is set apart exclusively to the commemoration of the dead, when the relatives always visit the graves of the departed; often carrying offerings of flowers, to decorate their tombs afresh, or to see that the little plats of ground are in good order, and the plants and flowers flourishing. The day, this year, was a most affecting one. I spent it at Père La Chaise, which seemed to be crowded with mourners, silently gathering round the graves of their beloved friends, bedewing them with their tears, and holding affectionate communion with the departed. The little chapel, where the funeral services are performed, was crowded with devout persons, praying for the friends who had gone before them, and strengthening their hopes of a happy reunion. I saw nothing in this but what was beautiful and touching, and, I will add, reasonable. I do not know why we should not pray for the departed as for the living. I believe in a future life. I cannot conjecture what that life is to be, but I see no reason to suppose that death is any interruption of our conscious existence, and I choose to live in the habitual and daily consciousness that my departed friends are still living, and our mutual sympathies unbroken. It seems to me I should be miserable without this belief.

To-day we have had the first snow of the season, and

that rather a mixed affair, for it seemed to melt before it got down. But I never knew more gloomy weather than we have had here for nearly two months. January we hope will bring some favorable change. Yours ever.

LETTER CXCI.

TO G—— M——, ESQ.

Paris, 20th December, 1847.

MY GOOD FRIEND:

FEW things could have given me more pleasure than your letter of last month. I was delighted to receive it as a token of your kind remembrance, but still more as it assured me of the recovery and reëstablishment of your health. I had fearful forebodings when you left for home, and especially when you informed me of your continued indisposition in England; and I thought your first business must be, on your arrival, to send for a chaplain or a father-confessor, and try to get absolution for your sins. But it seems, with that hardihood and determination of character which distinguish you, you had the presumption to send first for a physician, and he has, by Heaven's blessing, relieved and cured you. I do not know whether the priest's absolution would have had the same effect, although the diseases of the body are not unfrequently cured by remedies applied to the mind — I was about to say the imagination; — but you are a matter of fact man, and have cultivated your perceptive faculties and your causality so largely and con-

stantly, that your ideality, if you ever had any, has become flattened or extinct ; the imagination is all on the other side of the house, where it is always radiating like a diamond of the first water, under the purple velvet mantle, and that pretty Parisian bonnet, with that beautiful bird of paradise feather or ostrich plume, waving so gracefully from its summit. Be this, however, as it may, you, thank God, have got a reprieve. I hope a new and a long lease ; now, pray live and be well till I get home, that I may have one more shake of the hand of an honest man (that is, as honest as a lawyer can be,) and that we may turn over together once more the books of the chronicles of the two last years. I shall depend upon a cup of Mrs. M——'s best black tea, that nectar, which, on *Mount Thabor** so often exhilarated us, and gave us a glimpse of the promised land. I know I shall need a strait-jacket as soon as (if God ever permits me that felicity,) I touch once more the shores of my native land, and see again the smiles of welcome and affection in eyes which I have met so often, with the delight of a sympathy that no language can describe ; talk of seeing, however — I shall not be able, I know, to see at all ; for even when writing and thinking about it, I am obliged to let my pen go by hazard, and not by sight.

Paris is still Paris. The weather, for the last six weeks has been the worst that I ever knew ; the streets indescribably muddy, and covered with a sort of adhesive mud, that makes it, in many cases, almost necessary to turn your face in a direction opposite to that in

* Rue Mont Thabor, Paris.

which you intend to proceed, for you seem to go two steps backwards to one forward. This resembles very much the practice in the English Chancery Court where the estate in question is a large one, and the cow gives a full pail at milking, which the lawyers, regular strip-pers as they are, know at first sight by a sort of instinct. Then we have had in Paris what is here called the *grippe*, a very bad name, and a very uncomfortable, though not an uncommon malady. In spite of all this Paris goes on; the restaurants still glitter; the Boulevards are crowded; the *bals masqués* overflow with travestie and riot; the Lorettes and grisettes on the Boulevards and in the *boutiques* (consult the classical French lady at your side, if you don't understand this word,) look somewhat faded and wrinkled, under the influence of the neither cold nor hot, but shivering temperature. Though the French women in the streets, in spite of the mud, contrive, with peculiar and exquisite skill, to keep their shoes clean and their dresses unsullied. In this they are an example to all others. In these habits of extreme neatness, (and not going draggling through the streets as though their silk gowns were made to sweep the pavements with,) they show their good sense, with *Honni soit qui mal y pense*.

Paris is full of Americans, and Woodman is trimming them all with gold lace, four inches wide, for the drawing-room. Since the successes of the Mexican war, I suppose the genuine republicans will be presented to the King with drawn swords. The blood of most of them, I find, is at fever heat, but with your old pacific friend the mercury still remains in the bulb. I do not wonder at your concern for John Bull. England is dreadfully

diseased, and seems under the care of a set of practitioners, who either have not the sagacity or the courage to apply the only effectual remedies. Indeed, the patient himself is not in a condition to submit to them of his own accord, but requires a good deal more reducing and depletion, which he may get. Adieu.

LETTER CXCIH.

TO MRS. B——.

Paris, 25th January, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

I CANNOT persuade myself that I have at once grown twenty years older, but otherwise I cannot account for my extreme susceptibility to the weather. In ordinary cases I have felt that it is unmanly to complain of the weather ; but my philosophy this winter has all “ gone by the board ;” and I must say that it has been the most uncomfortable that I have known ; raw, chilly, shivering, and the walking in the streets almost beyond endurance ; for three days past we have had no mud, but the weather has been cloudy, gusty, and cold ; and, if a man in such case can keep peace with himself, much less with his friends, his mind and heart must be well regulated. Yet, when I talk thus, I cannot help feeling how wicked it is. I have plenty to eat ; comfortable clothing ; a good fire ; occupations to interest me ; a full share in the common pleasures of life, and many of the kindest of friends ; and I am in the midst of thousands who are half

starved, half clad ; without fuel ; without the most common comforts of life ; without hope of any thing better, and utterly friendless and forlorn. To-day, however, we have a glimpse of sunshine, and I hope that the worst is over. I received a letter this morning from Rome. My friend there writes that she has been wishing all winter that she was in Paris, because the weather in Rome has been so uninterruptedly unpleasant ; but the change, in such case, could not have been an improvement. Whatever has been the state of the natural atmosphere with you, you seem to have had enough to suffer from the state of the commercial and political sky. I get a daily London newspaper, and I am really disappointed if I do not find two or three horrible murders, half a dozen people brought up to receive sentence of death, some dreadful bankruptcies, scattering ruin in every direction, frightful railroad accidents, which the printers seem to have stereotyped, poor-houses crowded, thousands perishing by starvation ; and in the midst of all this, the Duke of Wellington endeavoring to frighten all the women in the country with the fear of a French invasion, when, somehow or other, the English are to be sound asleep, and the French let themselves in at the back door, proceed to London by an express train, and the Queen, poor thing, to be waked up in the night by the ghost of some bloody Frenchman who was killed at Waterloo, rushing into her chamber with a drawn sword in his hand, and the amiable Prince Albert, long familiar only with the peaceful pursuits and pleasures of domestic life, to quit, as field marshal of England, his charming retreat for the field of blood, and gratify his fine musical taste with the din and clangor of arms.

Now, when and where is this to end? If the papers speak the truth, such a condition of society has scarcely been known before.

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In such a state of things as this, how much philosophy it requires to keep one's mind; and does it not imply the most consummate ignorance or the most consummate impudence, to talk about our being a *Christian* community? I am curious to know what is to be the result of all this; but I have no chance of seeing, and I suppose there will be no final result. The world will go on as it has done. If men are so bad with a little Christianity, what would they be without any? Let us thank God if we can keep our own souls in health; let us thank him also that we occupy a very humble situation in the schemes of his providence, and are so far removed from many of the temptations and responsibilities which befall those whom the world are accustomed to envy for their rank, their wealth, or their power. If we can faithfully, quietly, and kindly discharge the humble, every day duties of truth, justice, and love, we shall find in the end that we have no occasion for envy or ambition.

Paris is full of gaiety, but I am a mere spectator, and stand upon the shore only to see the regatta; how they trim their sails, how their flags float upon the breeze, how the waters splash from the oars, how the shouts of contending parties ring in the air, how they swim and how they sink. In the midst of society, I am dying for want of sympathy. I am growing stiff and old, and am

repenting every day that I did not the last autumn proceed at once to England, and find the place which I know you would have given me in your little circle of friendship and love, where, cold and foggy as it might have been without, I know I should have found that delicious cheerfulness which unaffected and hearty kindness inspires, the playfulness of an innocent and sparkling humor and wit, and, above all, that truth and honor, that high sense of duty and that spirit of universal good will, which constitute the true glory and delight of social intercourse, and are, indeed, jewels far richer than the treasures of Golconda ever did or ever can yield. Yours truly.

LETTER CXCIV.

Paris, 26th January, 1848.

MY DEAR M—:

YOUR letter of the 29th December made me very sad. I had heard previously of the death of the excellent Judge Lyman — an event not unexpected, and, at his advanced period of life, not to be lamented — but the death of Dr. Codman took me quite by surprise. I respected and esteemed him highly, and I believe the regard was mutual. We did not agree in our religious opinions, which was to me of no consequence, but we agreed in every thing else, and I knew him to be a generous, honest, and honorable man.

“For faith and forms, let senseless bigots fight;
He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.”

These, and several other deaths, have impressed me a good deal, and remind me that I am in the front rank, where the shafts fly thickest. I must bide my time. I have no fears of dying; not because I have any confidence in myself; not because I am self-satisfied; not that I feel I have done my duty; but because my reason, and all my reflections upon this world, and the course of Divine Providence, satisfy me that this life is an unfinished state, a mere introduction to life; next, because I believe that Jesus Christ was commissioned to assure men of a future life, though we are left wholly in the dark as to what that future life shall be; and lastly, and above all, because I feel myself, in life and death, entirely at the disposal of my Creator, from whom I cannot separate myself if I would, from whom I would not separate myself if I could, and in whose wisdom, and unbounded and unchanging love and goodness, forgiveness and mercy, I confide with my whole soul; and, if my affections and confidence were ten thousand times as strong as they are, I feel that they would still be a very imperfect tribute to his adorable perfection. I may say, in truth, that I have only two or three wishes in life unaccomplished. I wish very much to finish the works which I have undertaken. No individual's labors, I am perfectly aware, are of any great consequence to the world; and the works of many, infinitely superior in endowments to myself, are destined to be swept along into oblivion on the common and ever-flowing tide of mortal affairs. Yet, I think I never had the power of doing so much good as at the present time.

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The last wish I have, is once more, in this world, to embrace you, my most faithful friend, my dear children, and a few other friends, who have, under all circumstances, shown their fidelity and honor. I do not dare pronounce any names, lest it might be construed into a reflection upon some whom I should not name. Whether these wishes will be granted, who knows? As far as depends on me, I can only express the resolution. God only can accomplish them. His will be done.

I have suffered my pen to run on, in spite, perhaps, of all the dictates of prudence ; but, if I cannot speak plainly to you, to whom can I speak. I have not been in very good health, or very good spirits, of late. My lodgings have been bad, my chamber cold, and the weather most disagreeable. Under these circumstances I have not made much progress. I have completed enough of my agricultural work to fulfil my obligations to my subscribers of one hundred and fifty pages ; but the subject has grown upon me, and I mean to extend it, with some hopes of getting it published in London, as a work upon Continental agriculture. Adieu.

LETTER CXCIV.

Paris, 5th February, 1848.

MY DEAR M—:

I HAVE nothing particularly interesting to say to you, as I am scarcely at all in society, though many people favor me sometimes, quite beyond my deserts, with their good company. I feel that nothing now is so precious to me as time, and I therefore spare it with great reluctance, and go out only as my necessities or my health require. I was not well when I last wrote to you, having suffered severely from a cough, which gave me full occupation the greater part of the night. I have now had two nights of quiet; the weather seems to have taken a most favorable change, and I hope soon to be well again. I am not so foolish as to look again for the health and vigor of youth, but I shall be content, if, like an old watch, I go, though I may not keep exact time. I do not know who the friend was who saw me at the Opera. The Italian Opera in Paris, the resort for the fashionable world here, I have never yet seen. It must have been at the Academy of Music, a French Opera, and the only time I have been there this winter; for my theatrical experience since I returned to Paris, in the autumn, has been very small. Besides, I cannot discover in myself any great taste for the music at the Opera. The solos and the duets are often enchanting, but it requires more patience or taste than I can lay claim to, to sit through their choruses, which stun, but do not at all gratify me. I have not seen Mdlle. Rachel

this winter, but I hope to see her again. Her acting is transcendent. I have seen nothing like it; it is, indeed, not acting, but the thing itself. She plays only in tragedy. But the French comic acting is really as charming as possible, and with plenty of money and plenty of time, I should go two or three times a week, for the sake of the good humor it puts one in; but, as I have neither time nor money to spare, I deny myself. Parties, likewise, I avoid. I have dined out not more than twice or three times, (I mean in company,) this winter. I dined on one occasion, with Mr. —, at Meurice's hotel, with a party of twenty gentlemen, where I was told afterwards, by a gentleman who seemed to be curious in those matters, that the dinner cost four hundred dollars, or twenty dollars apiece. It was singularly elegant and luxurious; but I am not sure that the money might not have been better appropriated. That, however, was *his*, not *my* affair. I have been at a ball, at Mrs. —, about three weeks since, and though I have seen many elegant parties, I never saw one more elegant, in the apartments, in the supper and accompaniments of the table, and in the dresses of the ladies. Mrs. — would, herself, be beautiful in any dress, but her style that evening, was magnificent; she wore a single white plume in her beautiful black hair, a simple coronet and magnificent stomacher of brilliants, a plain pink-colored silk, trimmed with three deep flounces of superb lace, which the same curious gentleman, to whom I have referred above, with the true American spirit of calculation, told a friend of mine, in my hearing, cost \$300 per yard. The diamonds and clothes of the lady, however, let them have been ten thousand times more

valuable, were of far less value than the lady herself. The company was numerous, but not crowded, and I never have seen a party of the kind, where every thing was so comfortable, every thing in such perfect correspondence, and every person seemed so entirely satisfied. I left, I believe, the very first, at three o'clock in the morning!! and walked home, nearly two miles — the city as quiet as the country — and, until I almost reached my door, not meeting a single person, except the sentinels at the different stations. On Friday next, I go to a ball at the Marquis of Normanby's; (Lady Normanby's parties are always most splendid and agreeable,) and that, I think, will finish my winter's dissipation. I ought not to have forgotten that I have passed an elegant evening at the Marchioness de Lavalette's, with a select, but small party, and I have seen no private house more tasteful and elegant. In matters of taste, the French distance every other people.

I continue to receive the most affectionate letters from my English friends, who, if they were not English, and so priding themselves upon their sincerity, I should think quite extravagant. Adieu.

LETTER CXCVI.

Paris, 5th February, 1848.

MY DEAR MISS J—:

I OWE you for a very kind letter, of sterling value. I owe you for many other kindnesses. But I am bank-

rupt. I cannot pay my debts. I must compound with my creditors; and if you will accept five shillings in the pound, and that in a very depreciated currency, I shall deem it extremely gracious on your part. I am somewhat encouraged in making this proposition to you, by finding that the war spirit has somewhat subsided with you, that the fever has passed off, and that the genial current now pursues its usually calm and tranquil course. I shall long recollect some of those tremendous out-breaks of chivalric patriotism. Alas! I was the unhappy wight that put the friction match to the train. You looked quite Joan of Arc-ish. I was somewhat terrified at the mischief I had unwittingly occasioned; but you have really become a Clayite or a Calhounite, and look upon this wicked war in its true light. I abhor all wars; and I hold every thing beyond pure self-defence as a crime against reason, humanity, and religion. I believe as Cobden, that noble fellow, has lately said, "that a nation always adhering to the strict principles of justice and equity, would neither assault nor be assaulted by a neighbor."

I hardly know what to tell you about Paris. Since newspapers have become so multiplied, and railroads, and steamboats, and above all, the electric telegraph, there is no such thing as news, and every thing a day old loses its interest. Paris is, I believe, very gay this winter; but, though I am in Paris, I am not in the current, and stand a mere spectator on the shore, watching the stream as it rushes and gushes by me, with many a beautiful craft with all its canvas spread, and all its streamers flying, as it floats gaily by, and many a dismasted hull, and many a fragment of a wreck, which

mark the dangers by which they have been overpowered. My chamber, this winter, is quite secluded both from the sights and the thunders of the streets; and when I emerge from my cavern, which I never do until three o'clock, and plunge into the perfect Niagara of human life, which is ever rushing and tumbling and foaming along the great thoroughfares, I confess myself as much moved as the first time I entered it. What are these people all about? where are they all going to? how do they all live? what are they all living for? and the mystery of human life utterly confounds me. What infinite ramifications extend from all these roots; how does one affect another; how does one depend upon another; and how does every one perform its part in no case without its influence, be that influence great or small, much or little, in affecting the destiny of others, and of the whole. Cut off or crack the little ball that is on the shoulders of these little moving, hurrying, bustling, talking, noisy animals, and it is all over with them; every thing comes to an end. Here, then, is the main spring; here is the hidden machinery which operates all these movements, arranges all, directs all, cares for all, provides for all. What a study it would be, if we could take off the roof of this little ball, and distinctly see all that lies shut up and at work here. My curiosity to look into the mystery of human existence, increases every day; and it becomes the more intense as I find myself approaching the time when the veil shall be lifted up, and we shall know more—I shall be glad even to know something—of ourselves. Jesus Christ taught us nothing of a future life beyond its certainty and its retributive character, as growing out of our moral

nature. What the theologians make of human life and its purposes and its mysteries, and what they teach of Providence, is, in general, a very narrow lesson, which can satisfy no intelligent and comprehensive mind.

But what am I writing about to you ; I am presuming, you see, rather too much upon your pacific turn of mind. We will turn the subject. Our good friends, the S——'s, are well, and read me your letter, in which, knowing my proximity to them, I thought there was one most ungracious omission.

Please to lodge with Mr. M——, for settlement, my out-standing account against his wife, for two long letters, and ask him to put it in suit at once, and not to compound for one farthing less than the demand, principal and interest. Mr. B—— is figuring away in grand style at Rome. Miss F—— is there, inditing many an agreeable line. Say to your brother all that is kind, and take in Quaker measure the same for yourself. Yours truly.

LETTER CXCVII.

TO G. M., ESQ.

Paris, 7th February, 1848.

MY GOOD FRIEND :

I HAVE a few moments to say a few words to you. If you don't wish to hear them, look at the end of the letter, and then do as you please. As to Mrs. M——, I don't say she is out of my books, but she soon will be

if you do your duty, for I have written to Miss J——, with a request that she would desire you to sue my account against Mrs. M——, for two long letters or more, and make no composition short of the full payment of principal, interest, and costs. I shall take care with whom I open accounts again. She pretended to be so good when she was here, and seemed so dreadfully disturbed at my free opinions, and looked over her spectacles with such marvellous surprise whenever you said devil, or any such naughty word, and when Mr. B—— gave an account of his amazing adventures at the *bal masqué*—and yet we see what she is; of a piece with the rest of the sex, in whom, it seems, no reliance is to be placed since the days of their first being given to men. Solomon was certainly quite right when he says, “A *man* among a thousand have I found, but a *woman* among ten thousand have I not found; for God made *man* upright, but they—that is, the women—have sought out many inventions.” However, we must bear with them, and I assure you, my dear Mr. M——, of my unaffected condolence.

You say you don't know what is to become of John Bull. Some persons believe and say that he is in a fair way to have his horns filed down or sawed off; and the sooner that is done, so much the better for the peace of the world. They add, (mind I do not give you my opinion,) it would be a great blessing if England could become a complete *tabula rasa*, and begin again; she is so full of anomalies and corruptions. Patch her up as you will, and the new cloth only makes the rent worse. Close up one sore, and half a dozen new ones break out. Her arrogance and insolence, they say, are

insufferable. She has got to understand, as Cobden recently said, "that England is not the whole world." *That* she has never yet comprehended. The Duke of Wellington has lately frightened the people out of their wits, by a threatened French invasion; and Queen Victoria probably dreams every night of waking up and seeing Napoleon standing over her bed with a drawn sword, and Prince Albert running away in a fright. She has lately sent for the discoverer of chloroform, Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, to come to stay at the palace. The papers say it is for another object, but probably it is to quiet her nerves in case of the French attack. I think there is as much danger of an American as a French invasion.

The Continental atmosphere is quite disturbed. I do not look for much from the Pope, though he is probably a man who wishes well to his people. But Roman Catholicism and liberty are incompatible with each other, and we know to what he will hold on. The King of Naples needs to be scared a little; and if he does not take immediate heed to his ways, he may find himself with his head under his arm — certainly not an agreeable position in which to carry it. The Emperor of Austria seems likewise to be "meeting with his disagreeables." The political pot is everywhere simmering, and will presently boil over, and many will be scalded. I am not looking either for a political or theological millenium, and I do not forget the fable of the fox and the flies, when some friendly hand offered to drive away the swarms which hung upon his neck and head. Let them remain, said he, for *they* are already glutted; but these being driven, fresh swarms will arrive with all their teeth

sharp set. I should be glad to see all the curses, and evils, and enormous oppressions of all bad governments corrected; but who are the men who propose to correct them? are they honest? are they disinterested? have they a settled plan and settled principles? Remove those who are now in power, and put in those who complain of them, and what guarantee is there of their fidelity to their professions? Power, avarice, luxury, ambition, under the stimulus of possession and indulgence, would soon corrupt them, let them have begun ever so well, and it would not be surprising if they went even beyond the excesses of those who preceded them. My only hope of the amelioration of the condition of society, is in an enlightened public opinion, which shall have free play to dart its lightnings and to pour out its thunders. Few men can stand up against this. Ireland, placed under the hand of Daniel O'Connell, the sun of liberty, would probably have had the fiercest, and most cruel, and most thoroughly persecuting and bigoted government which can be found in all history.

I was going to say, give my love to Mrs. M——, but I shall suspend that until I hear further. Now adieu. We all thank Heaven for your restoration. Repent of your sins, while you can. Yours truly.

LETTER CXCVIII.

Paris, 7th February, 1848.

MY DEAR A—:

I AVAIL myself of a very short notice to give you a few lines.

I had just begun this letter, when a friend called on me to go with him to a little Protestant church, where I usually attend, and where sometimes I have heard as good preaching as I ever listened to. It is in French, but not difficult to understand. There are three ministers, who supply this church, and one of them is a person of remarkable power. I sometimes attend the Oraison, to hear M. Coquerel, who is reputed the most eloquent man in Paris — at least, by the Protestants. I admit and I admire his eloquence. He is said to have studied under Talma; but he is *too* eloquent for me; there is too much of art and display about him; this is not to my taste in the pulpit. The minister here, whom I like, is a simple, unpretending man; full of his subject; overpowered by his own convictions of its truth and importance; forgetting himself entirely; and evidently having no other object, than to communicate to your mind and heart the impressions which rest on his. You are enlightened, convinced, warmed, persuaded, overpowered; but in all this you have not once thought whether he is a man of genius, whom you have been listening to, or whether he is an eloquent man; you have not thought of the man at all, but only of what he has said. This

gentleman differs from me entirely in many matters of faith and opinion. I heard him preach, the other day, upon a subject, in which, it might be said, our views were wholly opposite in the main; but I scarcely ever in my life listened to a sermon with more interest, pleasure, and, I may say, effect; for the perfect sincerity of his manner, and the elevation and grandeur of his views, actually overcame me to tears more than once, and almost compelled me to rise from my seat.

The French preaching is wholly different from the English, and, in my opinion, immeasurably superior. In general, the preaching in England is very dull, especially in the Established Church; it is formal, cold, uninteresting, and seems to have but two objects: one, to fill up the fifteen or twenty minutes interval in the service; and the other, to persuade the people that the church is *the* church, the whole church, and nothing but the church, and they must stand at their posts to keep it up and defend it against heretics and what they call infidels. I think they need not take all this trouble, for it is in vain, and the church is in a fair way to tumble about their ears. A few more quarrels among the bishops, and a few more prosecutions in courts of law, and the fabric will be shaken. The French, on the other hand, are full of life; preach practical as well as doctrinal sermons; never use any notes, or, at least, never read their sermons; and throw themselves entirely into their subject. I wish many of our young men could study in their schools.

After church, I called on Mr. P——, for whom I have a great regard and interest, both on his own account and on account of his friends. Lady Nor-

manby gives a great ball on Friday next, to which I had my invitation some days ago. I am allowed to regard both her and Lord Normanby, who is the British Ambassador here, as personal friends; and, therefore, I ventured to do, what I certainly should not have been willing to do for myself, or hardly for any other person; and wrote her a note, saying that I had an excellent young friend here, whom I wished the honor of presenting to herself and Lord Normanby on the evening when she would be "At home;" and the invitation for Mr. P—— came instantly.

This will, I suppose finish my dissipation for the winter, unless I should attend the charity ball at the *Jardin D'Hiver*, to be given for the poor English in Paris. This winter garden is certainly the most beautiful place I ever saw. It is a building with a glass roof, and a great portion of the sides also, excepting where they are lined with large mirrors, covering a space of more than an acre; having a magnificent fountain, with a brilliant cascade, at one end — the fountain sending up its beautiful jet of water at least fifty feet high, with a considerable basin of water at the bottom, in which two swans are floating; with several handsome evergreen trees, such as the Norfolk pine, whose foliage is exquisitely beautiful, and innumerable green-house plants, japonicas, &c., &c., in full flower; with a large grass plat near the centre, and many *parterres* of flowers; with an aviary in one corner; with elegant busts and statues, arranged with the utmost taste; with a long gallery of pictures before you enter the garden, covering the walls of a large dancing hall, and a large open space for dancing in the transept — for it is made in the form

of a cross ; with various seats and benches for recreation ; with rooms of refreshment, *cafés*, and restaurants ; with a splendid gallery for a large band of music ; and every appendage which can minister to luxury, taste, or pleasure. A ball for more than four thousand people (upwards of five thousand tickets were sold, for a Napoleon apiece, without refreshments, which you buy) was given there a few evenings since ; and when the whole was lighted up, I am told, that nothing was ever seen here half so beautiful, and certainly nothing in any other country is to be compared to it. The Duke of Devonshire's conservatory makes the nearest approach ; but it is not so large, and you would say it was without taste, compared with this French establishment. This Parisian establishment is reported to have cost more than six hundred thousand dollars, and they are still expending upon it. You can judge from this what they are willing to pay for their pleasures in Paris. I believe no city was ever like it for gaiety, taste, and luxury.

My love to all. I look at the children's pictures very often, and long to see the originals. That felicity is, I hope, not distant.

LETTER CXCIX.

Paris, 22d February, 1848.

MY DEAR M—:

IN my own affairs there is not much variety, and I have only to say that in the last fortnight the weather has changed for the better, and that we are looking for-

ward to the early approach of spring. To-day I went with some friends to the beautiful garden of plants, one of the glories of Paris, and the birds were as plenty and as merry as if the spring had been fully installed.

Paris is full of Americans, and they everywhere form a large proportion of the travelling community. I am obliged to deny myself the pleasure of cultivating the French society as much as I should be glad, and have it in my power to do, for it would be difficult to find any thing more refined or more agreeable. The Americans in general, who come here, see very little and know very little of it. They go to the most expensive hotels; they dine most luxuriously, at the most expensive cafés; they go to the operas, the theatres, the masked balls, the low balls, held in various parts of Paris. Their valets-de-place who, in general, are wholly unworthy of confidence, show them the worst places, and carry them to the vilest exhibitions. They, in truth, see only the most profligate and worst parts of Paris, and then they leave, thinking that they understand the French; and as they come here, especially if they come through England, believing that the French are a people without morals or religion, and wholly abandoned to sensual pleasures, they go away with all their prejudices confirmed, if not exaggerated. But this, so far as my experience and observation go, is doing the French injustice. I myself came with not a few of these prejudices, but my views are materially changed. That there is an immense amount of dissoluteness, profligacy, and crime, in Paris, it would be idle to deny; but I believe there is a full share, compared with other large cities, of virtue, and I will add, of religion.

In sobriety, industry, and frugality, the French seem to me to excel all others. I make no exception. I never knew a people where there is so much charity to the poor; and as to church-going, so far as that constitutes religion, no people go before them; and in no places of religious worship have I ever seen more attention, more decorum, or more apparent devotion. I should as soon think of seeing a dead man sitting erect in a chair at church, as seeing an individual in the congregation asleep. The churches too are all free. You may make some contribution at the door if you choose, but nothing is demanded. In the Protestant churches, the congregation are all seated in chairs, and there is no distinction in seats, so that a gentleman or lady of the highest rank will be found seated along side of the most humble laborer, who goes in his frock, or if a woman, in her cap. In the Catholic churches, a large portion of the church is always free, but by giving two sous or cents to the attendant, she will give you a chair; and she will take no more than that, so that if you give her more she will return the change. As to domestic attachments in France, I believe there is a full share of fidelity and domestic comfort; and wherever I have been admitted into their sanctums, (and in no country is it more difficult to get into their home retreats,) nothing can be more charming, and nothing more affectionate.

A very well informed and most respectable American of my acquaintance, who has resided in France twenty-five years, in Paris and in the country, says, he does not believe that there is in any country more conjugal fidelity or stronger domestic affections; and that, in this respect, the best French society is a picture of what is

most charming in domestic life. I have another friend who has been intimate in French society for seven years, and he emphatically confirms this statement. I do not speak of court manners or of fashionable life, where, what is properly called domestic life, with all its beautiful attachments, can scarcely be looked for; though it must be acknowledged that the present King of France, in private life, is without reproach, and the Queen and ladies of the royal family are eminent examples of modesty, goodness, and piety.

I was told in England, before I came to Paris, that I should be constantly cheated; but I have never been cheated at all. I was told that when I went into their shops, I must always beat down their price, at least one-half. I soon gave up the attempt, for I found it wholly useless, and never knew people so stiff and unyielding as they are in their prices. My tailor, my shoemaker, my hatter, and my shirt-maker, have always used me in the best possible manner; and, in some cases, when they have had opportunities of taking advantage of me, they have shown no inclination to do so; and would, I believe, have indignantly spurned the thought.

The French have distinguished themselves by their philanthropic efforts and institutions. They are the founders of the institutions for teaching the deaf and dumb, and the instruction of the blind; and if they did not begin, they have at least followed with the most devoted success, the system of the mild treatment of the insane — an immense gain to humanity, in place of the cruel system which formerly prevailed, of reducing and controlling this wretched and most pitiable class of beings by stripes and blows, fetters and dungeons; enough,

in most cases, to drive a sane man mad, and to extinguish all hopes of restoration. I visited one of the most extensive establishments of this kind, where mercy and kindness reigned triumphant, and where the keeper was everywhere recognized as a father and friend. Yours truly.

LETTER CC.

Paris, 22d February, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:

YOU are so busy that I hardly dare write to you, and yet, I hope a letter will not be unwelcome.

This boat will carry out great intelligence in regard to the political condition of France. The south is in commotion, and it will not be surprising if the rising flood sweeps over the whole of Europe. The immense and gigantic form of Russian despotism may present an impassable barrier, at least for awhile; but for other monarchs to attempt to stand up against it, would be like Canute's attempting to stop, by his command, the flowing of the tide. The gain which has been achieved in Switzerland, in Italy, in Naples, and Sicily, in favor of popular rights, has had its full influence upon the minds of the French, as their enthusiasm, and the influence of their two revolutions, in which arbitrary power has been put down by the popular will, have had their action upon these other countries. The French, however, have, for a long time, been dissatisfied with the condition of

their electoral franchise, in the exercise of which they have been most effectually controlled, if not by money, at least by executive patronage. The opposition, who are in favor of electoral reforms, have held banquets for political discussion, and proposed to hold one in Paris to-day. The government determined yesterday to put it down by force. The banquet, after the demonstration and proclamations of the government last evening, was abandoned; but the streets to-day have been full of small gossiping parties; and in some of the streets immense crowds were collected, evidently in a state of the highest fermentation. At least eighty thousand troops are now in Paris, and many thousands, both horse and foot, were on duty to-day in different parts of the city. Several charges have been made upon the people by the troops, but no shot have been fired. In some cases, they have got the fire-engines out, and played upon the crowd, which dispersed them for awhile. Several shops, where arms are sold, have been broken open, and the arms carried away. Some persons have been thrown down by the cavalry and much injured. It was reported that four persons had been killed; but I believe it is premature. Some barricades have been attempted to be erected in the streets, and the pavements broken up; but the dragoons have, in such cases, charged upon the crowd, and compelled them to retreat. It was greatly feared that the night would not pass off without disturbance; but it is now past midnight, and I have just been out into the most disturbed parts of the town, where every thing is as quiet as the country. A few restaurants are open; no cabs or *voitures* are on the stand; there are many groups of people; and the *gens d'armes*,

and the armed police, and occasionally a detachment of the line passed me ; but there were no indications of disturbance, and I trust there will not be any. I was in the midst of the crowd several times this afternoon ; there was great excitement and feeling, but they want a leader. You will see in the papers the proceedings in the Chamber of Deputies. I would send you all the particulars, but you will get them there. I believe all violence at present in Paris will be kept down, unless the troops should fire upon the people, which would produce a general if not an instant explosion. The matter will not end here. The government are evidently in the wrong. It was wholly unnecessary and gratuitous to allude to the reform banquets in the speech of the King and in the answer to the King's speech, in which the opposition consider themselves, and with reason, wantonly insulted by the ministry. The government must yield. The country will never submit to have the right of meeting and the right of public discussion invaded or abridged ; and the right will be established " peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must." An American, of course, cannot possibly understand how, under a free government, such a right should ever be called in question.

This letter will go to-morrow forenoon ; should any thing new transpire to-night, I will let you have it in the morning, though Paris is so large and compact, that the greatest events may be taking place in some parts of the city, without being known at all in other parts.

The times, however, are ominous, and the future is evidently pregnant with great events, which must essentially affect the condition of society. Yours truly.

P. S. 23d. The night has passed off tranquilly, the stores are open, and the course of business appears to be resumed.

LETTER CCI.

TO MRS. B——.

Paris, 27th February, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I KNOW you will be glad to hear from me, but this is really the first quiet hour which I have had for a week. It will require likewise no small effort to compose myself sufficiently to give you such a letter as I should be willing to send, or you, perhaps, willing to read. Do not think that I am disturbed by fear; but I may be carried away by emotions to which I should find it extremely difficult to give utterance. I have read many a page of interesting history in my closet, with no other emotions than that feeble sympathy which one feels in events occurring in distant lands, among people who are strangers, and over which the lapse of years and centuries have thrown that obscurity or imperfect outline which robs them in some measure of their reality and gives them the stamp of fiction. But I have been the last week a personal witness, a spectator of, I may add even a participant in, events than which history records none more remarkable, romance can picture none more exciting, and which are destined to become immortal in the chronicles of human courage, patriotism, disinterestedness, and magnanimity;

and than which, on the other hand, nothing can be more striking in illustrating the vanity of human ambition, pride, and confidence, the extraordinary vicissitudes to which all human affairs are liable, and the curious and affecting proximity in which the extremes in the human condition most unexpectedly, and in spite of the most cunning and the most confident calculations, sometimes present themselves. The proud monarch, seated on his throne, wielding a sceptre studded with diamonds, and commanding the willing and servile homage of millions, in one short hour a miserable fugitive, asking succor and protection even from the humblest of his vassals, his palace sacked, his throne torn into fragments, and his name pronounced only with indignation, reads a most impressive lesson. A great people rising in a united phalanx in the assertion of rights which none but slaves would surrender, in defiance of a military force which seemed sufficient at the first blow to crush them into atoms ; baring their bosoms to the storm, and moving with a force of moral power before which cannon became dumb and swords fell powerless by the side, is a sublime sight, which stirs the minds of men from their very depths, as the sea itself is moved in a storm. Such events have constituted here the history of the last week. They will be read with emotion as long as a trace remains upon the human memory. They will constitute one of the most extraordinary pages in history ; and they are destined to exert an influence upon the present and future condition and destinies of the world, which no human sagacity can measure.

The details have been given to you through the public journals ; but all description is tame compared with

the reality and personal observation of this mighty movement, and I can only say that if the future, in the conduct of this great people, corresponds with the commencement, the moral glory which will belong to them will be surpassed by nothing which history records, and cast into obscurity all the miserable glories of ambition, pride, and military conquest, which glitter upon its pages, and have, in all periods, so dazzled the imaginations of men.

I have been amidst the whole of the great movement. I had not left five minutes the very spot where sixty-two persons fell wounded or killed by the first wanton attack of the soldiery. The exact spot where I stood I visited the next morning, and I found it covered with pools of human blood. I heard the fatal fire when I had just turned the corner of the next street. The next day I was within a few yards of the great battle, standing in the same street and seeing the flashes of the guns. I was in the palace of the Tuilleries, with an immense crowd, when the royal family had scarcely got out of hearing.

On the part of the French people in Paris, all this has been accomplished with a determination, courage, disinterestedness, and magnanimity which are truly grand. Their conduct has scarcely been stained with a single private excess. Though all the wine shops have been open, and free, I have seen hundreds of thousands of people, and I have not seen a single drunken person. They threw out the King's bust, and destroyed the pictures of him, and burnt the furniture of the Palais Royal, which was his private property, and his palace at Neuilly, a wantonness of destruction which I admit was

wholly without excuse, and seemed the disgraceful ebullition of imbecile rage. The palace at Neuilly was destroyed by a mob of liberated malefactors, a large body of whom met their fate in the cellars of the palace. These crimes were condemned by the people ; though in such a state of commotion, when, in fact, there was no government, it is difficult to say how they could be prevented ; and they were certainly not characteristic of the mass of the revolutionists.

They plundered nothing in the Tuilleries ; they suffered no person to take even from the flames a single article, and they left the clothes of the ladies untouched ; they saved their diamonds and their bijoux ; they watched every person who went in ; they searched every person who came out ; and to my certain knowledge they shot three persons instantly who had been plundering, and then exposed their bodies with an inscription of *robbers* upon them.

The contributions for the wounded, and the families of those who were killed, are immense. Everybody contributes. The Provisional Government has been formed by general consent, and is composed of some of the first men in character and intellect in the country, and their decrees are everywhere respected and obeyed. They have determined on the immediate abolition of all slavery ; on the abolition of the punishment of death for political offences ; on perfect liberty of speech, of the press, of conscience, and of worship, and the separation of the church from the state. Half a million of people have been in the Boulevards to-day, and though I walked at least six miles among a crowd so compact that you could only edge your way, I saw not a single instance of in-

civility or rudeness, and heard not a single oath or angry word. They proceeded in a magnanimous manner to pledge themselves to the new government. I cannot say what the future will be. I will hope the best, though from my past experience, my hope is strongly mingled with fear.

I think you will feel the rippling of this great wave on your shores. It is after one o'clock, and the streets are as quiet as the country. Adieu.

28th.—Every thing is quiet, and business has resumed its circulations.

LETTER CCII.

TO MRS. B——.

Paris, 4th March, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

EVERY thing is now quiet in Paris. Last Sunday was a magnificent day. The national guards, to the number of many thousands, and the people by hundreds of thousands, went in a body, with the members of the Provisional Government, to the Monument at the *Place Bastille*, erected in memory of the victims of the revolution of July, 1830, to consecrate themselves anew to the cause of liberty.

But to-day has been the greatest day, by far, that I have ever witnessed; and the Queen's entrance into the city of London, or her procession to the Houses of Parliament, appear, in comparison, like mere child's play.

To-day I have seen, I believe, half a million of people — that is to say, that number has lined the Boulevards, extending more than three miles, densely crowded. It was the funeral of the persons who were killed by the soldiery last week. The troops, the new recruits, the dragoons, and the infantry; the various trades and professions; the universities and schools; the government and its officers; the people lining the streets, the people filling the balconies and windows; the hearses carrying the victims of that outrage; the mourning widows, orphans, and children of those who fell, all of whom the government adopts as its own; the mourning flags; the chanting of the national anthem by immense bodies of men; the muffled drums, the martial music of the different bands as they passed, uttering the most touching and electric sounds; and the admirable conduct of everybody; no crowding, no pushing, no quarrelling, no drunkenness, not a sign of intoxication; and the *morale* surrounding the whole was a scene of such magnificence and sublimity, that no romance could exceed it, and I should deem it worth ten voyages across the Atlantic to have witnessed it. I only wished that Louis Philippe could have seen it, and that other crowned heads and many great men in power could have seen it, also; it would have given them a few lessons of prudence, which they would not have forgotten. However, your people could not have understood it. Mind you, I make many exceptions. But let me say, that I am not without apprehension for the effects of this revolution upon the rest of Europe. To change entirely the whole government of a country, to overthrow a throne, and establish a republic out of the old materials of a monarchy,

is a mighty work. We on our side of the water had few difficulties to contend with; here they are infinite. So far, I must say, that the French, by their bravery in asserting their rights, by their courage in offering and sacrificing their lives, by their self-command in the very moment and under the intoxication of a victory, of which they at first could scarcely have dreamed, by their settling down at once under a Provisional Government, and taking the most judicious and the most energetic measures for the protection of person and property, have placed themselves in a high position. I wish I could tell you how many beautiful examples of heroism and magnanimity have come under my own notice; but I must leave this.

The Americans go in a body, on Monday, to offer their congratulations to the Provisional Government. Many of the Americans here are holders of slaves. I should think they would find it difficult to congratulate the French on the achievement of their freedom. Among other resolutions which were presented to the committee, was one declaring that, under every free government, "every man should enjoy the absolute ownership and possession of himself;" but this resolution was immediately rejected, as it would throw a firebrand into the meeting. How far is this consistent with professed notions of man's natural right to liberty?

I like your Queen as much as you do. I think she is an honor to her rank, and that no person could fill her high station more nobly; but do you really think that the condition of your middling and lower classes in England is what it should be? and that no burdens are too heavy to be borne? and that no condition of society

can be devised, in which the laboring portion of the community shall have a larger share of the fruits of their toil? Your government seems to be in difficulty. However, I have done expecting, except in the kindness and fidelity of friends, any great good, or any very great amelioration of the condition of mankind. Men, before they get power, are very philanthropic, and noble, and generous. Give them power, and every thing becomes changed. Yours truly.

LETTER CCIII.

Paris, 5th March, 1848.

MY DEAR M—.

I RECEIVED your welcome letter by the last boat, and, what was most extraordinary, but not the less agreeable, a postscript of a page from that very coy and unfrequent writer, S—, for which I beg you to thank her.

I did not intend to write to you to-day ; but so many interesting events have taken place and are still in progress here, that I know you would complain of my silence. For the last fortnight, one has lived here a month in a day, and events of great moment have occurred in such rapid succession, that it would be out of my power to recapitulate them. The public journals will do this with sufficient accuracy and detail, and it will be only for me to relate some matters of a more personal nature, which otherwise you would not receive.

I wrote to Mr. M—— on the evening of the 22d February, and added a postscript on Wednesday morning, the 23d, in which I stated that we had passed a tranquil night, but added, that if blood should be shed, there would be an instant and general explosion. The event was not long in occurring, and the prediction was fulfilled. Wednesday, having had little sleep on the night previous, I did not rise until eight o'clock, and did not go into the street until ten. I found the streets full of troops, and the troops, with hay for their horses tied in little bundles to their saddles, (I mean the dragoons, of course,) likewise small bags of provisions for themselves, indicating the possibility of a campaign of some days. I found, likewise, immense bodies of infantry, troops of the line, moving and stationed in different parts of the city, and likewise large bodies of the national guard, or what we should call the militia, for whom I had heard the "rappel" beat before I arose. These last troops were not called out the day before. I soon learned, however, that the ministry had resigned, that the King was ready to yield to the people, and that probably quiet would soon be restored. It was very much, however, like the sea after a storm, when the heavings of what is called a calm seem even greater than during the storm itself. Every thing was in commotion, and I heard that the King's abdication would be inevitable. I dined, by invitation, with some friends, and my anxiety would not allow me to keep quiet in the house. Caution is an organ, of which, I believe, I have scarcely a trace, and a deficiency in which has been a source of innumerable mistakes and vexations. As I proceeded down the Boulevards, and reached the hotel of the For-

eign Minister, M. Guizot, about ten o'clock, I found a large body of troops drawn up in front, and a very compact crowd of people around them. The Rev. Mr. Parkman saw and accosted me, and, as I wished to go home, and we could not pass the usual way for the troops, we descended a small staircase, to pass by a lower street, which is here several feet lower than the main street; we had not quitted the spot more than five minutes, when I heard the firing, which killed and wounded sixty-two persons. I confess to you, I felt not a little emotion, when on returning the next day to the place, I found several pools of blood still remaining, directly on the spot where we had been standing. The news flew like lightning, and before I reached my own door I found several groups of people collected, and in a condition of the greatest excitement crying for vengeance, breaking open shops which contained arms, pulling up the pavements, seizing carriages and omnibuses, and every thing they could lay hold of, to form barricades in different parts of the city. I witnessed these proceedings, remained in the house about an hour, went out again, and remained abroad until one o'clock. Thursday morning I found five barricades erected within a stone's throw of my own door, and the people everywhere breathing nothing but fury. I called on Mr. Parkman, and he told me he had just seen two of the municipal guards killed by the people, and their station-house burnt. Every thing indicated a most eventful day. We went out together. The streets were everywhere, excepting in the immediate presence of the troops, crossed with formidable barricades of paving stones, trees cut down, carriages upturned, iron railings torn

from the public buildings, and every thing upon which hands could be laid. We first went through an immense body, several thousands of troops, dragoons and infantry, who allowed us to pass without interruption. We crossed the Seine, and re-crossed in front of the palace, where we found another large body of troops. We saw on the side of the river which we had left, an intense tumult, and a little below a severe firing. We found another large body of troops coming up the street on the side of the river where we stood, and we ourselves were directly between two large parties, not knowing whether they were hostile or friendly to each other. Half an hour before, they had been hostile, and we should have been in the midst of the conflict ; but the party approaching us had just gone over to the side of the people, and put their guns under their arms. We were then near the Palais Royal, the scene of the principal engagement, and heard the firing. We tried several streets, but every mode of exit seemed to be shut up either by troops or by armed men. We then passed by some by-passages, and this brought us out within a distance not more than one hundred and fifty yards of the great conflict, in the same street, though there were several barricades between us. We heard the firing of course ; we saw the smoke of the guns and the people hurrying on to the fight, and we expected every moment that the troops would scale the barricades and drive the people where we stood. This would have been the case, had not the principal body of the troops in the neighborhood been forbidden just before, to advance upon the people. After remaining here an hour, (which, in the excitement and fury, and terrors of

the mingled crowd of men, women, and children, I, for the first time in my life, appreciated some of the horrors of war,) we found our way into the Boulevards, where Mr. P—— quitted me. In less than half an hour after, I saw them throwing the furniture of the Palais Royal into the bonfires, of which there were ten in the neighborhood, and I then went with an immense crowd into the Palace of the Tuilleries, which the king had just left. I went in again before night, with some American friends, who could not speak French, and desired me to accompany them, as they were afraid of being recognized as foreigners by the mob. Thus ended Thursday; Friday and Saturday were quiet. On Saturday the shops were partially opened, and the barricades removed. On Sunday, the Boulevards, for three miles, were crowded with people and soldiers, all hastening to pay their homage to the Provisional Government at the Place de Bastille; a most striking display, but entirely eclipsed by the funeral services, which took place on Saturday, when certainly half a million of people were in the streets, and of the solemnity and magnificence of which it is impossible for me to give you any idea.

Yours ever.

LETTER CCIV.

TO G. M——, ESQ.

Paris, 8th March, 1848.

MY DEAR MR. M—— :

YOU will like a letter at this time from Paris, I know ; and though I am not in a very good mood for writing, you shall have something, and that which has not been served up before. You have seen the details of the eventful days in Paris. The sun shines to-day in all its brightness upon a city crowded with life, and where a stranger would suppose that commerce, trade, and pleasure, were all pursuing their accustomed course ; and would not have the least idea of that political earthquake which first shook every thing to its foundations, and then poured out its volcanic fires among a people excited to the highest degree, by the most combustible and the strongest passions which the human heart can feel. So it is, however ; Paris is perfectly quiet — I mean it has all the quiet of ordinary life. I passed through the Passage de L'Opera, last evening, and saw the usual immense crowd rushing into the doors of the *Bal Masqué*, in all the fever and intoxication of gayety and joy. Last evening, solely to recreate my own mind, which has been dreadfully taxed, I went to the Théâtre des Variétés, where I found a crowded house, and the people enjoying, with their usual gay humor, the admirable acting of Lafont and that *diablesse* Dejazet, and all the jokes and

buffoonery of the play, with the same zest as if, during the last fortnight, the streets instead of being sprinkled with blood had only been decorated with roses ; and instead of having had their slumbers broken in upon by cannon, they had only been listening to some charming serenade. Let us thank God that it is so. Men cannot afford to be melancholy all their lives. I have no wish ever to see them grieved or sorry but for their sins ; and that would come often enough to some of us. The past we cannot heal, and the only use to be made of it, is to avail ourselves of its lessons for the future.

But you have too much wisdom and experience, to think for a moment that all is over. "A nation may be born in a day," and the French I believe often baptize the child and give it a name on the very day of its birth ; but we have got to ask ourselves, as was asked with an intense curiosity, in another case, "What manner of child shall this be ?" how is it to be brought up ? what is the character of its nurses and guardians ? And time must be had to form its education, and urge it as fast as you can without satiating or suffocating it ; it must be some time before it can assume the stature or the firmness of manhood.

France has sworn to be a republic ; that is to say, Paris first took the oath, and the adjuration has been declared with wonderful unanimity from all the departments ; it has, as they say, boomed up all its great rivers, and it has come back in thunders from its Alpine frontiers. Every man asks, "Can they maintain it ?" The universal query implies universal doubt ; but not unmingled with hope. At least they must try it ; there is no help for them now but to make the experiment, any

more than there was for us in '76, after we had got up and thrown Robinson Crusoe's foot from our neck and sworn that we would stand alone. "God send them," I say, "a good deliverance!" There is no example in history of a people behaving with more courage, more disinterestedness, and more magnanimity, than they have done thus far. They have confirmed all my favorable impressions of them. I believe them to be the least selfish and the least avaricious people in the world. I believe them to be the most enlightened people in the world; and I think they have a full share, as things go, of moral principle. I do not believe they would make predatory war upon the Sikhs or upon Mexico. Certainly the *republicans* would not, whatever may be said of the Arab-burning Gen. Bugeaud. But their task, at present, is gigantic. The people are the most excitable people in the world, and having nothing of that New England deliberateness of decision, which, before it begins to build, sits down to calculate the cost. In this case you see, they had no time to calculate any thing. I knew on Wednesday, before the fatal attack upon the people in the Boulevards, when I myself came very near being shot, that the king was to be called upon to abdicate, but I believe no person dreamed of a republic, one hour before it was demanded and proclaimed by the Provisional Government. They have had, to admonish them, the terrible experience of the former revolutions, especially of '90, — and it is to be hoped it will not be lost upon them, — but when you consider that a new and immense fabric is to be constructed at once, not out of new materials, but out of the rubbish and broken fragments of an old erection, lying all in a heap, and with the parts

scarcely capable of being recognized or refitted, some of the extraordinary difficulties of the task are to be seen. Besides, who is the architect? whose plan will they accept? what is to sustain the houseless and disorganized people, while the building is in the process of erection? who is to arrange the family after the edifice is built? for, according to present appearances, not one will work in the kitchen while any one serves in the saloon, nor a soul be content to occupy the basement if any are to occupy the first or the second floors. The only consolation is, that time solves or removes all difficulties. Those of us who are a head taller than other people, will not consent to be cut down until those who are shorter by a head, will consent to be stretched out; and therefore the very necessities of the case may compel the long and the short, after all, to get along arm in arm. "All nature's difference makes," &c. — you know the rest. Yours truly.

LETTER CCV.

Paris, 8th March, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:

MY prediction in my last was speedily fulfilled. Blood was spilled; the blood of an unarmed and inoffensive crowd was wantonly shed, and this decided the whole course of events, and extinguished, at least for the present, the last vestige of royalty in France. Never did a man, entrusted with the fate of millions, behave with more folly and madness than Louis Philippe. The

full details of these events will reach you through the newspapers. But there are many questions which naturally suggest themselves in respect to results, in reference to which you may, perhaps, be curious to have the opinions of a by-stander. The greatest events in history have so often arisen from, and been dependent upon, apparently the most trivial accidents, that no human sagacity can foresee or safely calculate even the results of a day.

Thus far, things have gone on with wonderful ability and moderation, on the part of the Provisional Government, who have performed an amount of labor almost miraculous; and with a submission on the part of the people equally surprising. The National Convention are to be elected on the 9th of April, by a general ballot, and are to assemble on the 20th. They are to be nine hundred in number, a really terrific number, and are to organize society anew; and amidst a thousand conflicting interests, and in a community perhaps the most excitable in the world, are to establish a government, which it would seem, in the *general* apprehension, is to create a political millennium and give entire liberty, in the widest sense, and entire equality, in a sense under which society cannot exist, and plenty of bread, and little or no work, and high wages and short tasks to every man, woman, and child, in the community. No thoughtful or experienced mind can expect such impossibilities; and what is to be the result of a failure, which is inevitable, is a matter for which every reflecting person here feels the greatest concern. These, in truth, constitute the great difficulties of the case. There are great evils in society, which might and ought to be cor-

rected, but I am no optimist, and until men themselves become perfectly wise, and moral, and good, — when we should want no government, — we can only look for an approach (and that very distant) to a perfect condition of society. The Provisional Government, who really have no power, excepting what they assume for the time, are beset with every species of application to arrange matters according to the will and interests of every particular class. The *ouvriers*, or work-people, in Paris, are numerous beyond what I could have conceived until these events took place. Every class of them, even down to the drivers and conductors of coaches and omnibuses, have applied to the Provisional Government to have their hours of labor and their wages regulated. All attempts to regulate wages by law, excepting where the government is the employer, is as idle as to attempt to regulate the tides or the winds. The government have very foolishly and insanely (they say that they were compelled to throw this bone to a growling mastiff,) agreed to furnish every man with work, and to establish national workshops for this purpose. What an idle attempt! What abuses may be expected on the part of agents! And the machinery to conduct these establishments must be very expensive and costly. What reluctant and insufficient work on the part of those employed! who, of course, if they work by the day, will feel very little responsibility to the public; for what an interference with all private enterprise, and what a disastrous influence must it exert upon public morals! Then how absurd and unjust it is to make these distinctions among different classes. The workmen here think no man a laborer who does not work with his hands, and

wear a blouse. I believe that you and I have worked as hard through life, as many hours in the twenty-four, and at as much expense of health, and wear and tear of body and of mind, as any man who has carried a hod or used a saw. Then again, it does not appear that a single thought is spent upon a body of laborers, more numerous than the men in blouses, whose tasks are longer, whose work is in truth harder, whose wages have always been less proportioned to their toil, and many of whom, I believe as much as I live, *against their own feelings, wishes, and convictions, and indeed under the deepest feeling of self-abasement and disgust*, and at a sacrifice which, to many minds, would be far greater than that of life, abandon themselves to vicious courses, solely that they may sustain life: I mean, of course, the seamstresses and working-women in a city. One cannot think of these poor creatures without the deepest pity. Now, how are all these clamorous interests to be provided for, every one deeming it his exclusive right to be provided for first, and before all others.

But they have other difficulties to meet here, which cannot be contemplated without the most anxious concern. The court had many thousands of servants and dependents, who are now utterly thrown out of employ. Paris has been for years the resort of innumerable strangers, solely from its gayety and from the accessibility of its fashionable society. It will take a long time to make it again a place of attraction to a mere pleasure-seeking class of people. It is said, that ordinarily there are thirty thousand Englishmen and families residing in Paris. Suppose, as is probable, that twenty thousand of these will withdraw, from the disturbed state of Paris,

or the change in the state of society. It is not an extravagant calculation that each of these persons expended one thousand dollars a year in Paris. Twenty millions of dollars then are at once taken from the circulation. Even half of that would affect, to a considerable degree, what is called the commerce of the city. Excepting the shops which supply articles of food and clothing, the great proportion of the shops in Paris are trading in articles of mere luxury, in which they abound to an extraordinary degree. At a time when the funds are falling, and when the stability of the government, be it what it may, will remain long doubtful, who will think of indulgence and luxury?

Then the shock which is necessarily given to commercial confidence and credit, must, in such a state of things, be tremendous. Things have been going on here as in England, for a long time, in a way which foreshadowed sooner or later such a commercial struggle as England has passed, or is now passing through. These events bring every disease to a crisis at once. *You* are much more able to judge of such results and their consequences than myself. Under all these circumstances, however, I am not without hope. It is not the end of the world; and in a violent conflict of interests and opinions, they must adjust themselves. A dismasted ship at sea, in a storm, must submit to some authority or perish. The people will see the dangers of their condition, and perhaps seasonably find the necessity of order, forbearance, and submission. Yours truly.

LETTER CCVI.

Paris, 20th March, 1848.

MY DEAR M—:

I DARE say, seeing what is going on here, you feel some anxiety about my personal safety ; but you need have none. I cannot say much in favor of my health, for I have seldom had more pain to suffer than during the last fortnight. But this comes, without doubt, in some measure from the anxiety inevitable in this perturbed condition of affairs. The state of the times gives one little opportunity to think of one's self, and the dreadful amount of distress and wretchedness which exist about one, (and you know infinitely more exists than you can see,) forbids any one who has bread to eat and a comfortable lodging at night, to complain of any thing.

The distress here, lies principally among the working people. A vast number of people receive such small compensation, even in good times, that they barely exist, and can seldom lay up any thing ; when their work fails, it is difficult to say how they live, and their distress must be extreme. The French are extremely frugal, and habitually cheerful, and they will therefore be gay and happy under privations which would make an Englishman or an American perfectly wretched ; but it is evident they must have something to live upon, and when even that little is taken away, of course they suffer as others. I know one case of a shop, for example, which was one of the largest in the city, obliged last

week to close its doors ; and in this single shop, six hundred people were employed, who are all thrown out of work. It is said, a few days ago, that a notice, which I read, being given for the meeting of servants out of places, two thousand assembled. Many places of business are closed ; many factories are stopped ; and hundreds and hundreds of rich people have discharged their servants, and left the town. I was told last week of a gentleman, whose coach-horses cost him \$1,800, who was glad to sell them for 400 ; of another gentleman, whose salary in the employment of the Court was 50,000 francs, or \$10,000, but who now has not one sou, and whose wife sent a shawl, which cost her 1,400 francs, to a friend of mine, to sell for almost any thing she would give for it. The Secretary of the Legation told me last evening that it was reported on good authority, that the Rothschilds, by this revolution, have lost — if you can conceive of it, which I find it very difficult to do — \$25,000,000, or £5,000,000 sterling. Now there is no difficulty in understanding what an extensive and disastrous influence such events must have through all the various departments in society of business or trade. The French Court alone employed innumerable people. Mr. S—— told me that at the great ball at the Palace, three thousand servants were employed in one way or another. I confess they seemed to be without number, but I could hardly have thought there were so many, though undoubtedly the Court itself gave employment directly to a great many, many thousands of people. These, of course, are all dispersed. Two-thirds of the shops in Paris are for the manufacture and sale of articles of mere luxury. Their sales are all

arrested, for nobody now thinks of luxury, excepting to avoid every vestige of it.

But the French will get on. Never did a people behave so well as they have done thus far. There is no end to the sacrifices which are made, and to the charity which is shown. A friend who visited me yesterday, who has been a nobleman, but now is plain Mr., told me that half his fortune was gone, and they should be quite contented if they could keep the rest; but they had determined not to dismiss a servant, nor in any way to cut down their establishment, as they should deem it very inhuman to dismiss their servants in such a time as this. The great want now felt, is of course, for money, and especially, specie. A gentleman yesterday, sent all his plate, which was a large quantity, to the mint, to be melted and coined, and then to be given to the government; but refused to take any receipt for it, or even so much as to give his name. This was very noble, and is not, I believe, a solitary instance of the like magnanimity! Many persons, who on the night of the attack upon the people, broke into shops where guns and swords were sold, in order to arm themselves, and who, of course, could never be again recognized, have honestly returned the arms which they took. In one case, where four or five men who had been fighting and were exhausted, went into a house and compelled the master of the house to give them some refreshment, (it was a hotel or *restaurant*,) have since left the full value of what they took, with the printer of "the National," who has advertised for the hotel keeper to come for it.

The streets now are quiet enough, but the people,

who were, before this, as gay and buoyant as possible, especially the women, now look very "*triste*" and pale, evincing beyond all question, the extreme anxiety which preys upon them. Feel perfectly secure about me. I am in no danger. I leave here the first of May, for England, and for home as soon after that as I can. Yours, ever.

LETTER CCVII.

Paris, 20th March, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:

YOU will be glad to hear from an eye-witness, how affairs go on in the great political earthquake, which seems now likely to shake all Europe to its centre. In the first place, let me caution you against receiving, but with the greatest allowance, the accounts in the English papers of what is going on in Paris or in France. The English are full of hatred for the French; they are under the influence of the strongest prejudices, and with these prejudices, which seem almost a part of their education, they often misunderstand facts, though they may not voluntarily misstate them. They have long been severe upon the Americans, and now this severity, which, perhaps, for their health, must have vent, is turned upon the French. I say this, because I read the English papers daily, and being here, I detect at once many erroneous statements. They talk of the bankruptcy of the National Bank of France in such terms, that you

would suppose they never heard of their own suspension more than twenty years.* But I leave this subject. 7

* The following is from the *Times* of September, 1847, with regard to American repudiation :

“We will admit, for a moment, what our Boston correspondent asserts, that four-fifths of the entire population either never contracted a debt, or never committed a default. Let all praise be given to them for *non-rascality*. They are entitled just to so much encomium, and no more, as we bestow upon a man who passes through life without forging a check or embezzling his employer’s money.”

The *Morning Post* of the same month, has the following :

“In *brutality* of deportment, the genuine *Yankee* scarcely exceeds the genuine Parisian of the middle classes.”

The *Standard* shows the comfortable opinion which the English entertain of themselves, in comparison with their neighbors :

“First, French politeness has been for centuries a proverb in Europe ; and we go from a country in which the middle and lower classes are, in all essential things, really the least selfish and most courteous in the world, to another, in which, probably, we find less real courtesy than we find at home, and less, even of the exterior of courtesy, than our prejudices had prepared us to expect.”

We quote from “*The Sun*,” in a similar strain :

“The English nation has deservedly gained the highest character for humanity and philanthropy. No people since the creation of the world have made such sacrifices in the cause of charity. Witness the twenty millions of pounds sterling freely and readily paid to extinguish slavery in our dominions, and the annual expenditure, not only of money, but of the far more precious lives of our gallant sailors, in order to prevent the horrible trade from being carried on, and the appalling atrocities that were perpetrated by the slave-dealers. Witness the ten millions sterling so willingly advanced for the relief of our Irish brethren, (half, by way of loan, and the residue, as a free gift,) during the past year, and the voluntary contributions, exceeding half a million more, for the same benevolent purpose.”

We think these efforts on the part of England, most magnanimous and magnificent, and we honor England with our whole heart, for these great movements in philanthropy ; but under all circumstances, we trust it will not be deemed offensive to inquire, whether of these thirty millions, one farthing has ever been paid ; whether the whole has not been an addition to their public debt, which is never intended or expected to be paid ? and whether any thing more has been done than to saddle themselves and their posterity, and the Irish nation also, to whom this donation was made, forever, with the payment of the interest of these great sums, and with a stock which is always much below a par value, and the interest proportionately low ?

In the time of the Irish famine, the Americans sent to Ireland in provisions

The French have immense difficulties to struggle with, but there is reason to hope, though not unmingled with distrust, that they will surmount them, and settle down under a free and elective government. I think it would be impossible to find an example of more disinterestedness and magnanimity, or, upon the whole, considering the circumstances of extreme difficulty in which they have been placed, more discretion and sagacity, than have thus far been exhibited by the Provisional Government. They have made some great mistakes, but the wonder is that they have not made more and greater. Last week, a body of the national guards, to the amount of twenty thousand, went to the *Hotel de Ville*, to demand revocation of an order which abolished certain distinctions and privileges which certain of the national guards had long enjoyed, and which placed all the citizens who enrolled themselves upon an equality. The government had the wisdom and energy to stand by their determination. It was said that the national guards threatened to come again, with their arms, and compel submission. But what would have been the condition of the government, if they were to be compelled to change and veer at the pleasure of any party. Lamartine gave them to know, that the government had adopted this measure in conformity with the principles of equal rights, which they had avowed, and after mature deliberation; and that he would sooner die upon the scaffold, than he would violate his own judgment, or

and clothing, more than a million of dollars, actually collected and disbursed. Is it not high time that we abandon these miserable jeerings and reproaches, and do all we can to cultivate that true and generous friendship which ought to subsist among nations allied by blood, by language, by commerce, by free institutions, and by innumerable mutual and ever-increasing interests?

betray his principles. The government at once published a proclamation to this effect. The legitimists saw these dissensions with peculiar pleasure, and hoisted the white flag in several parts of the city, in favor of Henry V., the Duke of Bordeaux. This moved the whole people; and the next day there was a procession of five and six deep, and sometimes ten deep, embodying an immense multitude of the workmen of the city and the people, certainly more than one hundred thousand, many say over two hundred thousand, who went in a body, without arms, and assured the Provisional Government that they would support them in their decision, and that they would have nothing but a republic. This has been the greatest popular demonstration yet made, and is deemed of the highest importance. It has done immense service in supporting the government, and thus establishing confidence. Their conduct was orderly; there was a general illumination in the evening, but there was no drunkenness nor riot. The national guards have been taught their place, and the legitimists are wholly discomfited.

The great difficulties are with the work people. All the different classes have been either in a body or by deputation, to ask the government to reduce the hours of work from twelve to ten, and to fix the rate of wages. Even large bodies of the women have been, to require that work done in the prisons and in the national workshops, should not be suffered to come in competition with work in private establishments. What an absurdity for the government to undertake to regulate by law wages, or hours, excepting in their own establishments, and to protect young children against abuses of power. The

government have endeavored to get rid of these questions as beyond their province, but they have been sorely pressed. The evil must relieve itself. An extensive shoe-manufacturer, employing a great many hands, was required by them to shorten the day's work and increase their wages; he said that his profits did not allow him to do it, and therefore he should dismiss them all, and go with them the next day, to see if he and they could find work at the rate which they demanded. They had the good sense to understand the case, and immediately returned to their work.

The government promised to give employment and increased wages to all workmen without work; to those whom they employed, they would give two and a half francs per day; and to those whom they could not employ, they would allow one and a half francs per day until they could find work. This has filled Paris with the lazy and idle from the country. They have raised the wages of the soldiers from eight sous to thirty sous per day, and you may judge from the vast numbers enlisted, the amount of expense daily incurred; and all this, with a treasury left under the greatest embarrassments by the late expensive government. Necessity, which almost every one sees and feels, will compel them to get along until the meeting of the National Convention, in one month from this; as Arago, one of the Provisional Government, and one of the most eminent philosophers in the world, said to the national guard, "If you compel *us* to resign, what is there behind *us* to look to?" No human being can conjecture the results from a National Convention of nine hundred persons; but I believe they are capable of a free government, and I believe also, the

leading men are, at present, determined to make a fair experiment. The great object now is to preserve the public peace and to secure property. The reports of the people having cried in the procession the other day, "Away with the aristocracy to the Lantern!" which appear in the English papers, are, I believe, wholly false. I stood among the crowd, and by the procession, more than an hour, and I heard nothing but *Vive la republique*, nor can I learn that any other person heard any other cry, excepting *Vive Lamartine*.

I am told commercial difficulties here are universal and terrible; but these are not all to be ascribed to the revolution, but to the recklessness of expenditure and speculation, which seems to have pervaded the commercial world. Yours truly.

LETTER CCVIII.

TO MRS. B——.

Paris, 29th March, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

YOU will hardly expect another letter from me so soon; but this is principally to apologize for what I am afraid you thought a very cross and belligerent one last week. Recollect, however, you threw down the glove, though I am willing to acknowledge I partly provoked you to it. The best apology I can offer is, that I was on that day cross with everybody, and much more so with myself than with any other person; for I had been suf-

fering a good deal of pain for three weeks, and then more than ever ; and, in spite of all my prejudices, and really having little confidence in physicians or medicine, was obliged to haul down my flag, and send for one. The night after I wrote to you, if I could but have caught sight, for one half hour, of some bright and kind eyes the other side of the channel, and the other side of the great water, I believe I should have hailed my discharge as a kind and welcome release. I have a first-rate physician, and who is equally a gentleman, and he pronounces my case one of aggravated *tic douloureux*, or neuralgia — a term which, perhaps, I ought not to mention in your presence. I am anxiously waiting his visit, and the first question I shall put to him is, Can I go home ? — for every thing admonishes me that I must set my face homeward with all convenient despatch. My intention is to leave Paris, if my health admits, next week, for London, where I propose to remain, according to circumstances, a short time, and then proceed to the United States. I cannot reconcile it to my sense of common kindness, to put myself upon your hospitality, most gratefully as it is appreciated.

It will be a blessed hour when I once more set my feet upon the English soil : first, because it will be nearer home ; and second, as the hymn says, —

“There my friends and brethren dwell,” —

and so it will be more like home. A French *lodging-house* is well enough when you are in health, but it is no place for a sick person. I do not know how I should have found it in a private family, where I really believe there would be no want of kindness ; but to give

you some idea of the mode in which we live here, though I have been in this house five months, and there have been fifty persons lodging in it, I don't know one of them even by sight, and am ignorant even of the names of the persons who keep the house.

Paris is at present in a dreadful condition, and has lost most of its charms as a residence. I do not think that life or property is at all insecure; but the uncertainty of the future hangs upon every reflecting mind like a dark thunder-cloud in the sky. They have certainly performed wonders, and behaved as well as possible so far; but the measures undertaken by the government of giving every man work, at two francs per day, and, if they had not work to give him, and he had no work to live upon, allowing him, at first, a franc and a half, and now a franc per day in money, have produced a flood of idleness, and brought in shoals of lazy, idle fellows from the country, who spend this money chiefly in drink, and get up eternal processions of thousands and thousands in number, patrolling the streets, and singing the Marseillais hymn. I believe the French people are capable of appreciating a liberal and just government; but they require at once a fixed and a strong government.

You seem not to have extraordinary quietness in your neighborhood. Such a cargo of thunder and lightning as came in the papers yesterday from Ireland, we have not seen for a long time. I never knew any thing more atrocious than the language of some of the Irish orators; yet I am fully of opinion that the government have committed an error in prosecuting them. The dog which barks the loudest does not always bite hardest;

but if you defy him, and engage in a personal contest, the results in one sense are not doubtful, because they are sure to be disagreeable and painful. I never knew a man, woman, or child, to engage in any kind of quarrel, who was not, in a degree, the worse for it, even though he should gain his point. I confess, however, it is often almost inevitable, — and who is wise at all times?

I hope my amends will be kindly accepted. Three days ago I had to employ a friend to write a short note for me at my dictation, — so you see that I must be better. Indeed, I am always the better for thinking of you and yours. Yours truly.

LETTER CCIX.

Paris, 31st March, 1848.

MY DEAR M—— :

I RECEIVED your kind letter of the 12th inst. This will be handed you by H—— C—— K——, the son of our old friends, who a few days since took me quite by surprise. Had I seen the apparition of his father, I should scarcely have been more astonished. He came out for his health; first, to Palermo, where he staid a month; thence to Naples and Rome, where he staid three months; and now he sails to-morrow in a ship for the United States. You will be astonished to learn, that, with one leg, and on crutches, he made his way to the top of Vesuvius; most men have to do it on all fours.

Paris was never more interesting than at this moment ; but it is most painfully so. It has lost all its charms as a residence ; and the uncertainty of the future, and the state of feverish excitement in which everybody is, and the intense suffering, which you know must pervade many classes of the people, fill the mind with the most anxious apprehensions, and wring the heart with agony. There is an infinite amount of charity in the community ; I do believe there was never a country where there was more ; but the very sources of charity are cut off or dried up ; and many, who were the bountiful bestowers, are now themselves the recipients. Everybody cuts down his establishment. Vast numbers of the rich have sold their horses and carriages, and discharged their servants, and left the city. But there are thousands, tens of thousands, I may say hundreds of thousands, whose wages amounted only to about twenty cents a day, upon which they could scarcely subsist, who are now thrown entirely out of work, and must be pining away in slow and solitary misery. Several thousand women — wash-women, work-women, needle-women, and others — went a few days ago to the government, to beg the allowance of ten sous or cents per day, for they and their children were absolutely dying by starvation.

The whole of Europe is now in a condition of the greatest and most terrible excitement ; and it seems to me impossible that England should ride quietly at anchor, in such a storm, and with such a heavy sea.

I shall write you immediately from London, which may indeed reach you before this. Yours affectionately.

LETTER CCX.

Paris, 5th April, 1848.

MY DEAR M—:

THIS is probably the last letter you will receive from me from this place ; and, if I had written it last week, I should have been half inclined to have said, the last you will receive from me from any place ; for I was then wretchedly ill, and am still very feeble, and with almost as little strength of mind as of body. A fortnight since matters came to a crisis ; and such was my suffering through the night, that I could only think of you all at home, and pray that God would release me as soon as possible. It is not, however, as we desire, and perhaps foolishly or wickedly desire, since I have entire confidence in the wisdom and goodness of his providence, and feel that the first of all duties is to submit unreservedly and without complaint to his will, whatever that will may be. In a French lodging-house, by night, a man is as much alone as he would be in the midst of a forest ; but when it was full day, I made out to send for a physician. Heaven, who has always been most kind to me, directed me to one of the most intelligent, skilful, and gentlemanly men whom I have known, Dr. Olliffe, who pronounced my case one of most violent neuralgia, and at once prescribed for me. He particularly recommended the vapor bath, which was of immense relief to me. It was such a luxury as I never enjoyed before. You undress yourself entirely, go into a room of comfortable

size, and laying down on a clean sheet on a table, by turning a cock, you fill the room at once with hot steam, until you can scarcely respire, and the sweat pours from every part of you, as though your bones as well as your flesh were actually becoming liquid. In half an hour, your attendant, who visits you several times during the operation, to see if you survive it, stops off the steam, wipes you perfectly dry, wraps every part of you in cloths almost burning hot, and then puts you into a nice clean bed, well tucked up, and leaves you to an hour's most quiet and delicious sleep. To me, who had not had a quiet hour's sleep for a fortnight, it seemed a perfect Elysium, and was of essential service. It was necessary I should repeat the baths; and I found myself soon to a great degree relieved from pain, but laboring under an extreme debility, so that it was almost impossible to dress and undress myself. The doctor continued his services, and, to the most exemplary attention, he added the greatest kindness; for, on my asking for his bill, his reply was, that he considered all professional men as his brethren, and should accept nothing. Who will say that all Christian kindness has departed from the earth?

On Friday of this week I shall leave for London, which I hope to reach on Saturday, and shall write to you by the first boat after that. My excellent friend, Mrs. B——, in London, to whom I wrote last week to inquire if my old lodgings were vacant, writes me thus: “The first place you come to on your return must be *here*; I demand it as a right; and then we will see what kindness and care will do towards your recovery.” They are as respectable people as live; and there is no

limit to the kindness which they always express towards me. She adds : " I do hope you will honor our humble abode for some time ; and then you can turn yourself round, as the saying is, and arrange your plans for the future. I hope you have faith in my sincerity ; if so, what I have said will be sufficient ; if not, all the pressing in the world will be of no avail, — so I shall say no more." After that, I do not think I can further decline this kindness, which I have all along done before ; and I shall, therefore, go directly to their house, for at least a week, when I will inform you of my plans.

I cannot give you any Parisian news. The city has become excessively disagreeable, from the constant agitation prevailing by day and night, and the utter uncertainty of what the future is to be. The bankruptcies are almost without a parallel ; business is entirely at a stand. The rich seem even more distressed than the poor. Many of the shops are closed. Vast amounts of silver and jewelry are buried in the ground. As yet, bread is cheap and plenty. But, before the new government can be organized, there is the greatest fear that the public peace may be broken, and the present government overturned. What would come then, Heaven only knows.

A great many Americans have determined to wait and see it through. If I were well, I should have the same curiosity ; but I am now too old to think of any thing but the end of my journey. Love to all. Yours truly.

LETTER CCXI.

TO W. S., ESQ.

London, 11th April, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:

I PROMISED you should hear from me to-day ; but my health is so wretched that I must claim your indulgence to be satisfied with such a letter as I *can*, not such an one as I *would* write.

On reaching Dover, which I did on Saturday morning, at six o'clock, we found a large body of troops, say eleven hundred, gathering at the railroad station, to take their passage for London ; and on the road we heard of nothing but the great demonstration expected on Monday. On my arrival in London, I found a condition of universal alarm ; and everywhere the most active preparations going on for the protection of the public peace ; and at church we had a long discourse about passive obedience and non-resistance ; urging, under all circumstances, to keep the peace, to do nothing to help themselves, but "to wait the movements of divine Providence," under which, right, and truth, and justice, were certain to prevail ; a matter for which, so far as I can learn, the world has been waiting for about five thousand years. Monday morning came, and terror was everywhere depicted. Two special constables, in the family where I lodge, were called upon to present themselves for orders at the police office, where several rounds of beef and plenty of porter were provided, to keep their courage at the "sticking point." About nine o'clock, the shops being

everywhere shut as on Sunday, and few carriages seen in the streets, two processions, comprising in all perhaps three thousand persons, came down the main street, Holborn, with various banners ; and two large carriages gaily decked out with flags, the one bearing the aristocracy of the Chartists, and the other the monster petition, reported to be signed by upwards of five and a half millions of people, demanding the provisions of the people's charter ; every one of which has been peaceably and fully enjoyed by us ever since the foundation of our government, but in which the conservative English see nothing but universal misrule and destruction. The flags and wagons were covered with mottoes, such as, " Better to die free-men than to live slaves ;" " It is glorious to die for liberty ;" and various other brave sayings, which are always spoken with great emphasis over the dinner-table and the juice of the grape ; but which are likely to be uttered in a lower tone before a bayonet newly polished, or a cannon charged with grape shot ; which usually have the effect to relax the muscles of the throat, and somewhat affect the organs of utterance. The people in the procession seemed, in general, well-dressed young men, with French silk hats on their heads, but no French heads under them, and who certainly exhibited as little pluck, in action or looks, as men under such circumstances could ; wholly unconcerned, as on their way to a holiday frolic rather than to a serious assertion of invaded rights, or a defiance of what they deemed oppression and tyranny. The government had denounced the meeting, in a proclamation, under an old law of Charles II., which forbids any assemblage of more than twenty people, or any going to Parliament with a petition, ac-

accompanied by more than ten persons. On their arrival at Kennington Common, the police announced to Mr. Fergus O'Connor, the Chartist leader, that they were at full liberty to carry their petition with ten persons, in a common carriage; but if the procession, in a whole body, attempted to pass either of the bridges, they would be fired upon by artillery already planted there to repel them. Mr. Fergus O'Connor thinking all at once of widows and orphans, and that there was a considerable difference between iron grapes and Fontainbleau or Malaga grapes, advised to the immediate and quiet dispersion of the assembly, which wholesome advice was very graciously received; and excepting a few unimportant squabbles with the police, no disturbance took place; and, but for the terrible fright the Londoners had, which made them exquisitely ridiculous, the whole affair has gone off as quietly as a summer shower sometimes clears off, and the conservative English of the middle classes have now nothing to do but to hug what they call their chains more closely, and compensate themselves with the complacent consciousness of their own prudence and self-possession; when for the two hundred thousand batons with which they expected to knock out the Chartists' brains, if the poor things had any, they found no other use than to make a great flourish, to the infinite amusement and derision of all the vagabond boys and girls which throng the streets.

The Bank, Somerset House, and other public buildings, were all garrisoned with troops, and armed with chevaux-de-frise. Early in the morning, the Queen and Prince took their departure for the Isle of Wight; re-

ports were spread that three hundred thousand Chartists would be assembled on Kennington Common, and no one thought of any thing but putting the whole government to flight, and abandoning the city to massacre and plunder. You have heard of "great cry and little wool," and whatever may be said of British courage in the fight, I shall not say much of British self-possession before the fight. The government found their interests essentially advanced in raising the alarm, and have gained immensely in the result. The Chartists at no time amounted to thirty thousand, and the petition with five millions of names had not probably one million of those which were genuine. Thus ended this great affair — *Parturiunt montes*.

London is now as quiet as the country. You can come at any time with safety. I left Paris on Friday morning, at half-past eight, reached Boulogne at six; slept on board the mail-boat, which got under way at half-past three; suffered the usual discomforts of the interior, when all the machinery becomes deranged; reached Dover perfectly exhausted, and London at half-past twelve, with an entire incapacity of proceeding farther. I have been a great sufferer since my arrival, but extreme kindness of as kind people as the world knows, has done something for my spirits, which have been most of the time at zero, and a good night's rest the last night, a perfect rarity in the history of my last month, has done something for my body, so that this morning I rose and reported progress. Yours faithfully.

LETTER CCXII.

London, 13th April, 1848.

MY DEAR M—:

I LEFT Paris last Friday morning, and accomplished the journey with extreme difficulty and exhaustion. I reached London on Saturday noon, and found my friends, the B——s, ready to give me a hearty welcome. Their kindness cannot be exceeded, and every wish of mine is anticipated. Mrs. B—— a good deal resembles A——, and is everywhere, even beyond her means, doing good. She came into my chamber on Monday morning, and said to me, “Are you thinking of your old lodgings? for I have some suspicion that you are.” “Yes,” I replied, “I am; for I was treated very kindly there.” “Now,” said she, “give me your word that you will not go from here while you stay in London, or until we tell you that your stay is inconvenient.” I told her that I accepted her kindness most gratefully, but I could not engage to do that which she asked of me. At present, however, I shall remain their guest; and she has this moment opened my door, to desire me to tell you that she will take every care of me. How much reason have I to thank God for the friends whom I have had, and the kindness which I have received. I have done what I could for others; but I have never done a kindness, which has not, in some form or another, been repaid to me seventy-fold.

I remain, I am sorry to say, very ill. My physician charged me to take the air every day, which I do, but I am a great sufferer. My strong hope is, that a change

of air and scene will, as the doctor predicted, do much for me. Give yourself no concern about my wanting any aid, for every thing will be done for me that the most assiduous kindness and affection can do; and let us be willing to leave the event to that merciful Providence, the thoughts of whose constant care and love and beneficence hourly overwhelm me beyond the power of utterance.

You will see, from the papers, that London has been threatened with serious disorders. These have been greatly exaggerated in the newspapers. I saw two of the large processions go by my windows, but they were entirely unarmed, and showed no disposition to create disturbance. The government were, however, excessively alarmed, and so were the people, and they mutually alarmed each other. The Queen and royal family were sent off to the Isle of Wight. All this seemed to me perfectly unnecessary, and much more likely to provoke than to quiet a revolution. The English and French are entirely different from each other. The English are a staid, calculating, reflecting people, and do not act without deliberation. The French are a people of impulse, and act without deliberation, either before or after. The French are perfectly reckless of life, and march up to the cannon's mouth without flinching. The English take care of themselves; they are not wanting in bravery, but "they want to live to fight another day." The English, likewise, are strongly attached to their institutions; they are conservative in the highest degree, and will wear a shoe that pinches severely, — not without complaining, but without a thought of throwing the shoe away, lest they should be obliged to go barefoot. The French kick it off

at once, without a thought when, or how, or if ever, its place is to be supplied. The English will continue to stagger along, under burdens heavier, as they themselves say, than ever pressed any nation before, and with abuses of the most enormous and acknowledged character. How France is to settle down again into any regular or orderly government, no sagacity can foresee. The best may be hoped for; the worst is to be feared.

I am sorry to send you a letter, which I know will give you some pain and anxiety; but do not yield a moment to these feelings. Think how much blessed I am, in finding, in a strange land, friends so kind; and pray God, with me, that I may show myself deserving of such kindness. Yours most affectionately.

LETTER CCXIII.

London, April 18th, 1848.

MY DEAR M—:

YOU feel, I know, great anxiety about my health. If kindness and attention could make me well, I should rejoice in the firmest health; for no effort is spared on the part of the friends where I am for my benefit. I am freer from pain than I was, but my strength is gone, and I can bear scarcely the least exertion without being exhausted. I consider myself, however, convalescent.

You will see by the papers, that Europe is everywhere in commotion. The prospects of France are much overclouded, and they must pass through many difficulties, before they can have any thing like stability and

quiet. The fire is kindling in various parts of Europe, and a general conflagration seems all but inevitable. The little I saw in Paris, in the days of the revolution, have led me to appreciate the horrors of war much more sensibly than I could ever have done before. England will, I think, at present remain quiet, but she can only be kept so by the arm of power. If it were not for the army in England, her throne would not be secure for a day. No one can conjecture what is to become of Ireland. The poverty and wretchedness and distress there, are extreme, and yet the wisest persons cannot, in the present condition of her institutions, devise any immediate remedy. No country seems so happy and prosperous as the United States; and her blessings and the happiness of her institutions, are, at present, much more highly appreciated here, than they ever were before.

I have little to add. A sick chamber does not present any great variety. Yours truly.

LETTER CCXIV.

TO W. S., ESQ.

London, 19th April, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:

I THANK you for two friendly and agreeable letters. I have but one abatement to the pleasure which the receipt of them gave me, and that is, that the postscript of the first, which, as you know, in a lady's letter, is

always supposed to contain the very cream of the jest, is, as near as I can conjecture, written either in Arabic or Syriac; and as I am not acquainted with those languages, it remains a sealed book. Mr. H—— called on me this morning, and I desired him to try his hand at it; but, notwithstanding his boast that he could read any hand-writing, he was quickly foundered. He did not like to be beaten, and so he undertook, by picking out a word here and there, to state what he supposed you meant to say; but, as the sentiments which he put into your mouth, were obscure and without point, which, of course, was the very reverse of your ordinary conversation or writing, I put no reliance whatever upon his commentary, and thus it remains, to be translated when the inscriptions upon the Egyptian obelisk or the Dighton rock find an interpreter. Your letter was a consolation to me, under my own numerous faults, for I am so often rapped over the knuckles for illegible writing, that it was a relief to me to find that, though I might be the chief, I was not the only sinner.

Your letter of yesterday displays all your usual characteristics; it is sensible, exact, to the point, and quite transparent; and though I can repay only in a depreciated currency, you Parisians must not, at present, insist upon an invariable standard of value, but take that which “will pass,” for the day.

First, I congratulate you upon the probable success of your excellent project, in respect to the extension of the *Louvre*, and the removal of the National Library. I learn from the journals, that the Provisional Government have already decided upon it, I have no doubt, upon your suggestion, and very greatly to the public advantage.

You ought to have the credit of it, but you will, I know, be better satisfied with its accomplishment.

I see you speak doubtingly but not despairingly of France. This is my feeling. I read to-day the memorial of the Provisional Government to the people, vindicating the right of Paris to take the lead and, in fact, to control the Departments. It seems unnecessary in this formal manner to put forth these demands. It would be matter of course, and would, of necessity, have been yielded silently; and when a claim to this controlling influence is almost arrogantly made, opposition is sure to be roused. The divisions in the Provisional Government and the demonstrations of the communists are bad omens. It is a pity that these people, with Louis Blanc at their head, could not find some island, where they could make an uncontrolled experiment of their principles. I would advise England to give them a quitclaim to Ireland, for the trial of their beautiful theory; and further, that she should render them every assistance to make the experiment complete. The vessel, I think, would be wrecked without leaving the port, and the crew would soon proceed to exterminate each other. I was glad to hear of the demonstration of the national guards in favor of the government. But, amidst all these capricious movements, one looks anxiously for some firmer basis of reliance. I can only hope that it may soon be found.

The movements of England are retrograde; she is fast becoming the most despotic government in Europe. New definitions of treason and sedition, an extended system of espionage, both in ordinary business and the privacy of domestic life, a gagging law for all who desire

to speak their minds, the opening of private correspondence at the post-office, the vast increase of a disguised police, and the alien bill, which is wholly inconsistent with England's boasted hospitality and courage, place England at the side of Russia, and they are going hand in hand against all reform. The middle classes in England, who took up arms against the humbler classes, (who, much as we may disapprove the manner in which they seek it, have certainly in view altogether, and only, the benefit of the middle classes, the mitigation of national burdens, and the general cause of liberty,) have now, with their hands tied behind them, thrown themselves into the power of the government, and all hopes of reform are extinguished, for at least the next quarter of a century. I think, my dear sir, day by day, with a gratitude I have not words to express, more and more, of the bright history of my own country, whose clear-sightedness and firm decision in the beginning, whose fidelity to liberal principles, under various trials, and whose noble and lofty position at this moment among the nations of the earth — I say as noble and as lofty as a nation ever occupied — must command the admiration of every liberal mind. Yours truly.

 LETTER CCXV.

TO W—— S——, ESQ.

London, 25th April, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:

WE have not much London news. Parliament is suspended until the 4th of May. The sedition bill has

passed; the alien bill soon will be enacted. These measures show extreme solicitude on the part of the government; and they can have no other effect than to exasperate a large portion of the people. I believe, however, they will for the present take it out in grumbling and complaining. Yesterday there was to have been a large meeting, summoned by Mr. Cochrane, of paupers and beggars, in Trafalgar Square, to carry a protest to the Home Secretary, against some of the provisions of the Poor Law, on the subject of settlement. The Police published a proclamation against such an assemblage or procession; and though some few came together, they were soon dispersed. I admire the calm philosophy of the English. They admit their burdens, and the actual increase of the taxation, and the infinite number of abuses, of which they loudly say they are the victims; but they say — we shall get what we want *in a few years*. In my opinion there is not the smallest hope of it. I would not, however, disturb their self-complacency. Mind, *I* do not say that any reform is necessary, leaving every people to judge for themselves. Issachar rests quietly under his burdens. There are meetings in the country which make a great show upon paper, but they are mere flashes in the pan. The government are immensely strong. The Continental revolutions have so frightened the higher classes, and the middle classes are so accustomed to be frightened or any thing else, when the higher classes are frightened or any thing else, that even useful reforms are likely to be rejected. They are afraid even to remove a loose stone or a decayed timber, lest the whole house should come tumbling about their ears.

If your business does not require your earlier return, you would probably find the last of May and the first part of June extremely pleasant in England, though it has rained I believe every day, except one, since I came here.

I have just been reading, in the Boston Advertiser, a letter from Mr. George Sumner, giving an account of the French Revolution and the causes which led to it. It is very well written. I dare say the American public will be inundated with accounts, and I shall be looking for your comprehensive and exact detail.

Nothing can be more difficult, however, than to convey any thing like a just picture of the events of these memorable days in Paris, with all their various associations and circumstances. I may say I was in the midst of it, yet it seems to me like a dream of the night; and changes of scene occurred in such rapid succession, that it is very difficult to distinguish realities from illusions.

The excitement produced in the United States by the intelligence, appears to have been electrical. I have been reading to-day, Mr. Webster's speech in the Senate, on the subject of Mexico, especially the acquisition of territory. The disadvantages under which the erection of new States places the old States, by the rule of representation in the Senate, are very forcibly presented; but it must, I think, have been badly reported, for it is not in his usual direct and terse style.

I was extremely interested in your account of the magnificent fête on occasion of presenting the national flags. Certainly, one great secret, if it is to be called a secret, of the French doing every thing of this kind so well, must be their sobriety. Yours truly.

LETTER CCXVI.

Dulwich, 12th May, 1848.

MY DEAR M——.

YOUR last letter went to Paris and was returned to me at London. My health, which at present with me is the first object, is improved. If the kindness of friends could make me well, my health would be perfect. I came out here by the invitation of my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. C——, to spend a week, and they have insisted upon my staying a fortnight. It is impossible to find more kind people. This place is about six miles from London, and, I believe, is not surpassed for beauty in all England. Almost the whole village is owned by a charitable institution, called a college, designed to support six old men and six old women and twelve children. By the charter, so absurd is it, they cannot enlarge the institution or extend its advantages; their funds are more than two hundred thousand dollars a year, and they scarcely know what to do with this, so that they refuse to have their land, which consists of two thousand acres, built upon, beyond a certain extent, and therefore the fields are quite open; the place abounds with trees and groves, and though so near the great metropolis of the world, there are many walks almost as retired and secluded as you would find in Deerfield.

Mr. C——'s house is hired from the college, on a lease of sixty-one years, with leave to renew it at the expiration of that term. It is an elegant residence, with

extensive grounds, gardens, greenhouses, and every convenience. They have given me frequent drives in the neighborhood, and the fresh air and the quiet have done much for me. I shall go into the city to-morrow, but I cannot yet announce my final determination.

Yours truly.

LETTER CCXVII.

TO W. S., ESQ.

London, 20th May, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:

I THANK you for the paper you sent me. I scarcely know what to say or think of the movements in France. The moderate party, if there is any such party, must have a set of desperate villains to deal with. I am truly rejoiced that they succeeded in putting these wretches down, but I am afraid they have only scotched, not killed the serpent. But what shall they do with them? Death for political offences is abolished, by decree of the Provisional Government; but if it were not, the first shedding of blood by a deliberate act, would be a terrible omen. What is to be the end of matters? Have they any man who can control them? Is Lamartine capable of ruling the storm? To talk of a man's being free, with a bayonet at his breast all the time, or to talk of liberty, which can only be maintained by two or three hundred thousand troops, seems absurd, and a good deal worse than absurd. It seems to me

that there never was a people, who made so little calculation for the future. With noble traits of character, they seem utterly destitute of what may be properly called discretion. *Nous verrons.*

The course of events here, tends to consolidation, and to render the people more conservative. Many well-advised men say, however, that they must and will have reform. A people more idolatrous of their own institutions, and more idolatrous of their own country, it would I believe, be very difficult to find. I am aware, however, that I must be cautious what I say, where Mrs. S—— might overhear, after her presentation at St. James's, in a dress, which, I learn, eclipsed all others, and was so charmingly described in the *Morning Post*.

I dare say you are possessed of later American news than I can give you. They still ride quietly at anchor, I believe, and I think have reason daily and hourly to thank Heaven that the Atlantic rolls between them and the old world. We had rumors yesterday that a republic had been declared at Rome. From what I saw at Rome, few events would surprise me less. But they cannot have a republic, and a political church at the same time; and as to getting rid of their church, or making any great alteration in it, it seems almost as hopeless, as to turn St. Peter's upside down, and make it stand upon the dome. I believe the papal power is, and must continue to be, in point of endurance, at least, the strongest power on earth. Most truly yours.

LETTER CCXVIII.

London, 26th May, 1848.

MY DEAR M—:

I HAVE to thank you for your affectionate letter. I am happy to say that I am much better, though my strength is far from restored. I think I derived the greatest benefit from my visit of a fortnight at Mr. Courage's, at Dulwich, whence my last letter to you was dated. Their residence is delightful; a house combining every elegance and luxury; a delightful country; gardens, green-houses, green fields, quiet walks, beautiful rides and drives; and above all, kind hearts and a happy family, trying to make every one around them happy. After that, I made a short visit to Mr. Drummond, my fellow-traveller on the Continent, a most respectable clergyman at Acton—a beautiful residence, where I was obliged to decline their urgent request to make a long visit. I have received likewise, an invitation to go to Queenwood, in the country, to make a visit of a month, and two letters from Lord Hatherton to visit them, and two invitations from the Hardwickes to visit their marine villa at Sidney Lodge. I have acceded to none of these, because my plans are not arranged.

The B—s would hear of nothing after my return from Dulwich and Acton, but my coming back there; so I am still their guest, and nothing can exceed their kindness and the pleasure which they seem to take in my convalescence. I hope Heaven will make me as

grateful as I ought to be, and I cannot be too much so. Yesterday, Lady Hardwicke took me with her into the country, to a little "*fête champêtre*," or what we should call a pic-nic. It was a very elegant private entertainment, given in the beautiful grounds and garden of Mr. Liddell. The day was as fine as possible; the grounds laid out with exquisite taste; the ladies in the most elegant costumes; and with the young, and gay, and fair, lords and ladies by scores, music, dancing, playing, and tables loaded with luxuries, it was quite charming. I had a ticket sent me to go to the fête at Chiswick, the great centre of style and fashion, but, as the ground was damp, I was afraid to go. The Pendarveses have been twice to see me, and are as kind as usual.

I found on my table last week an elegant and most serviceable present, with a kind note from Mrs. C——, hoping it would be of use to me, and reminding me that I must come there again soon. How am I to acknowledge such constant kindness? Yours truly.

LETTER CCXIX.

London, 29th June, 1848.

MY DEAR A—:

I DO not know that I owe you a letter, but I owe you a great deal of love, and therefore give you a few lines. You will see by the French accounts what reason I have to congratulate myself that I quitted Paris in due season. I can hardly imagine a condition of things more frightful and miserable than exists, at present, in that beautiful

city; so recently beautiful, gay, brilliant, and full of every thing to enchant and delight, and now, it would seem, changed into the abode of fiends. It is to the everlasting credit of the French people, however, that so large a proportion has been found on the side of order, and have displayed a courage and disinterestedness above all praise.

I do not apprehend any immediate outbreak here. The government is very strong, and the events in France, have given them many fearful admonitions of the dangers and horrors of anarchy. But, that great changes must sooner or later take place, seems inevitable; and if an English mob should once get under way, I think there would be as much to apprehend from them, as from a French mob.

England finds an immense security in her insular condition, which prevents, in a great measure, any accession of turbulent spirits from abroad, and gives her at the same time, a much greater control of those at home. The fiercest animals are often subdued by the mere fact of confinement within the bars of their cage. A foreign language, likewise, presents an almost impassable barrier to a free intercourse. Had Ireland been a continental province, instead of an island, it would have been impossible to have retained her in subjection; now surrounded as she is constantly by a powerful fleet, to prevent accession from abroad, and to meet disturbance at any desirable point, and with a considerable army on the island, not of Irishmen, but Englishmen, who have no sympathy with the Irish, her turbulent spirits are kept down, and the hands of the refractory become powerless.

Go to the Court End of London, and nothing can exceed the splendor and gorgousness of the display which you meet continually ; but go into the low places of the town, and it is impossible to describe the wretchedness, dirt, and squalidness of thousands of famished and half-starved, drunken, dissolute vagabonds, who are there to be seen. Certainly, if this is all that the highest degree of refinement and civilization can boast of, it is but a melancholy result.

I was presented with a ticket a few nights since, for the opera, to see and hear Jenny Lind. Parts of her singing, or rather the singing of certain parts, I have heard better executed by others ; but, as a whole, I have never heard her equal, or scarcely any one comparable to her. I have never known such extraordinary compass of voice, such facility of execution, such flexibility, such beauty and melody of articulation and accent. It is something of a contrast, however, to find people paying two guineas, that is, ten, and sometimes fifteen, and sometimes twenty dollars, for a single seat, and then come out and be surrounded with poor wretches, begging a few pence to save them from lodging in the gutter or on the side walks all night.*

Mr. Emerson has been lecturing here with great success. He at first had an audience of about one hundred,

* I quote here, for the sake of amusing the reader, the opinion of two respectable Hindoos, Parsees, who resided some time in London, and published their observations concerning the ballets at this theatre. "It was the last evening that Taglioni, a favorite danseuse, was to appear, and we were surprised to learn that for every night of her performance, she had been paid one hundred and fifty guineas. It does appear so absurd, that a dancing woman should take out of English pockets every night, for an hour's jumping, more money than would keep six Spitalfield weavers of silk, with their wives and families for a whole year."

at a guinea each, of the elite or the dilettanti, at a literary institution; since that, he has had an audience of one thousand, at Exeter Hall, at one shilling, three, and five shillings each, for the benefit of a young men's society. I am glad of his success, for he is very deserving, and bears his honors with good sense and good manners. His lectures seem to me very much like a kaleidoscope, full of every thing beautiful, and a constant succession of most brilliant changes, but vanishing suddenly before the eye, and leaving it difficult to recall the combination of distinct images, or to retain any strong impression of some single and great point. They somewhat resemble Champagne wine — sparkling, delicious, exhilarating, but evanescent, and, as far as practical results are concerned, insubstantial. Adieu.

LETTER CCXX.

TO MR. R—— W——.

London, 15th July, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I do not owe you a letter, but I should be as unwilling in this matter to keep accounts with my friends, as I should be sorry to have them keep such accounts with me. Your statement of the course pursued by —— has greatly interested and impressed me. I will not be content to judge of men of learning, intellect, and character, occupying high stations in society, and claiming homage from the literary world, by the common low standard of

morals, which may satisfy a mere trading community. In the advancement of the intellectual and moral character, a generous mind will rise superior to all the meanness of avarice, and all the baseness of cunning. He will feel that his is the pursuit only of noble and lofty spirits; he will rejoice in every effort which advances the common cause of human improvement; in every contribution which assists to advance this great work, he will dismiss from his heart, as utterly unworthy of such a cause, all mean jealousy and envy; he will rejoice in the good accomplished, without any selfish considerations as to the persons by whose hands it is promoted; and if he seeks the noble honor of being foremost in the work of conquest, it will not be by trampling upon those before him, but by cheering on those who are struggling at his side; by calling upon those who lag, to press forward; by stimulating all by a generous example of disinterested devotion to the common object. Should he succeed in being the first to enter the entrenched fortress, it may not be only to cause regret and hatred, that he has effected it to the manifest discomfiture and injury of those who fought with him; but so honorably and so nobly, that all who were engaged with him, even his most ambitious rivals, shall cheerfully award to him the palm of victory, the well earned and never fading laurels of true merit. Yours truly.

LETTER CCXXI.

TO W. S——, ESQ.

London, 25th July, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:

I CONGRATULATE you on your safe and happy arrival in Boston. The steamboats now make such frequent passages without any accident, that we almost forget that the cracking of a plank, or the loosening of a bolt, or a sheet of floating ice, or a stroke of lightning, or a sudden blast of wind, or ten thousand other occurrences more trivial, might have terminated your voyage abruptly, even in the middle of the ocean, or in sight of port, whence so many beings, full of life and hope and expectation, have caught a glimpse of the promised land, and then have closed their eyes forever.

Of political news, the papers will give you an ample supply. I cannot write it, for in truth there is daily so much that I cannot even find time to read it. Yesterday we had reports of an outbreak and collision at Clonmel, in Ireland; but it proved an Irish fiction. It affected the funds here considerably; and the ministry were in such alarm, that the premier could scarcely stay to finish the baptism of his child. He came flying into town from the church door, summoned the Iron Duke, called a cabinet council, sent for rockets and blunderbusses from Woolwich, and put us all in a terrible fright; but it was without doubt a stock-jobbing hoax, and so it has ended. An outbreak in Ireland, however, would not be surprising. Want not unfrequently drives men to

insanity, and the very hopelessness of despair will often impel men to violence. But Ireland is bound hand and foot; her efforts for relief will avail nothing; and all that remains for her is, like a stubborn and vexed child, to cry herself to sleep. The suspension of the habeas corpus is a great move; and that, with the sedition law, has created with many, a great alarm. I do not know that these measures are not necessary; but they are certainly bad precedents.

Things at present appear to be going on with tolerable quietness in France, but the condition of the country must be most wretched. At a meeting of one of the clubs I see that Leon Faucher, a distinguished man, has openly charged the former Provisional and Executive Governments with complicity in the late insurrection, not excepting even Lamartine. I must demand further proof, before I yield to distrust of that great man's integrity, and I cannot doubt he will come out clear, though he seems to be the object of almost universal suspicion. The history of the last insurrection makes one perfectly sick at heart; but there is some consolation in looking at the magnanimity and bravery displayed by the friends of order; and the beautiful conduct of the Archbishop of Paris, is a bright page to illuminate these dark and dreadful episodes of crime and misery. "How far the little taper sends its beams; so shines a good deed in this naughty world." It is worth while to say masses for the soul of such a man, if it is only to recall his sublime and touching example to the mind. This is enough of the dismal; now for something on the other side. Mrs. Bates gave, on Wednesday, a most splendid breakfast, *at five o'clock*, (not five o'clock in the morning,) to a

party of several hundreds; and entertained her friends with the charming notes of Grisi, Corbari, Alboni, Mario, Lablache, &c. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge honored the lady with their company, with a host of other lords and ladies. The occasion at Mrs. Bates's, in all its company and appurtenances, was most brilliant. The tables were laid in the conservatory, elegantly fitted up; and we had only to regret, that a constant rain prevented the illumination of the beautiful grounds, for which every preparation had been made. Light and green always contrast well with each other, and the lighting up of the shrubbery, with the finely-dressed ladies, flitting through the walks and shaded avenues, must have converted the grounds into Elysian fields. Yours truly.

LETTER CCXXII.

TO MRS. B——.

Dunkeld, August, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

YOU see how much I am disposed to encourage the projects of Mr. Rowland Hill, but not, I hope, to your annoyance. My last was dated last Sunday, at Tarbet; since which we have had no rest for the soles of our feet until we reached this village, late last evening; cold, hungry, and sleepy, but not cross at all, having ridden a hundred miles since ten o'clock in the morning, and too glad and too grateful to get within the precincts of a warm fire and the smell of something to eat, to be out of humor

with anybody. But judge our disappointment when we got down from the top of the coach, at eleven o'clock at night, and the first words that met our ears were, sirs, there is not a spare bed to be had in Dunkeld, nor within two miles of Dunkeld. But there was no going farther, so we were glad to be permitted to pitch our tents on the sofas in the two parlors, from whence we were routed at the dawn of day, and where, if a man could sleep in quiet, he must have had a more peaceful conscience than mine.

Since I wrote you, we have traversed the Highlands and coasted the margin of several of the beautiful Scotch lakes, (we should call them in America mere ponds;) and admired many a lofty mountain, lifting its uncovered head to the sun and wind; and threading many a glen, where the bounding stream leaps from rock to rock, in its eternal locomotion, and where long avenues of trees furnish a delicious retreat from the summer's sun, if they have any sunshine in Scotland. From Tarbet we went to Oban, on Monday, and took the steamboat for the islands of Iona and Staffa. The morning was rainy, but it ceased at noon. I never saw a better steamboat, in every respect, and only one so good. We visited the ruins of the cathedral, dating back as far as 379, where, what was called Christianity, flourished in wealth and magnificence, but is now succeeded by squalid misery and beggary. From this, we visited the eighth wonder of the world, Fingal's Cave, and made this finished temple of nature, built with unrivalled art and skill, ring with our shouts, and mingled our chants with the anthems which the waves here pour fourth day and night without cessation. We returned to Oban delighted, and filled with

admiration with every thing we had seen, finding the most agreeable society on board the boat. The next day we proceeded to Fort William; the next to Inverness, and yesterday turned our faces south from the land of snows and storms, of purple mountains and purple faces.

I am anxious to be back in London, to prepare for my departure, to which I now see no hinderance. The pure air of these mountain regions is perfect nectar. To-day it has rained all day — to-morrow we expect the same, and according to experience, every day next week. Adieu.

LETTER CCXXIII.

TO MRS. T——.

Dunkeld, 26th August, 1548.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I AM in one of the prettiest, most romantic, and picturesque valleys into which the sun ever peeps; — for, judging from our experience, he never does any thing more than peep anywhere in Scotland. Here flows, rumbling, gushing, and gliding along, the beautiful river Tay, of no use in any commercial view, but serving to adorn this charming spot, and making a retreat for the salmon, which crowd into it, in the proper season, to deposit the seed of their future progeny, and to fall into the nets of man, that universal beast of prey, who seems to use the extraordinary reason with which Heaven has endowed him, only that he may ensnare, or bring into his power, or use for his own selfish purposes, his fellow

creatures of every class and description. Here is an arched stone bridge, of fine architectural proportions, spanning this, as a lady would call it, lovely stream; here are naked mountains, rising before the eye in solemn grandeur; and small hills, bristling with beautiful firs; and shady avenues, and moss-grown cottages; and a village, built by a single individual, with great art and useful simplicity. Here we came —

“Over the hills and far away” —

and here we are lodged in a most luxurious hotel; and here we purpose to stay until Tuesday or Wednesday, to see what can be done towards improving our condition and appearance, which have become rather the worse for wear.

In general, the Scotch are a tall and admirably formed race, full of bone and muscle — men and women — without even a spark of beauty; with no humor, but extraordinary sagacity; very civil in their way, and extremely obliging; far superior, in general, to the English in understanding and intelligence; and, in all their habits, prejudices, and, above all, their religious notions, apparently made of cast iron, which will break, but never bend. In the cities, and at the hotels, they, of course, speak English — that is, Scotch-English; but in the country, all to the north of the Forth, and especially in the Highlands, they speak among themselves only Gaelic, and a stranger is utterly confounded with this unearthly language. I cannot say that it is impossible to get a word out of them, for only speak to them, and they pour out such a splutter of sounds, nasal and guttural, that one is half disposed to think that a whole

pack of dogs, Tray, Sweetheart, and Growler, are let loose upon you at once. It is certainly a capital language to scold in ; but how one should ever make love in such tones, wholly passes my comprehension.

Well, we have coursed Scotland for a “ pretty considerable ” distance. We entered at Gretna Green, where many a pair have entered it under very different circumstances ; and we have threaded its lakes and bays, and cruised among its beautiful islands on the western coast, until we reached the far-famed city of Inverness ; and there we turned our faces south, and are now coming down its centre, among its bonnie braes, its purple heaths, and its frowning mountains. Here, on some of its summits, lingers the snow of years gone by, and here some new snows have lately shed their feathers, as if summer had wholly dropped out of the almanac.

We return to Edinburgh, through Perth and Stirling ; thence to Galashiels, to worship at the shrine of the immortal Scott ; thence to Melrose, to meditate among its picturesque ruins ; thence to Dryburgh, where unadorned repose the ashes of Caledonia’s idol ; thence to Newcastle and Durham, to see its magnificent cathedral ; thence to York, to hear the solemn chants echoed from the arches of the Minster ; thence to Chatsworth, that museum of what is most beautiful in art and nature ; thence to London — I am sorry to say, for the last time — to take leave of friends, than whom none were ever more loved and honored, and none ever deserved to be more loved and honored. As the time of my departure draws near, England appears to me more grand and beautiful than ever. She has great faults ; she has many dreadful stains upon her escutcheon ; I believe

there is more crime, and more misery, and more vice, existing in her, than can possibly consist with her prosperity, or the permanency of her present institutions ;— but, with all this, there is such a vast amount of honor and truth, of love of decency and order, of virtuous ambition, and just appreciation of all that is excellent in every department ; there is such an amount of kindness and philanthropy, of personal, domestic and private virtue, that not to love and honor her, would only prove one destitute of all elevated moral taste and sentiment. Adieu.

LETTER CCXXIV.

London, 21st September, 1848.

MY DEAR M—:

MR. B— and myself have recently made a most delightful tour of six weeks in England and Scotland, taking all the great objects of interest and curiosity in our way, and leaving the great thoroughfares, making a hundred charming episodes. I believe it would be impossible, in that kind of way, to have filled up the same time more agreeably. The railroad is an execrable mode of travelling: locked up in a tea-chest, or what might more properly be called here a police-van ; hurrying and driving like madmen ; at all the stations watching your luggage, as though you were on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, and among the company that used to infest that memorable passage ; seeing ordinarily nothing but two high, gravelly banks ; shooting through a tunnel

miles long and dark as midnight ; asking the name of this place or that place, and, before your neighbor can answer, finding yourself miles beyond it ; unable to converse for the clattering of the rails ; convulsed every once in awhile by that unearthly shriek of the railroad whistle ; afraid of being smashed, afraid of smashing other people ; your imagination conjuring up all sorts of accidents ; express trains passing by you and startling you like an electric shock, &c. &c. &c. Altogether it is a terrific and detestable sort of travelling, to say nothing of sleeping at Land's End, dining in London, and taking tea at Johnny Groat's house the same day, and not knowing whether you are "in the body or out of the body." I should renounce all railroads, if there were any other means of locomotion, excepting for the despatch, and that is most convenient, so that we accomplished almost as much in six weeks as could ordinarily be done in six months. We rode, however, frequently in coaches, sometimes posted, and sometimes travelled by steamboat. But I must leave the account until I see you.

My preparation for departure occupies every moment of my time, and it would be quite useless for me to attempt to commit to paper the feelings with which I anticipate my return to my native land. My entire tour has been one of uninterrupted interest and pleasure. I have made the acquaintance of many, in all the walks of life, from whom I have received unlimited kindness and attention, and with whom it is truly painful to me to exchange a last farewell. I have great cause to be thankful that the lives and health of each of us have been spared, and it is my most earnest hope and wish,

that, ere many weeks elapse, we may once more find ourselves at the cheerful firesides of those we love so well. 'Till then, adieu.

THE END.

ERRATA.

- VOL. I. Page 129, for *Atherton*, read *Hatherton*.
Page 177, for *Mrs. L.'s* father-in-law, read *Mr. L.'s* father-in-law.
Page 180, for *white kid*, read *white satin slippers*.

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